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THOREAU'S LITERARY NOTEBOOK

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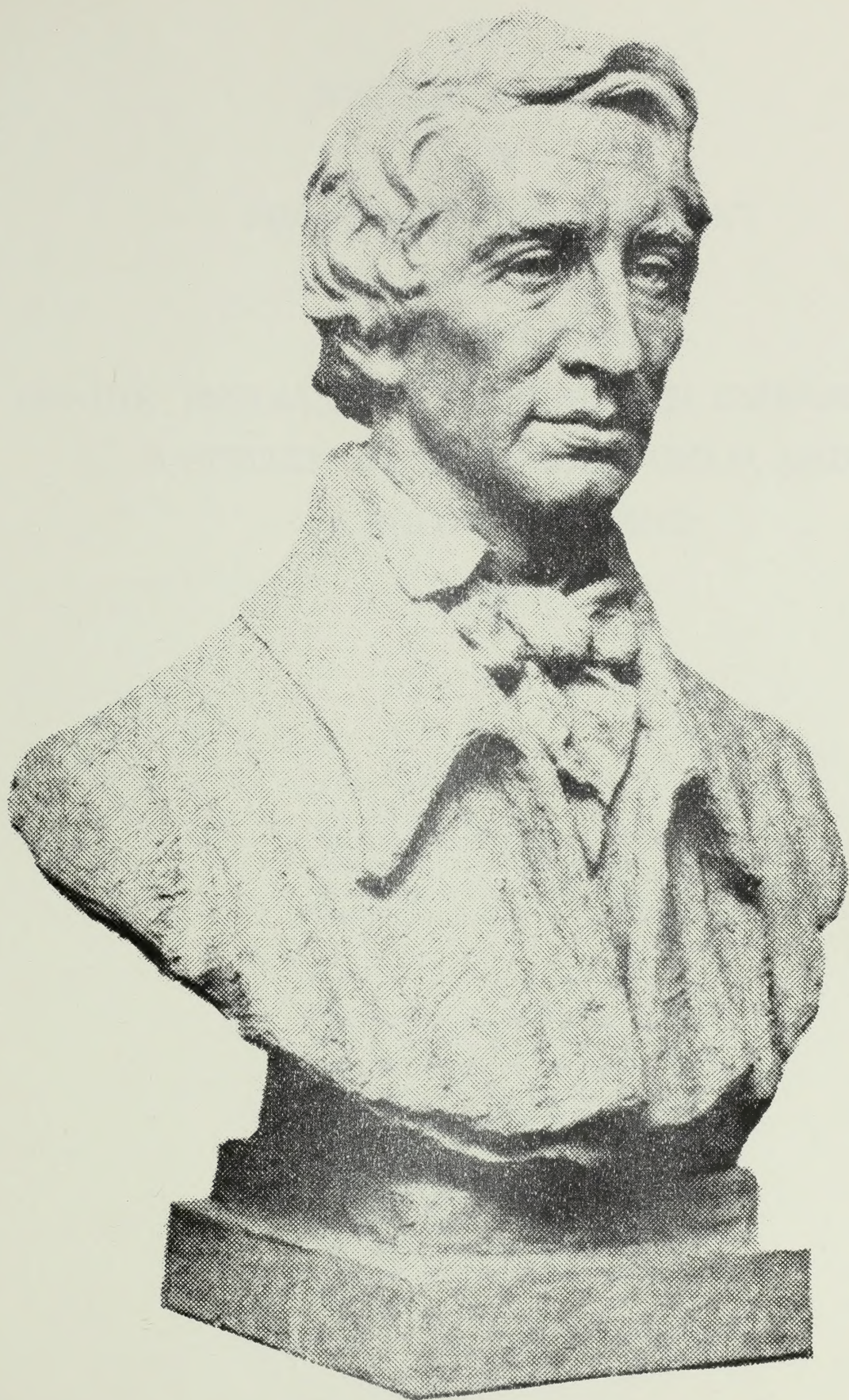
KENNETH WALTER CAMERON

Trinity College, Hartford



TRANSCENDENTAL BOOKS DRAWER 1080 HARTFORD 1

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KENNETH WALTER CAMERON



TO
WARREN H. COLSON
OF
PROCTORSVILLE, VERMONT

OCTOGENARIAN,
SENIOR PHILATELIST, REPUBLICAN, EMERSONIAN,
A CITIZEN OF THE WIDE WORLD, AND
A BELOVED FRIEND



I

A subtle chain of countless rings
The next unto the farthest brings;
The eye reads omens where it goes,
And speaks all languages the rose;
And, striving to be man, the worm
Mounts through all the spires of form.

II

The rounded world is fair to see,
Nine times folded in mystery:
Though baffled seers cannot impart
The secrets of its laboring heart,
Throb thine with Nature's throbbing
 breast,
And all is clear from east to west.
Spirit that lurks each form within
Beckons to spirit of its kin;
Self-kindled every atom glows
And hints the future which it owes.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

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INTRODUCTION

The importance of Thoreau's Literary Notebook in the Library of Congress, which I am here permitted in usable format to offer to students and researchers through the courtesy of that institution, was recognized many years ago by the poet George Sidney Hellman:¹ "It is of exceeding interest as it indicates clearly the sources of much of his culture, including many extracts which affected not alone his thought but also his epigrammatic style. To print it in full would result in the publication of an anthology of wide diversity and fine interest." In 1958, I edited in chronological order the more philosophic portions of this manuscript in "Thoreau's Notes on Harvard [and Later] Reading,"² both because of their importance in outlining his apprenticeship as a thinker and writer and because I wished to advertise the impossibility of adequately editing Thoreau scripture without a thorough knowledge of its contents.

Among the three principal commonplace books which Thoreau used in recording memorable extracts from his reading in literature and philosophy, the Literary Notebook occupies the middle position. Preceded chronologically by the Morgan Library's "Miscellaneous Extracts" (M.A. 594), which has been completely edited,³ it is followed by a still unexamined "Note Book" in the New York Public Library, described in the Wakeman Sale as follows:⁴

MANUSCRIPT...containing Transcripts and Extracts of Poems by Early English Poets, Translations of Portions of two French Works with [Thoreau's] notes on the same, etc. Closely written, in ink, on about 225 Pages and consisting of approximately twenty-eight thousand and two hundred words. 4to, half roan....

Translations from the French: Portion of "Confucius et Mencius...Traduit du Chinois. Par M. G. Pauthier." Written on 23 pages. Thoreau has translated many paragraphs, and interspersed are notes by Thoreau on the same; Portion of "Harivansa ou Histoire de la Famille de Hari...par M. A. Langlois." Written on 11 pages, interspersed with notes.

Transcripts of Translations of Indian Works: Portion of Sacontala, or the Fatal Ring. An Indian Drama. Translated by Sir W. Jones. Written on 4pp.; Portion of "The Sankhya Karika...Translated by Horace H. Wilson." Written on 18 pages. This transcription opens with a full-page comment by Thoreau, and four pages at the end of the Transcript relate to the work; Portion of "The Vishnu Purana. A System of Hindu Mythology ...Translated by H. H. Wilson." Written on 30 pages; Portion of "Translation of Several Principal Books, Passages and Texts of the Veds. By Rajah Rammshun." Written on 11 pages.

THE EXTANT MANUSCRIPTS AND THEIR DATES

- (A) The Pierpont Morgan Manuscript (M.A. 594) may be dated 1836-1841.
- (B) The L. C. Literary Notebook belongs between December, 1840, and November, 1848.
- (C) The New York Public Library "Note Book" described above may be tentatively placed between 1850 and 1855 on the basis of its announced contents.
- (D) The Barrett Manuscript (including laid-in loose papers), owned by Clifton Waller Barrett, Esq. and already completely edited, covers the Harvard years.⁵
- (E) The Henry E. Huntington Library Manuscript (HM 945), also completely edited, belongs to the late Harvard years and the few months following.⁶
- (F) The "Fact Book" in the Harry Elkins Widener Collection of the Harvard College Library, which I hope to publish within the coming months, deals exclusively with science and natural history.

SOURCES OF THE BOOKS EXCERPTED BELOW

Harvard supplied many volumes which Thoreau read in 1841⁷ and probably later (within the library itself) on his occasional visits to Cambridge. A reading

list which he kept in 1840-1841, edited in 1958,⁸ helps date the extracts taken from these and other books. For the Staten Island period (May-December, 1843), one must rely upon the printed catalogues of the Mercantile Library Association, of New York, and the New-York Society Library. At all times, while he was in Concord, Thoreau had access to the volumes in Emerson's library. More important for chronology is Emerson's reading record at Harvard College and at the Library of the Boston Athenaeum and especially at the Boston Library Society.⁹ (Thoreau read many of the books which Emerson's library privileges enabled him to bring to Concord.)

THIS EDITION

Why is the L. C. Literary Notebook presented here as a facsimile with an extensive index and a terminal bibliography rather than as a transcription? In the first place, nearly half the manuscript has already been transcribed in The Transcendentalists and Minerva and therein distributed in its special chronological system. The present facsimile edition treats the notebook as a unit and illustrates (as a transcript cannot) how Thoreau grouped his materials, how he placed overflowing portions, and how he cross-referenced. In the second place, since the L. C. Literary Notebook belongs to the middle period of his maturity, the penmanship is readable and the manuscript itself is a good text for most purposes. With the help of the index, moreover, it can serve the needs of researchers as well as a transcription, permitting them to cite Thoreau's own system of pagination. In the third place, since this work is much needed in a variety of research projects already under way, it has been prepared for the press in one half the time a transcription would have required. In the fourth place, this facsimile can bring us a little nearer solving certain problems concerning Thoreau's working habits and his "workshop"—problems that need to be approached visually—than a transcription can.

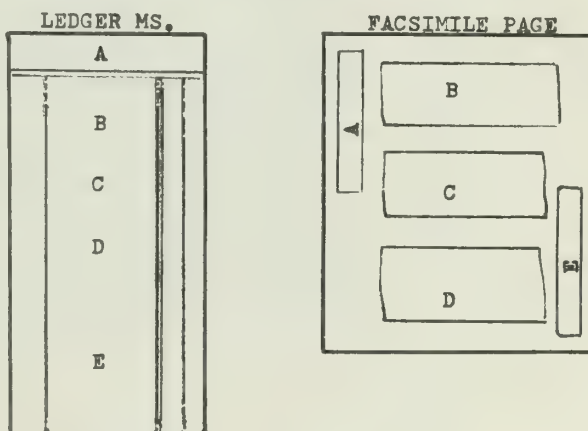
To have reproduced every part of every ruled page of the L. C. tall ledger would have wasted paper and greatly reduced the readability of the text. Since Thoreau filled only a portion of some of his folios, I have directed the camera to the handwriting, occasionally magnifying it. Since other leaves are crowded and, if reproduced in an 8 1/2 x 11 format, would be indecipherable, I have occasionally rearranged the materials in accordance with the following scheme:

Sometimes, to keep the materials vertical, I have shortened the space gaps between Thoreau's paragraphs. The result is a more useful and a more legible facsimile than might otherwise have been achieved.

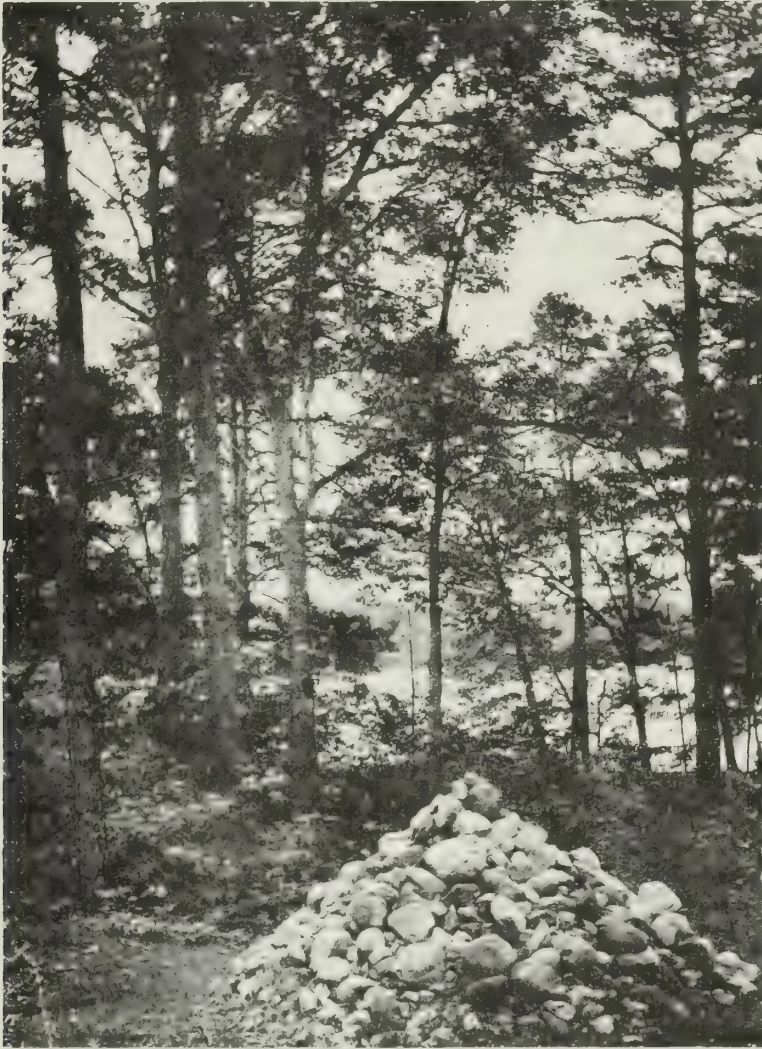
Among the interesting features of this notebook are (1) the evidence that it has been used by someone or by Thoreau himself for pressing plants. See, for example, pages 14 and 163. (2) Thoreau incorporated herein what may have been an entire commonplace book of Emerson's—the first state of the volume that became Parnassus. (3)

Thoreau evidently began the manuscript as a journal, then found the ledger paper of too poor a quality for such a purpose, and, finally, after ripping out the early entries, created the present "blotting book." Page one bears the last sentence of his cancellations.

The present edition will prove useful on a number of fronts. For evidence that Thoreau has quoted from a certain author or a certain work, one may thumb through the index. For a new "reading list," one may consult the terminal bibliography of "principal sources." To discover what blocks of material are shared with the preceding and succeeding commonplace manuscripts, the table of contents



can be rewarding. Students of Thoreau's handwriting will here find for their study a good text that will serve as a transition between the painstaking penmanship of the early years and the hasty sprawlings of the last. Finally, the price of this stoutly bound volume, the publisher assures me, will be below the cost of perishable electroprints or Xerox prints made from a film strip.



1 See page vii infra.

2 The Transcendentalists and Minerva, (3 vols.) Hartford, 1958, I, pp. 130-358.

3 Ibid., I, pp. 130-358.

4 Ibid., II, 403. (I have made corrections.)

5 Ibid., I, pp. 130-358.

6 Ibid., I, pp. 130-358.

7 See my Emerson the Essayist, (2 vols.) Raleigh, N.C., 1945, II, 194.

8 See The Transcendentalists and Minerva, II, 368-371.

9 See Emerson the Essayist, II, pp. 149-186, and Ralph Waldo Emerson's Reading, Raleigh, 1938, passim.

THOREAU'S LITERARY NOTE-BOOK.

At the time of his death Thoreau left almost all of his manuscripts, including the manuscript of "Walden" and the "Journal", to his sister, who, in turn, left them to Blake, the editor of several of Thoreau's books. Blake left them by will to Mr. E. H. Russell of Worcester, Mass. I purchased these manuscripts from Mr. Russell, and with unimportant exceptions they are all in the collections of Mr. J. P. Morgan and Mr. W. K. Bixby. The manuscripts included two large literary note-books, containing, for the most part, selections, entirely in Thoreau's autograph, of his favorite specimens from the literature of many lands and ages. The present volume is one of these two books, the other being in the possession of Mr. Morgan. This volume, which contains also some original verses by Thoreau, has practically never been drawn upon by biographers of Thoreau. It is of exceeding interest as it indicates clearly the sources of much of his culture, including many extracts which affected not alone his thought but also his epigrammatic style. To be printed ^{it} ^{to publication} in full would result in an anthology of wide diversity and fine interest.

Just R. H. M. a.

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desert still keep in advance of the immigrants,
and file the cards of the forest for his report.

Emunt militum, non Equit. Liv.

*Vivunt cum provincialibus genere civili, nec misc-
cescat animus qui se sensit armatum.*

"If the perfection of man three things are ne-
cessarily required; nature, nurture, and use. Raleigh.

"Who so denieth to know what will be hereafter, let
him think of what is past; for the world hath ever
been in a circular revolution; whatsoever is now
was heretofore; and things past a present are no
other than such as shall be again; *Pedit orbis in orbem*
Ibid.

Men for the most do use rather to judge by their
eyes than by their hands; for every one may see, but
few can certainly know. ? Machiavel -

"It hath been long observed, and is a rule which
never faileth, that he shall be ever suspected if
the prince in possession, whom men account worthy
to be a prince in reversion." Raleigh "Cab. Councils"

Heath's Astrology "star-levelling".

We labor hard to publish our abilities and con-
ceal our infirmities: and our signing into our-
selves is so slight and partial, that few men
are wally that they appear to themselves otherwise. *Ibid.*
"Discourse of War"

"And when we say we are fallen into bad times, we mean no otherwise but that we are fallen among a wicked generation of men. For the sun the mediate vivifying cause of all things here below, and constant measure of time, keeps its steady course. The condition of the public grows worse, as men grow more wicked; for in all ages, as the morals grow more depraved, and vice increased, the commonwealth declines." *Ibid - Ibid.*

*Idolus omnes e, amor animi erga corpus
nascentur — Plato.*

"But no senate nor civil assembly can be under such natural impulses to honor and justice as single persons. — For a majority is no body when that majority is separated, and a collective body can have no synderesis, a divine ray, which is in the mind of every man, never consenting to evil, but upbraiding and tormenting him when he does it; but the honor and conscience that lies in the majority is too thin and diffusive & less efficacious; for a number can do a great wrong, and call it right, and not one of that majority blush for it. — This must be the reason why a Roman senate should act with less spirit and less honor than a single Roman would do." *Discourse of War in General.*

"The ordinary theme and argument of history is war; Beginning of R. *Discourse of War*"

"But it is more plain than is met on
nature a point of stability. We found; every-
thing either ascends or declines; when wars are
ended abroad, sedition begins at home, and when
men are freed from fighting for necessity, they
grasp at through ambition." This.

"We must look a long way back beyond
the Romans giving laws to nations, and their
consuls bringing kings and princes bound in
chains to Rome in triumph; to see men
go to Greece for wisdom, or Ophir for
gold; when now nothing remains but
a poor paper remembrance of their former
condition.

It would be an unspeakable advantage,
both to the public and private, if men
would consider that great truth, that
no man is wise or safe, but he that
is honest. All I have designed is peace
to my country; and may England enjoy that
blessing when I shall have no more propor-
tion in it than what my ashes make!"

Conclusion of "A Discourse"

Vaiṣṇavā - Sārmā.

Fortune attendeth that Lion amongst men who exalteth himself. They are weak men who declare fate the sole cause.

Fate succeedeth not without human exertion.

It is said, fate is nothing but the deed committed in a former state of existence; therefore, it behooveth a man vigilantly to exist, the powers he is possessed of.

When Law is ill-enforced, where are their good morals? To whom is the mere glare of the fire a virtue?

Hospitality is commanded to be exercised, even towards an enemy, when he cometh to their house. The tree doth not withdraw its shade, even from the woodcutter.

The stranger, who turneth away from a house with disappointed hopes, leaveth there his own offences, and departeth, taking with him all the good actions of the owner.

Behold the difference between the one who eateth flesh, and he to whom it belonged! The first hath a momentary enjoyment, whilst the latter is deprived of existence!

Vedshnoo - Sarma

Who would commit so great a crime against a poor animal, who is fed only by the herbs which grow wild in the woods, and whose belly is burnt up with hunger?

There is no one the friend of another; there is no one the enemy of another: Friends, as well as enemies, are created through our transactions.

A man should not form any acquaintance, nor enter into any arrangements, with one of an evil character: A piece of charcoal, if it be hot, burneth; and if cold, it blackeneth the hand.

Even amongst brutes, confidence is perceived in those in whose every action there is innocence: The mind-disposition of the good doth not vary from the principles of integrity.

The mind of a good man doth not stir, even when he is in distress: The waters of the sea are not to be heated by a torch of stone.

A man should not enter into alliance with his enemy, even with the tightest bonds of union: Water made ever so hot, will still quench fire.

Metals unite from fluidity; birds and beasts

7
from motives of convenience; fools from fear
and stupidity; and just men at sight.

Although friendship between good men be inter-
rupted, still their principles remain unattacked.
The stalk of the lotus may be broken, and
the fibres remain connected.

Not bathing with cool water, nor a make-
lace of pearls, nor anointing with sandal,
yieldeth such comfort to the body oppressed
with heat, as the language of a good man,
cheerfully uttered, doth to the mind.

A lion man mouth with one foot, and
standeth fast with the other.

Whether a child, or an old man, or a youth,
he come to thy house, he is to be treated with
respect; for of all men, thy guest is the su-
perior.

Deprived of riches, all the actions of a man
of little judgment disappear, like trifling
dreams in the summer heat.

A fire smuteth extinction, before it will
yield to be cold.

When a man is in indigence, seeking
herbs in his philosophy —

8
Veeshnoo - Darma

Want maketh ever servitude knowable;
light, total darkness; beauty, deformity; and
ever the words of Daris, with a hundred good
qualities, crumble. What then, shall I nourish
myself with a rotten cake? This would
be to open a second door to death.

x one of the titles of Veeshnoo.

He whose mind is at ease is possessed of
all riches: Is it not the same to one whose
foot is enclosed in a shoe, as if the whole
surface of the earth were covered with leather.

All hath been read, all hath been heard,
and all hath been followed by him, who
having put hope behind him, dependeth not
upon expectation.

It is, either water without labor, or sweet
bread attended by fear and danger.

On the poisonous tree, the world, two species of
fruit are produced, sweet as the water of life:
Poetry, whose taste is like the immortal grain,
and the society of good men.

To a hero of a sound mind, what is
his war, and what a foreign country? Wherever
he halloeth, that place is acquired by the
splendor of his arms.

9

As frogs to the pool, as birds to a lake full
of water; so doth every species of wealth
necessarily flow to the hands of him who
exalteth himself.

When pleasure is arrived it is nothing of attention;
when trouble presenteth itself, the same. Pains
and pleasures have their revolutions like a wheel!

Man should not be overanxious for a sub-
sistence, for it is provided by the Creator. The
infant no sooner droppeth from the womb
than the breasts of the mother begin to stream.

He, by whom the geese were formed white, parrots
are stained green, and peacocks painted of various
hues, — even he will provide for their sup-
port.

He whose inclination turneth away from
an object, may be said to have obtained it.

The beauty of Kōkila is his voice; the beauty
of a wife is constancy to her husband; the beauty
of the ill-farred is science; the beauty of the
penitent is patience.

x a black-bird.

The body is compounded with disorders, the state
of splendour with calamities, advantages with
disadvantages! Thus everything is produced with
a companion who shall destroy it.

Greatness doth not approach him who is forever looking down; and all those who are looking high are growing poor.

Idleness, the worship of women, the being afflicted with disorder, a foolish partiality for one's own native place, discontentedness, and timidity, are no obstructions to greatness.

He whose days are passed away without giving a engaging, puffing like the bellows of a blacksmith, liveth but by breathing.

What is a foreign country to those who have science? Who is a stranger to those who have the habit of speaking kindly?

Picture of a servant.

He humblyeth himself to be exalted; for a living he expendeth his vital; he suffereth pain to acquire ease. Who is there so great a fool, as he who serveth?

If he is silent he is stupid; if rich in words an empty prattler; by patiently submitting, he is a coward; and if he will not suffer patiently, for the most part, he is not preferred.

Seen on one side, he is undoubtedly, sitting down; and if standing at a distance, he is not to be found. The duties of servitude are extremely profound, and impracticable, even to "Gōgēs".
 *such as by severe acts of penance, and a total abstraction, fancy themselves in unity with the Supreme Being

A declared meaning is comprehended even by brutes: Horses and elephants understand when they are told; but a wise man findeth out even what is not declared.

Sovereigns, O prince, have occasion even for straws, and things to rub the teeth, or pick the ears -

It should not be suspected of a man, whose life hath been spent in noble deeds, that his reason is lost, when he is only involved in trouble. A fire may be overturned, but its flames will never descend.

What wise men have declared proper may be received even from a child. When the sun is visible, how useful is the appearance of the lamp?

The sovereign, although but a child, is not to be despised, but to be respected as a man; or as a mighty divinity, who presideth in human form.

The priest, even when the object for which he was engaged hath been completed, refuseth to resign.

Time drinketh up the course of every great and noble action, which ought to be performed, and is delayed in the execution.

The wicked, even whilst receiving favours,
 witness to their natural dispositions, as
 a dog's tail, after every art of anointing and
 anointing chaffing, to its natural bend.

A cur's tail may be warmed, and pressed,
 and bound round with ligatures, and,
 after a twelve years labor bestowed upon it,
 still it will return to its natural form.

Riches are attendants of the miser; and
 the heavens rain plentifully upon the
 mountains!

The boat was invented upon crossing pieces
 of water which were difficult to pass; the
 lamp upon the approach of darkness;
 the fan, upon a defect of wind; and
 vinegar, to gratify the pride of men blinded
 by intoxication! In short, there is not any-
 thing in the world, wherein the idea
 of invention was not suggested by Provi-
 dence.

As out of battle death is certain, and in the
 field life doubtful, the learned call it the
only time of battle.

A wise man is worthy to be advised;
 but an ignorant one never.

A draught of milk & serpents doth
 nothing but increase their poison.

A man who, having well compared his own strength or weakness with that of others, after all, doth not know the difference, is easily overcome by his enemies.

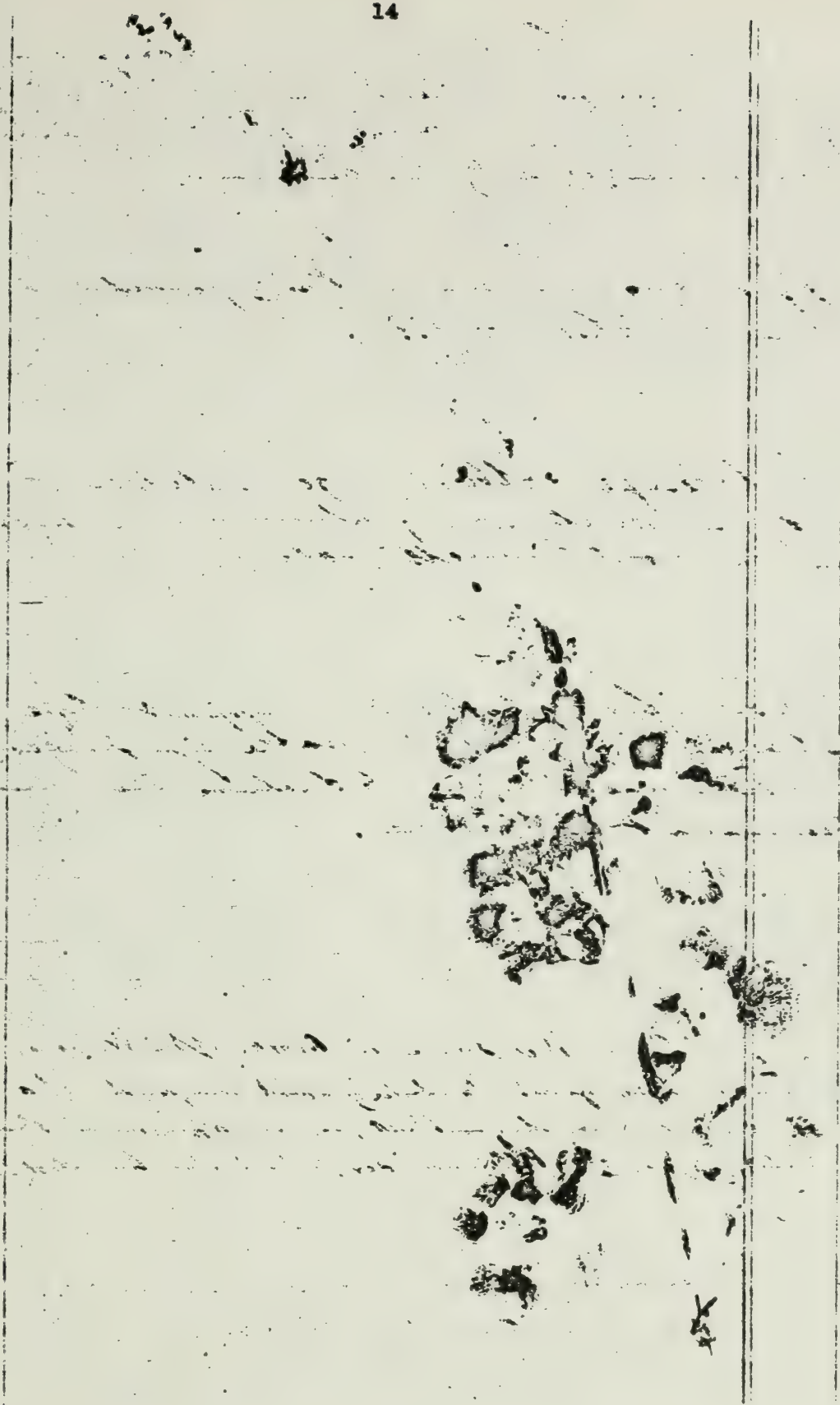
If a dog were made King, would he not gnaw his shoe straps?

A distemper, although generated in the body, is malignant. whilst a dog produced in the woods proves to be salutary.

Those who sit but to support life, who cohabit but for the sake of progeny, and who speak but to declare the truth, surmount difficulties.

From the same in Broke of Sir W. Jones —

"What thou givest to distinguished men, and what thou eatest every day — that, in my opinion, is their own wealth. These is the remainder, which thou hoardest?"



Schubert

- A Metaphysician ascending from Physiology & Psychology. -

"Comparison of breathing with imbibing the spiritual element in which we live."

"Even in the case of men who are quietly asleep, we recognise the act of breathing by the rising of the breast, which had but fallen: in all living souls the breath of the animating influences is recognised by something that we would rather call an elevation than a tension, (τόνος.) It is the upward motion which draws the plants that grow in a dark place, by a direct attraction, through some crevice of their prison into the light; which teaches the singing lark her upward flight; which even more, awakes the human soul to a questioning and a longing after something divine. If we observe the course of our feelings and our thoughts, which goes on with pauses, or, as it were, in pulsations, we shall always see a new moment of compression, and of renewed inward tension, follow a moment of relaxation or dissipation. These are the breathings and the pulsations of the inner life, which are the most perceptible where this life takes its highest and best elevation. The artificial magnet inhales an invisible magnetic stream, which flows through all earthly things, that its inner and living action may continue: The power which the living soul acquires by its breath, that it may continue to live, is the coöperation of that bond, which the mind has thrown around the whole existence of the visible and the invisible; the power with which it holds and sustains all things, both visible and invisible."

"Ether is, according to Oken, The indifferent original matter in which, by means of polarisation between the pole of light and the pole of gravity, the extremest tension takes place; but this tension is again, in the reaction, moderated by warmth inasmuch as warmth has the tendency of equalising and converting it into ether again. Now, therefore, in proportion as these three powers predominate in the ether, it is resolved into the original elements. The element, light, is oxygen, weight is carbon, caloric is hydrogen.

But their universal, primordial element, the ethereal, is fire; for every effect wrought in ether proceeds from light and warmth, and is, consequently, fire. — Air and water cause the positive, air and earth the negative, electricity. In this mutual operation upon each other, the two elements produce the third; air and earth produce water in rain; air and water produce the earth in the meteoric stones — both electrical productions. Earth, in union with some one of the other elements, produces the minerals. But when the three elements, air, water, and earth, are blended, the first organization, that of plants, results, and when the fourth element, fire, is added, animal existence results. There can only be four minerals, according as the earthly element prevails, or is changed by water, or air, or fire. There is, therefore, earth-earth, equivalent to earth; water-earth, or salts; air-earth, equivalent to the inflammables; and fire-earth, equivalent to the metals. — x x x x x x x

As Crystallization is the property of earth, electricity of the inflammables, magnetism of metals, so is Chemism (the chemical process of solution) the property of the salts.

By the solution of the elements already formed, the sun forms in water a new product, which is, in its highest grades, the repetition of all nature; it is organic being. The lime formation, which

cloves with salt, is the prototype of the organic world. If, instead of the two elements which have hitherto generated, three of them operate together - if, to the mutual action between air and earth, electricity, there is added that between water and earth, or chemism, and, consequently, air, water, and earth coöperate, as is the case everywhere on the sea-shore. - The result is the new process of electro-chemism, a chemical process constantly supported by electricity, a polarity between water and earth, kept constantly in motion by the air. This process is called galvanism; and it is the beginning of all organic life; it is organic life itself. Its product is an earth mingled with water and air, an oxydized and diluted carbon, that is, slime. All living things spring from the slime on the sea-shore. "Love came forth from out the ocean's foam." In so far, however, as, in this first organic process, only the three lower elements coöperate, it is only a repetition of the planet.

In order to repeat the whole solar system, the fourth and highest element, fire, must be added; this forms the dividing line in the organic world. To plants belong only three elements, to animals four.

First, of plants. They belong at once to earth, water, air, and form themselves into and out of all three, by the magnetic process of restriction, or growing, the chemical process of digestion, or the sap formation, and by the electrical process of breathing, or inhaling the air. The formation too of the plant, corresponds then, to this. It is composed of a cellular tissue, (earth) sap-tubes, (water) and spiral vessels, (air.)

The first predominates in the root, the second in the stalk, the third in the leaf. But as the higher element acts upon the lower - as fire strives to generate. The animal form the plant - the first essay thereto is made in the blossom of the plant, which is nothing else than a repetition of the whole plant, but

elevated to the igneous element. Hence the first independent motion occurs in the blossom, namely, the animal, at the moment of fructification, and at the same time appears the opposition of sexes; for there is a masculine, in opposition to a feminine, only when the sun and its igneous element are far separated with the planets and its three lower elements. "The distribution of the organs of plants is, at the same time, the distribution of the whole Kingdom of plants." Consequently there are two principal classes - those without blossom, the veges, and blossoming plants, which have sex. Under the first are classed the lowest, which are merely cellular tissues, (mould, fungus, and mushrooms;) then follow those which are mere sap-tubes, (tremellae, conferrae, lichens, moss;) then the plants, with air vessels, (ferns,) the vegetables of the higher class, the first three component parts of plants appear distinctly divided, as bark, (cellular tissue,) bast-sap-tube, and wood, (spiral vessels.) Hence the lowest of this class are the bark plants, (climbers, grasses;) then follow the bast plants, (lilies;) finally, the wood plants, (palms.) One step higher still, and the three component parts are more clearly distinguished in the root, stalk, and leaf. Next follow the root plants, (beets,) the stem plants, (cruciferae and stellatae,) and the leaf plants, (personatae, labiatae, asperifoliae, gentianae.) Again, one step higher, and the blossom predominates, parts of which are, the seed, pistil, and flower. There are also seed plants, (cruciferae, malvae, geraniae,) pistil plants, (rutaceae, rosaceae, and so forth,) and flower plants (spike, poppies, and so forth.) Finally the fruit appears in three forms - nut, plum, and apple. To the latter class belong the most perfect and noble plants - the nut tree, plum tree, and apple tree.

As the plant, in its highest manifestation of life in the blossom, becomes animal, so the animal is a blossom, containing a life, separated, and moving itself at will. The whole plant is contained in the animal, only something new is added; the highest element is added to the three lower elements of the plant. The plant is a plant. The animal is seen and planet together. The beginning of the animal is the blossom dust, running ether, moving points, masses of nerve. As this solar mass of nerve, the hardest planetary earthy mass first opposes itself in the bones. The lowest animals, the infusoria are a mass of naked nerves; a bony mass surrounds this, and the coral is the result. Between nerve and bones, the flesh is then formed. These three things — nerve, flesh, and bones — form the animal part in the animal; what else is in the animal is vegetable. All the entrails are the vegetable part of animals; the intestine is the root, the vascular system, is the stalk; the lungs are the leaf. This vegetable part in the animal has however become disengaged, no longer takes root in the earth, but is the complete in itself, and moves in its own circle; hence the complete system of veins, and the circulation of the blood. Fourth, what was the blossom in the plant, is now in the animal.

(C) The whole vegetable Kingdom consists only of the several parts and properties of the plant, so also the Animal Kingdom is only a divided original animal — man separated into parts. In the lowest animal the lowest organ is alone developed, and a new and higher, and ever higher species of animal is formed, the more new and higher organs are introduced. Consequently, there are exactly as many species of animals as there are organs; no more and no fewer. As we have, in general, distinguished two systems in the animal, — the vegetable and the animal parts, — so we divide animals, accordingly, first into zoo —

phytes and vertebral animals. In the first, the three vegetable systems of vessels, of canals, and of lungs predominate, together with the lowest sense, that of feeling; in the second, on the contrary, the three animal systems of bones, muscles, and nerves, and the higher senses. In the vascular system, we distinguish the absorbents, the veins, and arteries. According to the first and lowest order of animals is divided into the infusoria, polypi, and acephalae. In each of these classes there are again subordinate species, according as the animals approach more or less nearly to a neighboring species. The intestinali form the second class of animals, and, as in the intestinal system we distinguish the stomach, liver, and glands, so this class naturally divides itself into maggots, muscles, and snails, which again are subdivided according to the laws of the classes akin to them.

The third class are the animals with lungs; and, as in the system of lungs, the coat, the gills, and the air-pipes, are distinguished, so the animals in which this system predominates, are divided into worms, crabs, and bugs. The higher animals, in which the animal systems, the bones, muscles, nerves, and senses are developed, are divided into osseous animals or fish, molluscous or amphibious, nervous or birds, sensitive or mamalia. But in each of these classes, the lower vegetable classes are again repeated, and upon this the subordinate species depend. Owen transfers these natural distinctions even to the races of men. He says there is only one race, and one species of man, because man is the abstract of the whole animal Kingdom; but that there are five kinds of men according to the development of the sensitive organs; the skin man is the black, the African; the tongue man is the brown, of Australasia; the nose man is the red man, the American; the ear man is the yellow, the Asiatic; the eye man is the white, the European."

J. Westward Marston.

"We think that a comedy might be constructed,
of which a death should be the denouement.
We are sure that a tragedy might be written,
in which Odysseus should be the catastrophe of
the hero." Present Aspects of Poetry - Sterling's Poems
Monthly Mag. for June 1840.

"We are poor braves - we fight no battle -
we blazon the name of some hero on our standards,
and are frequent at parade in unsold
uniforms. Not thus gay and glittering
in mirror-like armor were the champions
whom we revere. Not thus marching
after some embroidered names were found.
Plato, Aristotle, Socrates, Bacon, Burke,
Berkeley, Coleridge, or Kant. Not thus call-
ing themselves by some human name and
exhibiting to the world in trim costume,
new buttons, neckties, and the great
reformers of all ages. Their garments
were stained in the conflict; their words
were hushed in the warfare. Say that
there were fewer attestations to the merit
of tailor, and of the adorning of cutter;
yet were there more testimonies of valor,
and a earnestness of purpose."

Saunders's Metaphysics Illustrated by Owen's Revision
Monthly Mag. for Aug. 1840

"We shall abstain from the recorded belief of
every sage, to that which inspired it. We shall
not be governed by the codes of men,

[Cut out]

and he shall not own declarations of false antecedent intentions. Common to us and them. Hitherto we have generally too much resembled sail-less vessels, towed by the more fortunate ones which mount their own canvas. We must hoist our own - we must no longer be attached to the stems of those who with us constitute the great fleet of humanity. Why should we be dragged along in the course of others? There is the same breeze to urge us that impels them. And need we direction on the voyage to eternity? The wind that wafts is even the pilot that guides." Ibid.

"Facts may be true, and views may be true; but they are not truth. Truth is Sincere Being; it is not the perception of man, or the deed of man, but when it is constituted, it becomes the heart of man. And take this with you, ye envious doctrinaires, who would almost special plead from God's universe the privilege of God's mercy - that all conclusions are heartless, of which the heart is not the premises." Supplement to the above in the num. for Sept. 1840.

"It is possible to be orthodox in head and heterodox in heart. It is possible to be credist in view, and infidel in character. There is an conclusion of words, which is the Atheism of Being, and this may clothe itself with the surplice, harangue from the pulpit, marry at the altar, and read prayers at the grave!" Ibid.

Bedouin' Arabs. —

"They ever make us difficultly in saying that the religion of Mahomet was not made for them; 'for,' add they, 'how shall we make abstinences who have no water? How can we fast alone who are not rich? Why should we fast in the Ramadan, since the whole year with us is one continual fast? And what necessity is there for us to make the pilgrimages to Mecca, if God be present every where?'"

Volney's Travels.

Cowley —

"A first minister of state has not so much business in public as a wise man in private."

"Behold the original and primitive nobility of all those great persons who are too proud now, not only to tell the ground, but almost to tread upon it. We may talk what we please of lilies, and lions rampant, and spread eagles, in fields d'or or d'argent, but if heraldry were guided by reason, a plough in a field arable would be the most noble and ancient arms."

"It is a kind of slander to trust women."

Ben Johnson.

Trag. of Catiline

Ben. Johnson. ²⁴

On Lucy, Countess of Bedford.

This morning, timely rapt with holy fire,
I thought to form unto my zealous muse,
What kind of creature I could most desire,
To honor, serve, and love; as poets use.
I meant to make her fair, and free, and wise,
Of greater blood, and yet more good than great;
I meant the day-star should not brighter rise,
Nor lend like influence from his lucid seat.
I meant she should be courteous, facile, sweet,
Bating that solemn vice of greatness, pride;
I meant each softest virtue there should meet,
Fit in that softer bosom to reside.
Only a learned, and a manly soul
I purpos'd her; that should, with even pow'rs,
The rock, the spindle, and the sheers controul
Of destiny, and spin her own free hours.
And when I meant to feign, and wished to see,
My more bad, Bedford ante, and that are she.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gate of death—
He enters heaven by prayer.

Montgomery

Sabbath Day.

Modernised from "Son-Days," in Vaughan's
"Silex Scintillans," Bernard Barton.

Types of eternal rest—fair beds of bliss,
In heavenly flowers unfolding week by week—
The next world's gladden imaged forth in this—
Days of ashore with the Christian's heart in quest!

Eternity in Time—the steps by which
We climb to future ages—lamps that light
Man through his darker days, and thought can't,
Yielding redemption for the week's dull flight.

Wakeners of prayer in man—his resting bowers
As on his journey in the narrow way,
Where, Eden-like, Jehovah's walking hours
Are waited for as in the cool of day.

Days fixed by God for intercourse with dust,
To raise our thoughts, and purify our powers—
Periods appointed to renew our trust—
A gleam of glory after six days' showers.

A milky way marked out through this else drear,
By radiant suns that warm as well as shine—
A clue which he who follows knows no fear
Through briars and thorns around his pathway twine.

Foretastes of heaven on earth—pledges of joy
Surpassing fancy's flight and fiction's story—
The prelude of a feast that cannot cloy,
And the big ho out-counts of immortal glory!

To Elizabeth, Countess of Rutland.

"On whom, if he were living now, to look,
He should that rare, and absolute numbers view,
As he would burn, a better far his book."
* then father - a poet. B. J.

"A man should seek great glory, and not bread."
B. J.

"On equal pace most minds have caught,
Not one goes slower or faster,
Think twice set out your second thought,
And you become their master." Goethe.

Red-Jacket said to the missionaries -
"Your talk is fair and good. But I pro-
pose this; try your hand in the town of Buffalo,
for one year. They need missionaries, if you can
do what you say. If in that time you shall
have done them any good, and made them any
better, then we will let you come among
our people."

Tecumseh, or Tecumthe, is said to have
exclaimed - "Sell a country! why not sell
the air, the clouds, and the great sea, as
well as the earth? Did not the great
Spirit make them all for the use of his
children?"

An Epitaph on S. P. a Child of Seven
Elizabeth's Chapel.

Weep with me all you that read
This little story.
And know for whom a tear you shed
Heath's self is sorry.
'Twas a Child, that so did thrive
In grace, and feature,
As heaven and nature seem'd to strive
Which could be creature.
Years he numbered scarce thirteen
When fate turn'd cruel,
Yet three filled sockets had he been
The stage's jewel;
And did act (what now we mean)
Old men so duly,
As, with the Parcae thought him one,
He play'd so truly.
No, by error of his fate
They all consented;
But viewing him since (alas, too late)
They have repented;
And have sought (to give new birth)
In baths to steep him;
But being so good for earth,
Heav'n's rows to keep him.
B. J.

— Nor he, for friendship, to be thought unfit,
That stone, his manners should precede his wit.

Epitaph on Elizabeth, S. P.

Wouldst thou know, what man can say
In a little? Reuben, stay.
Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty, as could die.

Which in life did harbor give
 To more virtue than doth live.
 What all, she had a fault,
 Leave it buried in this vault.
 One name was Elizabeth,
 Th' other let it sleep with death;
 Fitter, where it dyed, to tell,
 Than that it lived at all. Farewel.
 B. J.

— Since they can only judge, That can confer.
 B. J.

x person
 Who, virtue, can thy power forget,
 That sees these live, and triumph yet?
 Th' Assyrian pomp, the Persian pride,
 Greek glory, and the Romans dy'd:
 And who yet imitate
 Their noises, turn the same fate.
 For greater all the glorious say
 You can, it soon decays;
 But so good fame shall never
 Her triumphs, as their causes, are forever.
 B. J.

How near to good is what is fair!
 Which we no sooner see,
 But with the live, and outward air
 Our senses taken be.
 We wish to see it still, and prove,
 What way we may deserve;
 We court, we praise, we more than love:
 We are not grieved to serve. B. J.

Let narrow natures (how they will) mistake,
 The great should still be good for their own sakes.
 Pl.

Pythagoras.

"Having been previously instructed therefore in the mysteries of the Phoenician, which were derived like a colony and a progeny from the sacred nights in Egypt, and hoping from this circumstance that he should be a partaker of more beautiful, divine, and genuine monuments of erudition in Egypt; joyfully calling to mind also the admonitions of his preceptor Thales, he immediately embarked for Egypt, through the means of some Egyptian sailors, who very opportunely at that time landed on the Phoenician coast under mount Carmelus, in whose temple Pythagoras, separated from all society, for the most part dwelt. But the sailors gladly received him, foreseeing that they should acquire great gain by exposing him to sale. But when, during the voyage, they perceived with what continuous and venerable gravity he conducted himself, in conformity to the mode of living he had adopted, they were more benightedly disposed towards him. Observing, likewise, that there was something greater than what pertains to human nature in the modesty of the youth, they called to mind how unexpectedly he had

appeared to them on their landing, when
 from the summit of Mount Carmel,
 which they knew was more sacred than
 other mountains, and inaccessible to the
 vulgar, he bravely descended without looking
 back, or suffering any delay from pre-
 judices or opposing states; and that when he
 came to the boat, he said nothing more
 than, "Are you bound for Egypt?" And
 further, that on their answering in the affir-
 mative, he ascended the ship and sat silent
 the whole time of the voyage, in that part
 of the vessel where he was not likely to
 incommode the occupations of the sailors.
 But Pythagoras remained in an and the
 same unmoved state for two nights and
 three days, neither partaking of food, nor
 drink, nor sleep, unless perhaps in he
 sat in that firm and tranquil condition,
 he might sleep for a short time un-
 observed by all the sailors. To which we
 may add, that when the sailors consid-
 ered how, contrary to their expectations, their
 voyage had been continued and un-
 interrupted, as if some deity had been present;
 putting all these things together, they con-
 cluded that a divine daemon had in re-
 ality joined over with them from Syria into
 Egypt. Hence, speaking both to Pythagoras
 and to each other with greater decorum
 and gladness than before, they completed,
 through a most tranquil sea, the remain-
 der of their voyage, and at length happily
 landed on the Egyptian coast. Here the
 sailors reverently assisted him in descending
 from the ship; and after they had placed
 him on the purest sand, they raised a
 certain temporary altar before him,

and heaping on it from their present abundance. The fruits of trees, and presenting him as it were with the first fruits of their freight, they departed from thence, and hastened to their destined port. But Pythagoras, whose body through such long fasting was become weaker, did not oppose the sailors in assisting him to descend from the ship, and immediately on their departure eat as much of the fruits as was requisite to restore his decayed strength. "Amblicus' Life of Pythagoras"

He taught that women "could do well either not to oppose their husbands, or to think that they have been vanquished, when they submit to them."

Pythagoras, however, did not procure for himself a string of this kind through instruments or the voice, but employing a certain ineffable divinity, and what it is difficult to apprehend, he extended his ear, and fixed his intellect on the sublime symphonies of the world, he alone hearing and understanding, as it appears, the universal harmony and consonance of the spheres, and the stars, that are moved through them, and which produce a fuller and more intense melody than anything effected by mortal sounds."

"The great Pythagoras ordered them to be attentive to order and method as long as they lived, and not to blaspheme at the time of death, but to die with propitious words, such as are used by those who are sailing out of port into the Adriatic sea."

"It is beautiful, therefore, when prosperity is present with intellect, and when sailing as it were with a prosperous wind, actions are performed looking to virtue; just as a pilot looks to the motions of the stars."

Pythagoric Sayings.

"A statue indeed standing on its basis, but a worthy man on the subject of his deliberate choice, ought to be immortal."

"When the wise man opens his mouth, the beauties of his soul present themselves to the view, like the statues in a temple."

"It is better to lie lying on the grass, confiding in divinity and yourself, than to lie on a golden bed with perturbation."

"You will not be in want of anything which it is in the power of Fortune to give and take away."

"Let it be more eligible to you to throw a stone in vain, than to utter an idle word."

"Whatever we are when awake is death;
and when asleep, a dream."

"A good intellect is the show of divinity;
a bad intellect is the show of evil demons."

"Wish that those things which labor ought
to precede, may be possessed by you after labor."

"Accustom your soul after divinity, to conceive
something great of itself."

"Esteem nothing to be precious, which a bad
man may take from you."

"Every thing which is more than necessary
to man, is hostile to him."

"Every desire is insatiable, and therefore is
always in want."

"Use lying as poison"

"When you preside over men, remember
that divinity also presides over you."

"Use all men in such a way, as if
you were the common curator of all things
after God"

"A true assertion respecting God, is an
assertion of God."

"Divine wisdom is true science"

Hence the rose-flower, as far as it is
able, moves in a circular dance towards the
sun; so that if any one could hear

the pulsation made by its circuit in the air, he would perceive something composed by a sound of that kind, in honor of its King, such as a plant is capable of framing.

Howley.

"To be a husbandman, is but ^a retreat from the city; to be a philosopher, from the world; or rather, a retreat from the world, as it is man's, into the world, as it is God's."

"The body's virtue and the world's good fortune, health."

"From towns and courts, camps of the rich & great,
The vast Venetian army, I retreat,
And to the small Tacuinian forces fly,
Which holds the straight of poverty."

"The getting out door is the greatest part of the journey. Varro teaches us that Latin proverb, *portum itineris longioris esse*."

"To-morrow I will live, the fool does say;
To-day itself is too late; the wine lived yesterday."

He thinks that Cromwell attained his ends because his ends were as unreasonable, that no human reason could foresee them."

'King Ode, leaning on his staff, i' the
hall of council stood;
And near him Thorston Vikingson, that bode
bore and good;
His age was full an hundred years; snow
white his hair and beard;
And, like an ancient runic stone, his
brow with scars was scored.

And like the Temples they appear, placed on
a mountain high,
Which, destined once to Pagan Gods, in
ruined masses lie:
Full many runes are graven there upon
the ancient wall,
That speak of times long since gone by, and
brighter days recall.

But after three young Fathers came,
wrapped in his mantle blue,
His height the other two did front; more
from his step and tone.
Between the brothers there he stood, with
proud majestic mien,
As still, between the moon and eve, the
brighter day is seen.

Ode's Advice to his son Helge
The falcon's entrails may decay, —
and raptures are often vain;
And as you deeply meditated stone
may with those runes remain?

Put on a heart sincere and pure, great
 Odin's hand doth trace
 Far deeper runes, which time itself can
 never efface.

"The sable night hath many eyes;
 the brighter day but one."

"With virtue, stable as a post in May,
 And constant, such as the winds display."

Farethiof's farewell to his native land.

Thou Mighty North! how swift I span
 From thee, thou port of their kingdoms!
 Though here again I may possess
 The right thy sacred soil to press;
 Yet gently proud I'll ever be
 A mother's behold in thee:
 No, nurse of heroes' fate, thou wilt!
 Farewell! farewell!

And farewell! thou, midsummer's sun,
 Eye of light, Valhalla's throne!
 Thy day, farewell! this moment seen
 As a hero's soul serene;
 And thou starry ocean, too,
 Farewell! farewell!

Farewell! ye fields, ye honoured meads,
 Spectators of illustrious deeds;

Your fame shall last forever, for
 Ye saw the mighty deeds of Thor.
 And ye, long taken so blue,
 That I knew so well,
 And ye rocks and islets too,
 Farewell! Farewell! &c

Fithiof awake - King being asleep.

While he slumbers, from the forest rings
 a bird of rable hue;
 'Fithiof! rise, and slay the dotard!
 And thy strife and rival too!
 Now! the time! take back the fawn one,
 whom as bride thou once didst greet:
 Strike! no mortal eye beholds thee,
 and thou know'st the grave's secret.'

Fithiof listens; lo! another bird now rings,
 of color white:
 "Hold! whatever else thou winnest, lost
 will be thy honor bright:
 Would'st thou murder sleep, O bidding
 a defenceless old man kill?
 Though no mortal eye can see thee,
 Odini's eye beholds thee still."

Thus the birds; but Fithiof, looking
 all around in wild dismay,
 Takes his sword, and hurls it from
 him & the forest far away.
 Down the main bird flies & has -
 brand; but the white towards Heaven ascends,
 With a tone of soft vibration like to
 that the earth sends.

Honor Frithiof, into its traveler in
 'the hospitable hall;
 Open is its aspect; patent on the run its
 bearings all.

"A natural death, called Death on the
 Stram (Strädoed), was looked upon as
 ignominious; and the Scandinavian war-
 riors, in order to avoid it - when they could
 not die in battle, and found their end
 approaching by old age or sickness, infli-
 cted on themselves a voluntary death by open-
 ing their veins; and this was called cutting
 runes to Odin." By this they thought
 to avoid falling into the hands of
 Hela." English note to Frithiof

C.

On good poetry by
Thoreau

I ask to-day for no external thing
 For sight - of upland hill & waving tree
 I do not wish to see the glancing wing
 Of bird nor hear with trembling heart her
 melody
 I ask for thought which is our whole life's
 light.
 For the perpetual, true, and clear insight.

Seek! Seek! The Gods alone should give,
 They have enough and we do poorly live.

— How happy is he born and taught,
 That serves not another's will?
 Whose armor is his honest thought,
 And simple truth his utmost skill?
 Sir W. Hallam

Enlarge not thy destiny.

Not hurrying, according to the oracle, a
transcendent foot towards piety:

There is a certain intelligible which
it becomes you to understand with
the flower of the mind.

ὡς τί νοῶν, οὐ κείνον νοῶεις
You will not understand that as un-
derstanding a particular thing.

Divine things are not attainable
by mortals who mind the body, but
only as many as are lightly armed
press upward to the summit.

Let the immortal depth of your soul
lead you, but earnestly extend your
eyes upwards.

Extending the fiery mind to the work
of piety, you will preserve the body fluid.

The oracles often give victory over our
choices, and not to the order alone of
the mundane periods. As, for instance,
when they say, "On beholding yourself, fear
and, again, Believe yourself to be alone

Huldacian Oracles of Zoroaster

body, and you are". And, still further,
 when they are met That our voluntary powers
 germinate in us as the growth of the par-
 ticular life we lead."

If you often wake me you shall see all
 Things darkening;
 For neither does the convex bulks of heaven then
 appear,
 Nor do the stars shine, the light of the
 moon is hid;
 The earth stands not still, but all
 Things appear in thunders.

Pzragouen Fragments — I

Penspoles.

Once we cannot have any statue or
 temple which will be considered by living as
 more precious than our fathers and grand-
 father when grown feeble with age.

Hesiodus' Account of the Ship -

"Speaking with inspired mouth, smileless,
inmate, and unperformed, pierces through
centuries by the power of the god." -

Hesiod -
"The harmony of the world is of
conflicting impulses (αδύρροτος), like
that of the eye and of the bow."

Of the sun - that
- "it could not go less and its
appointed measure; for if it did, then
would the Erinyes, the handmaidens
of justice, find it out."

Hierocles said - "That the dis-
courses of Socrates resembled cubes, because they
remained firm wherever they might fall."

Similitudes of Demophiles

"It is necessary that a well educated man should depart from life elegantly, as from a banquet."

"Garments that are made clean and bright become soiled again by use; but the soul being once purified from ignorance, remains splendid for ever."

"It is the business of a musician to harmonize every instrument; but of a well educated man to adapt himself harmoniously to every fortune."

Argonautica. C34.

Sundering of the Argo

Oppheca.

They accordingly were collected by the vessel and into a band.
 And one was calling to another and haranguing.
 And they took food from a many-quested table,
 Sitting in order. And each was earnest for work.
 So when the mind had attended enough to meat and drink,
 Rising up then all together from the deep sand
 They went, and there awaited them on the sand the marine vessel.
 Her then seeing the admiral; but immediately
 Argos, according to the suggestions of his mind, prepared to move her
 With wooden rollers and well-twisted ropes,
 Fastening them to the prow. And he called them to come to the work,
 Praising all. And they with a rush obeyed;
 And they took off their arms, and fastened about their breasts
 A small drag rope. — And each strove,
 Immediately to drag down the oracular Argo to the swift wave.
 But she advancing towards them stuck fast in the sand,
 Being hindered by the dry seaweed on the shore,
 Not to be persuaded by the thick palms of heros.
 Then at the mind of Jason was saddened, but directly
 Looking around he nodded, that I might excite
 Courage and strength in them even by my song.
 So I straining my eyes with my hands
 Mixed a pleasing ornament of a song of my mother's,
 And brought forth a lyric word from my breast —

Noble blood of heroes of the race of Minyas,
 If ye can come now with firm breasts fall on
 Pulling together at the ropes, and make firm your steps on
 the earth,

Extending to the utmost the extremities of the ropes of your feet;
 And trying drag down the ship to the cheerful tide.
 Argo, framed of pines and oaks,
 Hear my command; for before abroad you have heard,
 When I turned trees in woody Colone,
 And rocks accessible only to the sun, and according to
 my boast they went

Leaving the mountains; but now follow
 On the path of the virgin sea; and make haste to go
 to the Thais,
 Persuaded by my eye and divine voice.

Then indeed the Ithacian beach resounding heard,
 Which Argos placed under the keel of the black ship
 By the advice of Pallas; and quickly she raised herself,
 Lightning her timbers, and slid swiftly into the sea,
 And urging herself on she dispensed the thick rollers;
 Which had been placed under her keel extended by one rope.
 And she went into the harbor, and the serene sea retired,
 And the shores were washed all around.

Argonautica 365 & line

They commence their voyage.

They therefore gave their hands and mind driving
 Unwearied king, and the sea which is not to be followed
 was divided,
 The foam melting under the keel on this side and on that.
 And then the sacred dawn from the streams of ocean
 Opened the east, and the morning-born followed
 Bringing sweet light to mortals and immortals.
 And the peaks and woody steep
 Of woody Pelion appeared rising from the shore.

Hymn IVth Of the Ether

O Thou having the high-palaced power of Deu,
 always unworn,
 Portion of the stars, and sun, and moon,
 All-subduer, fire-breathing, breath of all living things,
 High-appearing Ether — best element of the world; —
 O glorious bud, light-bringing, star-gleaming,
 Calling I entreat thee to be perfectly serene.

VIth Of the Stars

Fateful, being signifier of all fate;
 Ruling the divine course of mortal men;
 Making glitter always the dark robe of night.

VIIth Of the Sun.

Hear blest one, having an all-seeing everlasting eye,
 Titan bright as gold, going on high, heavenly light;
 Self-produced, unconcealed, sweet to the sight of living things;
 On the right father of dawn, on the left of night,
 Having the tempering of the seasons, travelling with four-
 footed feet,
 Swift, whispering, fiery, bright, riding in a chariot,
 Travelling a path with revolutions of boundless circuit,
 To the reverent shower of beautiful things, to the
 unwearied impatient.
 Having a golden eye, drawing the harmonious course
 of the world;
 Conductor of good work, reason-revolving Lord;
 Ruler of the world, who playest on a pipe, fore-
 courting, revolving in a circle,

Hymns

Light-bringing, shower of various things, life-bringing,
 fertilizing, Paeon;
 Flaming, unspotted, father of time, immortal Zeus,
 serene shining-Oak, the circulating eye of the world,
 Lamp extinguished with fair glittering rays; X
 Faithful guardian, always most-over-all, helpful to all;
 Eye of justice, Light of life; O rider,
 With shrill whip driving a four-horsed car,
 Hear us, and show a pleasant life to the initiated.

X Shower of justice, corn of fountains, despot of the world; /

XIXth Of Zeus the Thunder

— — — — — And the Thunder reverberates
 In the hollows of the ether; and bursting through the robe,
 The heavenly screen, thou hurlest bolts and lightning.
 But blessed, discharge Thy wrath upon the waves of the sea,
 And on the summits of the mountains; Thy power we
 all know.

33rd Of Victory: — — — — —

— — — — — for the good fame of all things
 Give us reputable victory. — — — — —

XXXVII Of the Curtes i.e. Corymbes.

XL. Of Ceres — *Σπέρματος χαίρουσα Ἰερείου* —
 Delighting in summer sickles.

XLII Of the Seasons

πένθος ἐννύμεται δροσροῖς ἀνέων πολυάνθητον,
 Having put on dew robes of well-fed flowers.

LXVIII Of Nigra.

— respite of mortals,
 For a rest from thee all things are of no advantage to men.
 For wither happy-making health is pleasant with fleets,
 Nor is the yoke full of afflictions with out thee a man. —

LXXVIII Of Dawn.

— — — — — nor is there any
 Who escapes thy sight being higher,
 When thou shakest off sweet sleep from thy eyelids,
 And every mortal rejoices, every creeping thing, and then races
 Of fourfooted creatures, and of winged, and many tribes
 That dwell in the sea;
 For thou spoliest all waking life of mortals. — —

LXXXI Of Zephyrs.

Sea-born breezes, Zephyrols, air-wandering,
 Sweet breathing, whispering, affording a respite from labor,
 Vernal, frequenting meadows, denised in harbors
 Bringing to ships a soft passage, a light air,
 Come well-disposed, blowing bladders,
 Denial, invisible, light-winged, airy.

LXXXIII Of Ocean.

Sea boundary of earth, margin of heaven. —

LXXXV Of Sleep.

Sleep, king of all the blessed, and of mortal men,
 And all living things, as many as the wide earth nourishes;
 Binding bodies in fetters without brass.
 Looser of cares, ^{granting} affording a sweet cessation from toils,
 And affording a sacred solace for all grief;

Hymns.

And thou takest away concern for death, saving lives;
 For thou wast the brother of Lethe and Death.
 But blessed, I entreat thee to come perfectly meet,
 kindly preserving the initiated for divine water.

LXXXVI Of Dream.

I call Thee, blessed, flying with extended wings, soft dream,
 Messenger of the future, for oracles greatest to mortals.
 For in the repose of sweet sleep coming silent
 Addressing the souls of mortals thou awakenest them
 And suggestest to them sleep the thought of the blessed,
 Silent & silent souls fore-telling the future;
 To whomsoever are reverent the good mind of the gods
 trials,
 So that always the fair anticipated by the thought,
 May share with delight the life of men rejoicing
 beforehand,
 And they may escape the wrath of kings by sacrificial vows,
 A cessation from evil, such as god himself has devised.
 For to the pious the end is always sweet;
 εὐσπείρου γὰρ αἰὲ τοῖς πλεονεκτήσιν ἔστιν.
 But to the bad dream vision may not show
 Future necessity - messengers of evil things.
 I add that they may find relief from coming affliction.
 But blessed I supplicate thee to tell the
 suggestions of the gods,
 That always thou mayest draw near to all with
 right thought,
 Showing no signs of monstrous evils.

Orphic Fragments.

- For not any of articulating mortals may behold
 the ruler,
 Unless some only begotten of the Chaldeans plucker
 from the race above. - - -

- Splitting the broad air with meteors -

- Spoken only by immortals -

Zeus was first, Zeus last - The thunderer;
 Zeus the head, Zeus the middle; and all things
 were made from Zeus;

Zeus was a male, Zeus was an immortal maid;
 Zeus the basis of the earth and of the stormy
 heaven;

Zeus the breath of wind, Zeus the force of invincible fire;
 Zeus the bottom of the sea; Zeus sun and moon;
 Zeus King; Zeus himself the generator of all,
 One power, one demon is he, great ruler of all.
 And one kindly body in which all these reside,
 Fire, and water, and earth, and ether, and night,
 and day.

And Intelligence, progenitor, and Love causing much
 delight;

For all these things lie in the great body of Zeus.
 And his head behold and beautiful countenance
 The resplendent heaven, around which golden hairs
 Of shining stars are beautifully hung.

And on both sides two golden bullocks' horns
 The Orient and Occident, ways of the heavenly gods.
 And eyes the sun and opposite moon.

And his mind the undecaying, regal, indestructible
 ether;

By which he hears and observes all things, nor is there any
Voice, nor sight, nor sound, nor rumor,
Which escapes the ears of Zeus, supremely powerful
son of Saturn.

So has he an immortal head and mind.
But his body is bright with fire, infinite, unshaken,
Untrampling, robust-limbed, supremely powerful,
Thus it is made.

The shoulders and breasts, and broad back of the god
The extensive air; and wings spring from him
With which he flies over all; and sacred womb of him
Earth mother of all, and the lofty summits of mountains,
And his middle zone the dwelling of the deep-wandering
sea

And ocean; and his lowest bars the roots of earth within,
And equalled Tartarus and the extreme limit of earth.

And he planned another limitless earth, which immortal
Call Selene, but those dwelling on the earth Men
Which has many mountains, many cities, many houses.

Whom no one has avoided, neither in doing,
nor being about to do, nor having done formerly,
or a god, nor man, he am I,
Whom some would call the air, and Zeus,
I where there is work of god, am everywhere,
'Here in Athens, in Patrae, in Sicily,
In all cities, in all houses,
In all of you; there is no place,
There is no air; and he present everywhere
Knows all things from necessity being everywhere present.
Attributed to Philomena.

Minerva.

Arising with arms, a barren flower to behold.



Fragments of the costly stream
 Float down the tide of years
 As voyant on the stormy main
 A parted wreck appears. Scott.

— Health & power & dress belong,
 And they like demigods are strong
 On whom the universe smile.

No more - no more - oh! never more on me
 The freshness of the heart can fall like dew,
 Which, out of all the lovely things we see,
 Extracts emotions beautiful and new,
 Dives in our bosoms like the bag o' the bee.
 Think, then the honey with those objects grew?
 Alas! 'twas not in them, but in the power,
 To double even the sweetness of a flower.

No more - no more - oh! never more, my heart,
 Canst thou be my sole world, my universe!
 Once all in all but now a thing apart
 Thou canst not be my blessing, or my curse:
 The illusions gone forever. Byron. Don Juan.

Ode to Ben Jonson Berrick

At Ben's
 Say how or when
 Shall we, thy guests,
 Meet at those Lyric feasts,
 Made at the Sun,

R. W. E. Commence Mac. 1868
 G. W.

The Dog, the Triple Pen;
 Where we rich clusters had,
 As made us nobly wild, not mad?
 And yet each vein of them
 Out did the meat, out did the polio wine.

My Ben!
 Or come again,
 Or send one
 Thy wife great ox-plum;
 But teach us yet
 Wisely to husband it,
 Lest we that talent spend;
 And having once brought to an end
 That precious stock, the store
 Of such a wit, the world should have no more.

Ode to Himself - Ben Jonson

Where dost thou carles lie
 Buried in ease and sloth?
 Knowledge that sleeps doth die,
 And this recurring,
 It is that common moth
 That eats on wit and arts and gentle destroys them both.

Are all the Roman Springs
 Dried up? Lie's Thespia waste?
 Dost Clavins' harp want strings?
 That not a nymph now rings;
 Or drop they in disgrace
 To see their seats and bowers by chattering pees
 Defaced.

If hence thy silence be,

As his too great a cause;
 Let this thought quicken thee;
 Minds that are great and free
 Should not our fortune praise
 'Tis crown enough to Virtue still her own applause.

Hymn to the Flowered
 By Norace Smith.

O day stars! that open eyes with man, to twinkles
 From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
 And dew-drops on her holy Altar sprinkle
 As a Libation.

Oe matin worshippers! who bending lowly
 Before the uprisen sun, God's limitless eye!
 Throned from your chalices a sweet and holy
 Incense on high.

Oe bright Mosaics! that with storied beauty
 The floor of nature's temple tenellate
 With numerous emblems of instruction duty,
 Your forms create.

Nestle cloistered boughs, each floral bell that ringeth,
 And toll its perfume on the fragrant air,
 Make sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
 A call to prayer.

Not to the dome where crumbling arch & column
 attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
 But to that pure, most catholic and solemn,
 Which God hath planned.

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
 Whose quenchless lamps the sun & moon supply;

Its choir the winds and waves - its organ thunder -
 Its dome the sky.

There as in solitude and shade I wander,
 Through the green aisles, or stretched upon the sod,
 Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
 The way of God.

Your vernal Epos, O flowers! are living preachers,
 Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,
 Supplying many many numerous teachers
 From lowliest nook.

Floral apostles! that in dew splendor,
 "Weep without us, and blush without a crime,"
 O may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender
 Your core sublime!

"Thou wast not, Solomon! in all thy glory,
 Arrayed," the lilies cry "in robes like ours;
 How vain your grandeur! ah, how transitory,
 Are human flowers!"

In the sweet scented pictures, heavenly Artist!
 With which thou paintest nature's wide spread hall,
 What a delightful lesson than important
 Of love to all!

Not useless are ye, flowers! Though made for pleasure,
 Blooming o'er field and vale by day and night,
 From every source your sanction bids me treasure
 Heav'nly delight.

Ephemeral pages! what instructive hoary
 For such a world of thought could furnish scope?
 Each fading calyx a memento mori,
 Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!
 Upraised from seed or bath interred in earth,
 Ye are to me a type of resurrection,
 A second birth.

Were I & God in chucklen lands remaining,
 Far from all voice of teachers or divines,
 My soul would find in flowers of thy ordaining,
 Priest, roman, divine!

To Silvia.

Hernicks.

I am holy while I stand
 Circumcised by thy pure hand;
 But when that is gone, again
 I, as others, am profane.

Inscription on Melrose Abbey

The earth goes on the earth glittering in gold,
 The earth goes & the earth sooner than it would;
 The earth builds on the earth castles and towers,
 The earth says to the earth all this is ours.

Geo. Chapman -
 Byron's Conspiracy.

Give me a spirit that on life's rough sea
 Dares to leave his sails filled with a lusty wind
 E'en let his rail-yards tremble, his masts crack,
 And his reef-ship run on her side so low
 That she drinks water and her keel ploughs air;
 There is no danger to a man that knows

Where life and death is, there is not any Law
 Excels his knowledge, neither is it needful
 That he should stoop to any other Law;
 He goes before them and commands them all,
 That to himself is a law rational.

Clothes for Continuance Hemick.

The garments lasting evermore
 Are works of mercy, O the poor;
 And neither letter, time nor moth
 Shall pry that silk, or pet the cloth.

Before Sleep Sir Thomas Browne.

The night is comelier O the day, —
 Depart not thou, great God, away,
 Set not my sins black as the night,
 Eclipse the lustre of thy light
 Keep still in my horizon; for to me
 The Sun makes not the day, but thou.
 Thou whose nature cannot sleep,
 On my temple sitting keep;
 Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes
 Whose eyes are open while mine close.
 Let no dreams my head infect
 But such as I take temple-bless.
 While I do rest, my soul advances,
 & make my sleep a holy trance,
 That I may, my rest being wrought,
 Awake to some holy thought,
 And with as active vigor run
 My course, as doth the visible sun.
 Sleep is a death; & make me long
 By sleeping what it is to die.

And so gently lay my head
 On my grave as now my bed.
 Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
 Awake again at last with Thee
 And then awaked, behold I lie
 Secure, or to wake or die.
 There are my dozing days; in vain
 I do now wake to sleep again.
 O come that hour, when I shall never
 Sleep again but wake for ever.

Doing
 Take ye take those eyes away,
 That so sweetly were forsworn;
 And those eyes, the breakers of day,
 Bright that do mislead the morn.

Make bandog thy scout watch to bait at a thief
 Make courage for life, to be captain chief
 Make trap-door thy bulwark, make bell to begin,
 Make gun stone and arrow show who is within.
 Thomas Tusser.

The tears of saints more sweet by far
 Than all the songs of sinners are. Herrick

Woman

There on the fane a beauteous creature stands,
 The first best work of the Creator's hands,
 Whose slender limbs inadequately bear
 A full-orbed bosom and a weight of care;
 Whose teeth like pearls, whose lips like cherries show,
 And fawn-like eyes still tremble as they glow.
 Translated from Kalidasa's Megha Duta
 By Professor Wilson.

Go.
The Marygold. Mother

When with a serious musing I behold
The grateful and obsequious marygold,
Now daily, every morning, she displays
Her open breast when Phoebus spreads his rays;
Now she observes him in his daily walk,
Still bending towards him her small slender stalk;
Now, when he down declines, she droops and mourns,
Bedewed as 'twere with tears till he returns,
And how she veils her flowers when he is gone
As if she scorned to be looked upon
By an inferior eye; or did contain
To wait upon a meaner light than his:
When this I meditate, methinks the flowers
Have spirits far more generous than ours,
And give us fair examples, to despise
The servile fawnings and idolatries
Wherewith we court these servile things below,
Which merit not the service we bestow.
But O my God! though grovelling I appear
Upon the ground, and have a rooting here,
Which hales me downward, yet in my desire
To that which is above me I aspire;
And all my best affections I profess
To him that is the Sun of Righteousness.
Oh keep the morning of his incarnation,
The burning noon-tide of his better passion,
The night of his descending, and the height
Of his ascension, — even in my sight,
That, imitating him, in what I may,
I never follow an inferior way.

The shadow on the dial's face,
 That steals from day to day,
 With slow, unseen, unceasing pace,
 Moments, and months, and years away;
 This shadow, which, in every chime,
 Since light and motion first began,
 Hath held its course sublime;
 What is it? mortal man!
 It's the scythe of time.

Montgomery

Not only o'er the dial's face,
 This silent phantom day by day,
 With slow, unseen, unceasing pace
 Steals moments, months and years away;
 From hoary rocks and aged trees,
 From proud Palmyra's mouldering walls,
 From Teneriffe, towering o'er the sea,
 From every blade of grass it falls;
 And still wherever a shadow sweeps
 The scythe of time destroys,
 And man at every footstep weeps
 O'er evanescent joys.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude;
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.

Shakespeare

Thou'rt fierce, thou bitter sky,
 Thou dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot;
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp,
 As friend remembered not.

The ElixirHerbert

Teach me, my God and King,
In all things true to be;
And what I do in anything
To do it - as for thee;

Not rudely as a beast,
To run into an action;
But still to make thee prepossessed
And give it - its perfection.

A man that looks on glass
On it - may stay his eye;
Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And the heaven espy.

All may of thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean
Which, with this tincture, for thy sake,
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause,
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
Makes that, and the action, fine.

This is the famous stone,
That turneth all to gold,
For that which God doth touch and own,
Barren for ever can be told.

Were it the will of Heaven, in our ^{stomach} bough
Were vessel safe enough the seas to plough.

Not every day fit for verse. Nemick

'Tis not every day that I
Fitted am to prophesy;
No; but when the Spirit fills
The fantastic pannicles
Full of fire, then I write
As the Godhead doth indite.
Thus inspired, my lines are hurled
Like the Sybils, through the world.
Look how rest the holy fire
Either glazes or doth retire;
So fancy cools, till when
That brave spirit comes agen.

Wishing good, and doing good,
Are laboring, Lord, with thee.
Charity is gratitude;
And piety, best understood,
Is sweet humanity.

To Music

Therefore a current of sadness deep
Through the streams of thy triumph is heard
to weep.

When I am dead
Let not the day be lost;
Love will remember it,
Untold, unsaid.

WV 6

Lord, when I quit this earthly stage,
Where shall I fly but to thy breast?
For I have sought no other home,
For I have learned no other rest.

I cannot live contented here,
Without some glimpses of thy face;
And heaven without thy presence there,
Would be a dark and tiresome place.

When earthly cares engross the day,
And hold my thoughts aside from thee,
The shining hours of cheerful light
Are long, and tedious years to me.

And if no evening vint's paid
Between my senses and my soul,
How dull the night! how sad the shade!
How mournfully the minutes roll!

Ally God! and can a bridge be shield
That covers thee with a flame so high,
Be ere from thy face exiled,
Without the pity of thine eye?

Impossible! for thine own hands
Have tied my heart so fast to thee;
And in thy book the promise stands
That where thou wilt thy friends must be.

any more
Know'st thou Yesterday, its aim and reason?
Work'st thou well To-day, for worthy things?
Then calmly wait the Morrow's hidden season,
And fear not thou, what hap when it brings!

Epitaph from Simonides.

Where is Timarchus gone?
 His father's hands were round him,
 And when he breathed his life away,
 The joy of youth had crowned him.
 Old men! thou wilt not forget
 Thy lost one, when thine eye
 Gaze on the glowing cheeks
 Of hope and piety.

Trans. of Cowley's Epigram on Irate.

The stars above will make thee known,
 If men are silent here;
 The sun himself cannot forget
 His fellow traveller.

Woe! that the cedar and the vine should bloom,
 And a just man be gathered to his tomb!
 Miller?

By broad Potomac's silent shore
 Better than Troyan lowly lies,
 Gilding her green declivities
 With glory now and evermore;
 Art to his fame no aid hath lent;
 His Country is his monument.

Mr. W. Jones
 Naked, on parent knees, a new born child,
 Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled;
 So live, that nimbly thy last long sleep,
 Thou thou might'st smile, while all around thee
 weep.

II.

Fletcher

Man is 'his' own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Command all light, all influence, all fate,
Nothing them falls early or too late.
Our acts - our angels are, or good or ill;
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

Epilogue to *The Honors Man's Fortune*.

Thou by the diabolical 'shady' stealth may'st know
Time's peevish program to Eternity. Shakespeare

Joane

If men be wolds, there is in every one
Something to answer in proportion
All the world's riches: and in good men this
Virtue our form's form to our soul's soul is.

The Soul's 'Ernard

Mr W. Raleigh.

The Handbell &

"Raleigh's make"

Go, Soul, the Body's guest,

Upon a Franklen errand;

errand errand

Then not to touch the best;

The truth shall be thy warrant:

Go, since I needs must die,

And give them ^{the world} all the lie.

say to

Go, tell the Court it glows,

And shines like ^{parted} rotten wood;

+ Raleigh's make

Go, tell the Church it shows

What's good, but does no good;

If Court and Church reply,

Give Court and Church the lie.

Then give them both

Tell Potentates, they live

Acting, but oh! Their actions; ^{by others' action or actions}

Not loved, unless they give; ^{affection}

Nor strong, but by (their factions.)

If Potentates reply,

Give Potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,

That rule affairs of state, ^{manage the state,}

Their purpose is ambition;

Their practice is hate:

And if they ^{once} do reply,

Then give them all the lie.

Tell those that love it most,

They beg for more by spending;

Who in their greatest cost

Take nothing but commending:

And if they make reply,

Shave not to give the lie.

Then give them all

Give them all the lie.

Assigned to Raleigh by Percy.

as written the night before his execution -
 It first appeared in the Post Repository
 in 1608. Yet as I am sure says may
 have been written the night before he
 expected to have been executed in 1603

It is found among John Heyworth's Poem
 and is also given to Iarion.

It also occurs in Lord Remond's
 Poem. and is also in the
 Harl. MSS.



Tell Soul it lacks devotion; ^{it's blind devotion}
 Tell Love it is but lust; ^{wants}
 Tell Time it is but motion; ^{it's but a}
 Tell Flesh it is but dust;
 And will they not reply,
 For then must give them lie.

2

Tell Age it daily wasteth;
 Tell Honor how it alters;
 Tell Beauty that it ^{the} blazeth; ^{Truth how that she}
 Tell Favor that she ^{how} flatters;
 And as they ^{shall} do reply,
 Give every one the lie.

1

Tell Wit how much it wrangles
 In feeble point of niceness;
 Tell Wisdom she entangles
 Herself in over-^{wise} niceness: ^{by much of niceness}
 And if they do reply,
 Then give them both the lie.

Tell Phryne of her coldness;
 Tell Mith it is pretension; ^{prevention}
 Tell Charity of coldness;
 Tell Love it is contention;
 And if they ^{do} still reply,
 Then give them ^{all} the lie. ^{Relay's note}

Tell Fortune of her blindness;
 Tell Nature of decay;
 Tell Friendship of unkindness;
 Tell Justice of delay.
 And if they ^{will} do reply,
 Then give them ^{all} the lie. ^{Relay's note}

Tell Art they have no soundness,
 But vary by ^{want} estimating;
 Tell schools they lack profoundness,

"But for words toward the same with
 words' truth, which, always awarded to Rich.
 Edwards? - Campbell's Lovey

And stand too much on scolding;
 Off out and schools reply,
 Give out and schools the lie.

Tell Facts it's fled the city;
 Tell how the country cometh;
 Tell, thank God, shakers off pity;
 Tell, virtue, least profanities;
 And if they do reply,
 Spare not to give the lie.

As when thou hast, as I
 Commanded thee, done blabbing;
 Altho' ^{because} to give the lie
 Discovers us can than halting;
 Yet stat at thee ^{in that} who will,
 As stat the soul can kill.

Presented in Acad. MSS. and library.

The attention on Maria with the
 exception noted.

I cannot

Shakespeare

Tell many a glorious morning have I seen
 Flatten the mountain tops with some giant
 Kissing with golden face the meadows green
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy
 Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
 With ugly rack on his celestial face
 And from the forlorn cold his visage hide
 Stealing unseen quest with his disguise
 Even so my own one early morn did shine,
 With all triumphant splendor on my brow;
 But out, alack! he was but one hour mine,
 The region cloud hath masked him from me now.
 Yet him for this my love no whit did dim;
 Duns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun
 Staineth.

Pilgrimage

Raleigh

Give me my scallop shell of quest;
 My staff of Faith to walk upon;
 My scrip of good immortal diet;
 My bottle of salvation;
 My gown of glory, (hope the gage)
 And thus I'll take my pilgrimage

Blood must be my body's balmer,
 Whilst my soul, like a quiet palmer,
 Travelleth towards the land of heaven;
 No other balme will there be given.

Over the silver mountains
 Where spring the nectar fountains,
 There will I kiss
 The bowl of bliss,
 And drink mine everlasting fill,
 Upon every miller hill;
 My soul will be as day before,
 But after, it will thirst no more.

Epitaph on the
Courteous Doves of Pembroke.

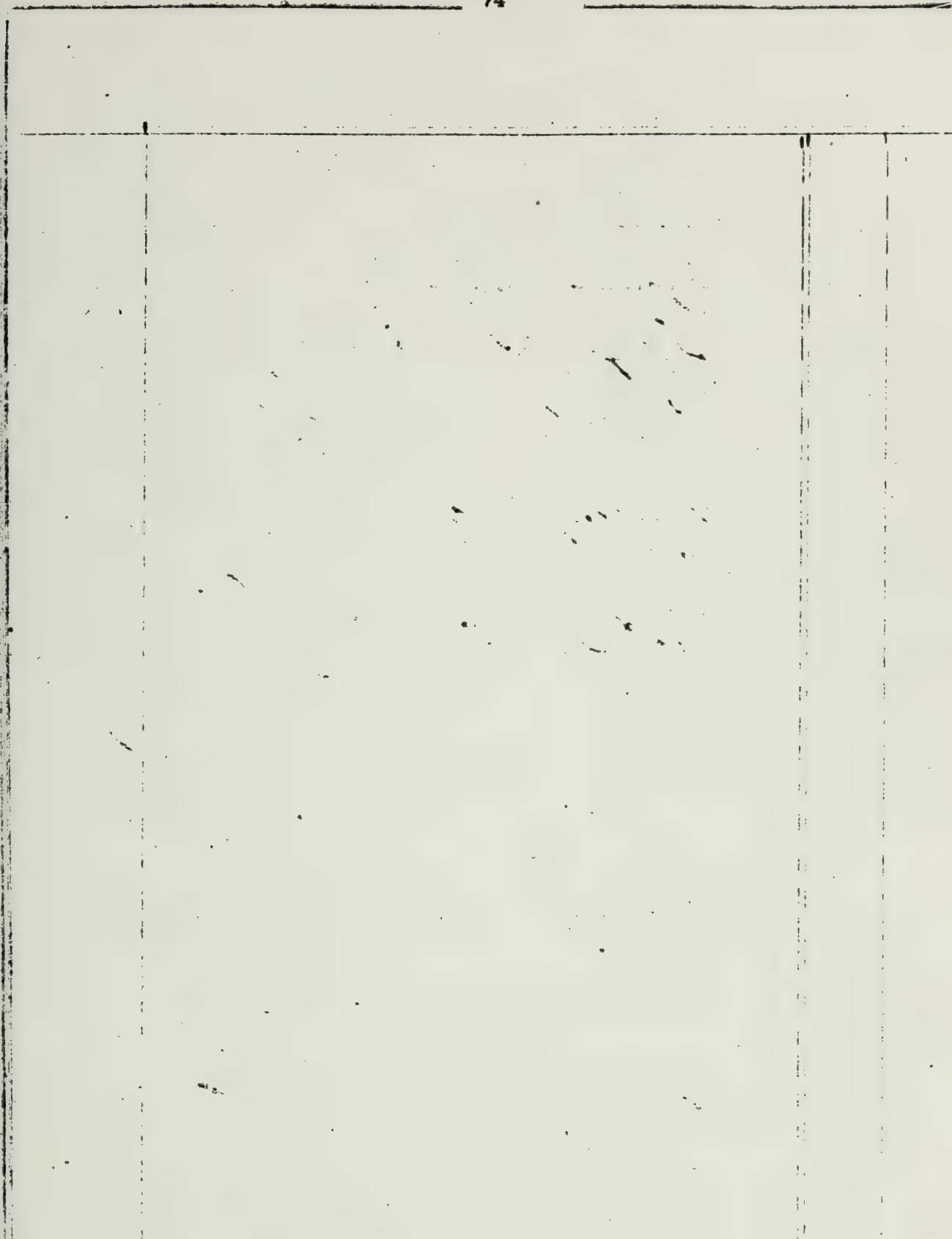
Underneath this sable hearse,
Lies the subject of all verse:
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother!
Death ere thou hast slain another,
Fair and learned, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee!

Marble piles let no man raise
To her name, for after days,
Some kind woman, born as she,
Reading this, like Avice,
Shall turn marble, and become
Both her mourner and her tomb!

Ben Jonson?

- writes about himself, he can
eject himself from a thing in man!
Daniel

"What I admire in Christopher Columbus,"
said Turgot, "is, not his having discovered
the new world, but his having gone to search
for it on the faith of an opinion!"



Sibbald.

77

x I mad naught for no disown,
Ne for seggers, no harpours, This is Engliſh
But for the luf of ſympile men,
That ſtrange Ingliſh cannot ken:
For many is ere that ſtrange Ingliſh;
In rhyme wate never what it is. x x x

Chronicle of Robert of Bruce
written between 1303 & 1338—
from Sibbald's Chron. Scot. Part.

After queſtioning whether the Romance of Sir Gawane &c.
may not be of ſcotiſh origin the author ſays

"But the firſt genuine work of penſhipſhip is
the Life of Bruce by John Barbour, archdeacon of
Aberdeen, who ſeems to have been born about 1326;
composed his history in 1375; and died in 1396.
The only edition in which the autograph is
preſerved, is that of Mrs. Pinkerton, 1790; printed from
a manuſcript of 1489." —

In his ſpeech on the evening before the battle
of Bannockburn — The Bruce ſays —
reſpecting the Engliſh —

x I trow, and knowis it full clerly,
That many a hart sall warwand be,
That senyt er off gret bownde.
And, fra the hart he diſcomfyt,
The body is not worth a mygt. x x

again x And, sen we know their feloun will,
Me think it mild accord to ſkill,
To set stoutnes agayne felown;
And make us get a gysperdy. x x

The unusual smoothness and more
various tone of the verse would tempt
to read the whole poem. Mon. V. The Bruce
Ham. Col. Lib.

In the "Fair" of James Ist of Scotland—
who reigned between 1405 & 1434—I find
the following sentences—

After the Prologue — *Ecce*

In Ver that full of vertu is and gude,
Quhen nature first begetteth his caprice,
That quibulum was he cruel foot and flude,
And schouris sharp opposit in many wis,
And Cythereis gynneth to angie
Deigh in the Est, a morrowe soft and mete,
Upward hi course to drive in Ariete.

Passit bot myd-day foure greis; evin
Of lenth and brede, his angel wingis bryt
He spred upon the ground, down fro the hevin,
That for gladnesse and fresheene of the night,
And with the tikelang of his hete and light,
The tender floweris opynit thame and spoad,
And in thair nature thankit him for glad. x x

This poem is an allegorical account of the
King's own falling in love with Lady Jane
his wife — and refers the reader to his im-
prisonment in Windsor castle Eng. from 1405
to 1424 —. It consists of visions — one
of which Queen Hope leads him to Minerva
who gives him the following advice —

x Take him before in all thy governance,
That in his hand the store has of you all,
And pray unto his hye provoyance,
Thy clufe to gye, and on him trait and call,
That corner-stone, and ground is of the wall,
That failis not, and trust, withoutin doubt,
Unto thy purpose some he call the Cede.

For lo, the weake that first is founde: sure,
 May better be apace and byare be
 Than otherwise, and longer sall endure
 Be many fold, this may thy soon see,
 And stronger to defend adversitee;
 Ground thy weake, therefore, upon the stone,
 And thy desire shall forthward with the gone.

Obe trewe, and meke, and stedfast in thy thought,
 And diligent her merci to procure,
 Not only in thy word, for word is naught,
 But if thy weake and all thy body cure
 Accord thereto, and stoid be measure,
 The place, the house, the maner, and the wise,
 Gif mercy sall admitten thy service.

All thing has tyme, thus saie Ecclesiaste;
 And wele is him that his tyme well abit:
 Abide thy tyme; for he that can bot haste
 Can not of hap, the wise man it writ;
 And oft god fortune flourishe with gode wit:
 Therefore, if thou wilt be well fortunyt,
 Let wisdom ay to thy will be gydyt. x x

Again the steps

And how so be, that sum clerkes trote,
 That all your chance causit is tofore,
 Neigh n' the hevyn, by gyhois effeiths grote,
 Ye movit are to wrothing leas or more,
 I have in the world, then calling that therefore,
 Fortune, and so that the diversitee
 Off thair working sould cause necessitee.

Bot other clerkes holden that the man,
 Has in himself the chose and libertie
 To cause his awin fortune, how, or gyhan,
 That him best lest, and no necessitee

Was in the Cierin at her natiuitee;
 Not yet the thinge happen in commune,
 Efter purpose, so cleping thame fortune.

And quene a persone has before leauing
 Off it that is to fall purposely,
 So fortune is bot wayke in such a thing,
 Thou may welc wit, and here ensample getyng,
 To God it is the first cause only
 Off every thing, there may no fortune fall,
 And why? for he foreknowin is of all.

And therefore thus I say to this sentence,
 Fortune is most and strangest evensome,
 I knowe, certe foreknowing or intelligence
 Is in the man, and some of wit or love,
 Sen then art wayke and foble, so, therefore,
 The more thou art in dangere, and commune
 With hir, that clerkeis clepen so fortune.

x

<1.3.

Now go thy way, and have guide myad upon
 What I have said, in way of thy doctrine:
 I sell, Madame, quod I, and right anon
 I take my leve, als straight as only lyne
 Within a hime, that for the courtous dyvine,
 The peryng throw the fermament extendit,
 To ground agayne my spirit is descendit.

I have in a lufy place take I my way,
 Endlang a ryver, pleasant to behold,
 Entroudin all with fresche flowyn gay,
 I have throu the gravel, bryght as any gold,
 The cristal water ran so clere and cold,
 That in myn ere maid continually,
 A maner soven mettis with armonny.

That full of Cythi fishis by the bygon,
 Now here now there, with bakkei blewe as Cades,
 Sap and playit, and in a rout can swyon
 So prattily, and dresit-thame to sprede
 Thair curall fyris, on the ruby rede,
 That in the same on thair seahis bycht,
 As generant ay glitterit in my sight.

Among the beasts seen in this neighborhood is
 — "the stander elephant," —

He concludes

Go Citili toctine, raket of eloquence,
 Causing simpless and pouerless to last,
 And pray the reader to have patience
 Of thy default, and to supporten it,
 Of his gudnesse thy brutishnesse to knight,
 And his tong for to rule and to sterc,
 That thy defaultis helis may bene here.

Unto impuris of my maisteris dere,
 Gowere and Chaucere, that on the ~~Leppis~~ sett
 Of rethorike, quhill thair were Cyvand here,
 Superlative as poete laureate,
 In moralitee and eloquence mate,
 I recomend my, but in Cyvis seven,
 And che thair sailis unto the blisse of hevin.
 Amen!

From a Song on Absence attributed to James I.

x — So many starris are nocht in nichtis sein,
 Nor in drawing colouris;
 Nor skipping froggis, amid the meadow grein;
 As I thocht of dolouris.
 Nox upon nox
 Starts to destroy
 My woful lyfe,
 Fechtin in stryfe.
 O gif unhap be found in paramouris!

The day, befor the suddane Nichtis chace,
 Dri not so mischlie go;
 Nor trace, befor the ernand greyhound's face,
 With speid is carrit so;
 As I, with paine
 For leif of ane,
 Without remeid
 Run to the deid.
 O God, gif deid be end of mekil woe!

O goddis hate! gif in the hevin be found
 Sum band of amitie,
 I your besik be merit with my wound;
 And have some quyt pitie.
 My proper lyfe
 I hate as thyfe.
 I me forsake
 For others' sake.
 O gif leif causes strange inamitie!

Ha now, my elluse! my soue, and my care!
 Seif of thy lamenting.

Ceis to complaine of mischance ony mair.

End now. I ceis to sing.

He that can plaine

Ovi Thowit Ceist paine. ic. suffer

Sair are the hairetis

But playnt that smatis.

Silence & dolour is ane nourishing.

Robert Henryson wrote about - 1450
He prepared the fables of *Reynard* - wrote
the "Testament of Cresseid" (printed with Chaucer's
works), and some shorter pieces -

The Prologue to the Fables begins thus

In myddis of June, that yoly meit season,
Quhen that Phobus, with his beamis bright,
Had dryit up the dew for daik and down,
And all the land maid with his comy. lycht,
In a morning, betwene mid-day and nyght,
I raids and put all slenth & sleep on syde,
Untill a wod I went allone, but gyd.

Sweet was the smell of floweris gubyt and reid,
The noys of birdis nycht delitious;
The bevin brod blaumyt above my heid,
The ground growand with grassis grations;
Of all pleasur that place was plenteous.
With meit odours and birdis armonie,
The morning myll my mirth was mair for thyng. [†]

^x bloomed

[†] for that reason

The roses' red array'd - rose and myss,
 The primrose and the purple viola;
 To him it was a fragment of paradise,
 He might the mayds and the merle count ma,
 The blossoms blyth brake up on banks and bra,
 The smell of herbs, and of fowls the cry,
 Countending gubba neld have the victory.

Alse to consort them for the sonne's heat,
 Under the shadow of an awthorn greene,
 I lye down amongst the flowers sweet,
 Aye maid a cross and closet-bath myre in.
 On slape I fell among the bewis bene,
 And, in my dreme, me thought come throw the schaw
 The fairest man before that ev I saw. x x

This was "Erope" who being asked to tell
 a fable - said

— my sone lat be;
 For gubhat is worth to tell a fengeit tale,
 Luben hail preaching may nothing now awaits
 x x x

In his fable of the "Two Mice" - the
 country mouse says

x x
 What plesant is in feist feir delicate,
 The gubhills as given with a glourmand brow;
 A gentle heart is better recreate
 With blyth usage than with to him a cow;
 One Modicum is better, yeill allow,
 Doe that gude will be carrier at the dees,
 Than a thrown velt, and many a spye me.

x x
 I suppose it means that if he sees a cow before him
 or, then, if you set a cow before him - cow may mean
 "a cutting of a plant". I den is table - x thrown is literally

twisted — is a vest countenance.

The Penny & the Power of Money —

is a poem considered by Keaton as "the earliest specimen of the allegorical burlesque." written near the middle of the 15th century.

The author is unknown —

X X
 Schyr Penny oer all gets the gny,⁺
 Beith in' borough and citie,
 In castle and in towre; 1-3 stanza
 Withouthen outhir spere or schelde,
 Is he the best in fyt⁺ and felde,
 And stalwartest in stowre."

X X
 x the price, victory.
 + improved and waste land Sib.
 sea & land wast.
 o battle.

The Thre Ild Powir — is heads
 a poem ascribed to Henryson and also
 to Patrick Johnston and placed under the
 reign of James III 1460-1488.

X X
 This question quha can obdure cat sic,
 What phinamow, or perfyt balmeister,
 Quha was forrest, or foulest of us thre?
 Or quhillt of us kin was gentillar,
 Or maist excellent in science or in care,

Wibbald

In art, music, or in astronomy?
 Neir would be your study and repair,
 And think, or then, all your heidis mon be.
 x x

I w. b. was born about 1455 —
 The Golden Terge — The Thistle and Rose —
 and The Twa Charist — Women — are the most
 noted of his poems.

"The Golden Terge" commences thus —

1
 Right as the Sterne of day begouth to schynne,
 Duben gone & bed was vesper and Lucyone,
 I raise, and by ane rosere did me rest;
 Upsprang the goldye candill matertine,
 With air depreuit-bemys christalline,
 Glading the mery fowles in their nest;
 Or Phoebus was in purpoure cape reest-;
 Upraise the Cark, the hevenis maistrel fyne
 & may intill a morrowd mirth-fillest.

11
 Full angelike their birdis sang their hauris
 Within their courtlyngis goene, into their bowris,
 Apperrellit ge brite and reid, with blumys sweet;
 Ennamellit was the feild with all cullouris,
 The peulie droppis schuke in silver schowris;
 Dubyle all in balme did branche and levis fleet.
 To paint fra Phoebus did Aurora greit;
 Neir cristall ciris I saw hing on the flouris,
 Dubille he for lufe all drank up into his beir.

For mirth of May, with skips and with hops,
 The birds sang upon the tender crops,
 With curious note, as Venus Chapelle-clarks.
 The rose young, new spreading of their Knoppis,
 Rose powderit bright with bevinly beial droppis,
 Throw beinis rede, burning as ruby sparkis;
 The skyis rang for shouting of the Clarkis,
 The purpours bevin our-scatit in silver droppis, (ornamental
 Twiggitt the trees, branches, Eef, and barkis.

IV
 I then throw the ryce and rivis ran with streamis
 So lustely agayn the Eland Comys, (pleasant gleams
 That all the lake or camp did come of light,
 Enbilk shaddowit all about with twygateline gleamis;
 The bewis baitheit was in secound beinis,
 Throu the reflex of Phoebeus Viage bright.
 On every syde the begies raise a light:
 The banks was grene, the banks was full of beynys,
 The stameneris cleir as steen in footy myght.

the small

stones, which

remain on

the shore.

V red

The crystal air, the sapher firmament,
 The ruby skyis of the orient,
 Kest beial beinis on emorant bewis groene,
 The rosy garth deplaynt and reddest
 With purpours, arure, gold, and gouldis gent,
 Arrayit was be Iame Flora the Quene
 So nobilly, that yoy was far to see.
 The rock agane the rivir, replendent
 As low, culumyrit all the Lewis schene.

flame

VI

What Throu the meny fowlys armony,
 And Throu the myrenis sound myght ran me by,
 On Florayis mantill I sleepit as I lay,
 Enhaind some into my dremes fantasy
 I saw approche agane the orient stay,
 An sail, as gaybe as blossom upon spray,
 Whyth mast of gold, bright as the sterne of day.
 Enbilk tendit to the land full lustely,
 As paleam swift desygrouse of his prey. X X

It thus' seemd an vvarious personages, and
among them Reason - (Reason) she beares
the Golden Targe or target - i.e. shield -
and defends the poet against the others.

There are 31 stanzas in all
The last 3 are

O reverend Chaucere, rose of Rethorick ally,
As in our tong and flour imperial,
That raise in Britane eris, gaba ridis richt;
Thou beris of makeam the triumph myall,
Thy pesche amiamallit terme, celicall;
Thy mater could illumynit have full bryght;
Was thou woulet of our inglich all the bryght,
Surmounting every tong terrestriall,
As for an Mayis morrow dois midnyght!

O morale Gawen and Lydgait Laureat,
Your elegant Lippis, and Tongis aureat,
Bene to our eris cause of gyt dellyte!
Your angel mouthis most mollifluat,
Our rude langage has cleir illumynat,
And fair our gilt our speche, that imperfyte
Stude; or your goldin pennis schup to wryte
This yle befor was bare and disolate
Of rethorike, or lusty pesche indyte.

Thou litte quair be eris dedeant,
Humyll, subyet, and simple of intent,
Befor the face of every conning wight,
I know glehat thou of rethorik may spent,
Of all our lenty rois redolent,
Be name into thy gerland sett on liecht;
Eschame therof, and draw the out of sight:
Rude is thy weid, destyguit, bare, and rent,
Noble ancht thou be affeirit of the lieht.

The Thistle and The Rose
begins

When October was with varied winds' fast,
And Appryll had with her silver shower,
Tane leaf at nature, with an orient blast,
And lusty May, that muddies e' of flower,
Had maid the birds to begin their howers,
Among the tender odours, red and gayest,
To hear harmony & hear it was delect.

||

rebutted
In bed at mornow, sleeping as I lay,
Methought Aurora, with her cristall eye,
K at the window Cuckit by the day,
And Cuckit halsit me, with visage pale and grave;
On quhor's hand a lark sang for the spleen,
Quoth curaris out of your slumbering,
Se how the lusty mornow dois upspring.

||

Methought fraiche clay, befor my bed upstude,
In weed defaynt of many diverse hue,
Doler benyng and full of mansuetude,
In bright attire of floweris forgit new,
Hering of color, gayest, red, brown, and blew,
Balmitt in dew, and gilt with Phebus beery;
Inhyt all the house illumynit of her beery.

Of stanzas in all

Nature calls in all beasts, birds, and plants
and among the rest the Thistle and the Rose -
and unites them their parts.

Among Durbar's solicitations for a
benefice Mr. gives these specimens —

Of benefice, at every feast,
Loha amongst has makes moist request;
Ryche befor fur sprais ay their net;
Loha nothing he can nothing get.

Sun swallis swan, sun swallis drake,
And I stand fastand in a muck;

Schin, gubhider is it merit maid.
To gif him drynk that thristis sair;
Or fyll ane fu man gubhll he brist,
And eat his fallow dye for thrist?

In Durbar's Lament for the Death of the
"Makars" — occurs this stanza

Death He takes the knyghtis into the feild, X
Anarmyt under helme and schield,
Victor he is at all melleis;
Timor motis conturbat me.

The last line is continued through whole 25 stanzas.

In Durbar's Poem "on the World's Instability"
we say —

Kirkmen so hatis ar and gude,
i.e. < That on their conscience rowne and rude,
May turn ancht oxen and ane wame;
Lubill & consider is ane pane.

X

— X

X Antiquaries learn the names and order of the old Scotch
poets from this poem.

Abraham

"It appeared"

James — "in his younger years he was a travelling novice of the Franciscan order; that he returned from the Continent, and began to write about the year 1490; and that he died about 1520."

"Although our poet lived in habits of familiarity with James the Fourth, and frequently in his smaller pieces addresses him as an humble suppliant for some ecclesiastical benefice, it does not appear that he ever succeeded." Abbold.

"The only remaining Poet of this reign, whose name James and works are known, is Gavin Douglas, the IV. 1488 third son of Archibald, the fifth Earl of Angus. He 1513 was born in 1475; was rector of the church of Haverhill in 1496; and in 1509 Dean of the collegiate church of St. Giles, Edinburgh." Ab.

He was made a bishop in 1516. "Died of the plague at London" in 1522.

"His works now extant are, 'The Palace of Honour,' composed in 1501, and a 'translation of Virgil's Æneid,' finished," finished in 1513 — other translations are lost.

"The Palace of Honour"

"The author, in a vision, finds himself in a wilderness, where he sees troops of persons travelling to the Palace of Honour. He joins himself to the train of the Muses — in passing over the bridge into the palace, he falls into the water and awakes.

It commences Thus — v. next p.

When pale Aurora with face lamentable
Her russet mantill borderit all with sabill
Support-about, be herinly circumstances,
The tender bed and aires honorabill

Of Flora quene till floweris annuabill,
In May I rais to do my observance:
And entent in a gardyne of plesance
With col depraunt, as Paradise delectabill,
And blisfull beiv, with bloomed varyance.

II

So craftily dame Flora had our feet
Her herinly bed, powderit with mony a set
Of outy, topas, perle and emerant;
With balmy dew, bathit And kyndlie wet;
Dewill vapours hote, nicht-fresche and weil ghot;
Sulce of odour, of flour moist fragrant,
The siler droppis on daisies distillant:
Dewill verdour branches over the alars yet,
With smoky sence the myotis reflectant.

III

The fragrant floweris blowmand in thair sein;
Quirp'd the ceris of nature's tapestrie;
Above the quibill with herinly harmonie
The birchis sat on twistis and on greis,
Melodiously makand thair kyndlie gleis,
Whaie schill nottis fordimmed all the keyis.
Of repercusit air the echo cryis;
Among the branches of the blomit trees,
And on the caures siler droppis lyis.

IV

Dewill that I rowmed in that Paradise,
Replemischt, and full of all delie,
Out of the sey Eolus lifts his heid,
I mene the hore whille drawn at dinie
The assillrie and goldin chair of pricie
Of Tylan; whille at morrow seemis raid;

ark. tra

The new colour that all the night say did
I sentit: Dairt fastlie, floweris, and mace,
Room foot was, throw Phobus girdlynd.

The daisy and the margguld unloppit,
 Inbittes all the night day with their levis kappit,
 Thame to rescue fra reumes pungitive.
 The umbellate trees that Tylar about wappit
 War portrait, and on the earth yschappit,
 Be golden beiris vivification
 Leihais amore heit is maid restorative.

chip The greshoppes amangis the vingers gnappit,
 And beis wrocht material for their byre.

VI

poored Richt hailsome war the sseason of the year,
 Phobus furth yet depuord beiris clear,
 Maist nutritive till all things regentant.
 God Eolus of wind list-wrocht appear,
 Nor auld Saturne with his mortal spear,
 And bald aspect contrair till corn plant.
 Neptunus hold within that polie kant.
 The beiriall stoerms rynnning, men nicht beir,
 By bankis grene with glaucis variant.

At length the poet thers side on in company
 with the muses

Throw countreis fair, holtes, and rockes hie,
 Our vailis, planis, woddis, walkis, sey;
 Our fludis fair, and mony strait mountane,
 We war carryt in twinkling of ane eye.
 Our horsis flaw, and raid nocht, as thocht me.

x

x

x

Our horsis pasturit in aue plesand plane,
 Law at the fute of ane fair greene montane,
 Amid ane meid schaddowit with Cedar treis.
 Seif fra all heit, thair nicht we weit remain.
 All kinde of herbis, flours, fute, and graine,
 With corn growand tre thair men nicht cheis.
 The beiriall streams rinnand our stannerie grain,
 Made siller noyis; the schaw dimmet agone,
 For birdis sang, and sounding of the beis.

He thus describes the plain in which the Patrie
stood.

I saw a plane of periles pulcritude,
Lutheine aboundit atkin thingis gode,
Spyce, wine, corne, oyle, tre, frute, flour, herbis grene;
All foullis, beistis, birdis, and atkin fude.
All maner fishes baith of se and flude,
War kept in pondis of poleist silver schene,
With purifyit water in of the cristall clene.
To say the small the greit beistis had na wile,
Nor ravenous fouli the Cyttill volatill.

Among the things he sees here a merriour
"Lutheine men nicht ful many wonders se."

Plesand debaitments guba sa richt reportis,
Thair nicht be seen, and all maner dispositis;
The falcounis for the river the river; at thair gait
Newand the foullis in periculis mortis,
Leyand thome in be comparis and sortis,
And at the plunge part-saw I handillit hart.
The worie hunter besie air and lait,
With questing houndis scirching to and fra,
To hunt the hart, the bair, the da, the ra.

Callippe thus describes to him divine Honour—

nigh-kingdom Honour, quod scho, to this herenlie ring,
Differis richt far fra worldlie governing,
Lutheine a but pompe of cirdlie dignitie,
Given for estait of blude, nicht or ne thing:
But in this countre Prince, Prelate, or King,
Allanarlie sall for vertew honourit be.
For cirdlie glair is nocht bot vanitie,
That as we se sa suddentlie wolt wend,
Bot verteous Honour never nair sall end.

Al thus concludes

Breif breijal guhani! of eloquence all quite,
 With russet weed and sentence imperfite,
 Till euen in plane, so that thou nocht pretend the.
 Thy barrant termis, and thy vile indite
 Shall not be mine, I will not have the wite;
 For as for me I quit claime that I kend the!
 Thou are bot stouth thief, lowis licht bot lile,
 Not worth ane mite, pray ilk man to amend the!
 don't know Faw' on, uit-rite! and on this wise I end thee.

To each of the twelve books, after translation of
 Virgil - Douglas wrote a prologue - two of which
 that of the 7th and 12th should give

The first - "A Description of Wynter with his
 grete Stormis and Tempestis."

The last half is as follows

— The wynd maid wait the rede wede on the hyt,
 Bedowin a donkis depe was every rite;
 Ouer craggi and the frontis of rockys sere
 Hang grete ype schokkide lang as only spere:
 The ground stode barrane, widderit, dork and gray,
 Herbis, flouris and gessois wallowit away:
 Wooddis, forestis with maket bewis blout
 Stude stripit of thare wede in every hout:
 So bustowis Boreas hi bugill blew,
 The dere full derne down in the dailis drow:
 Small birdis flockand throw ilke sonnyng thrang,
 & Chirynge, and with choping changit ^{thare} ~~thare~~ sang
 Dokand hidlis and hiryngs thame to hyde
 Fro ferefull Thuddis of the tempestuous Tyde:
 The watter cingys rowlis, and every Gynd
 Dubislit and brayit of the souchand wynd:
 Pure Carboraxis and lypsy husband men
 Went west west and wery draglit in the fen.

bedewed
printed
poets +
will -

scarcely?
briars

disturb
places

The cilly scheppe and thare litill bird-gromes
 Turkis under eye of bankin, woddie and bromes:
 And utheris dauntit greter beistis,
 Within thare stable seit in thare stall,
 Dic' an mules, hors, oxen or ky,

Fed tuskat baris, and fat swyne in sty,
 Sustenit war be mannis governance
 On herist and on someris furriance:
 Wideguthare with fons so Eolus schoutis schell,
 In this congelit resoun sharp and chille,
 The callow are penetrative and fure
 Dasing the blude in every creature,
 Allabe seik warme storis and bens fyris hote,
 In doubill garnant cled, and welcote,
 With mychit drink, and metis conforture,
 Aganis the sterne wynter for to strive.

Refratorist wele, and by the chymnary bekit,
 At evin be tyne down in ane bed me strekit;
 Warpit my hede, kest on sleithis thynghald
 For to expell the pereltful persand cadd:

I crossit me, ryne bowrit for to kepe:
 I shaw lemand throw the glasse I did take kepe
 Latonia the Carg iskesum mychit
 His subtilt blenkie scheld and watery lyght,
 Full he up gubrit in his region,
 Tilt Phebus richt in opposition,
 It to the Crab his proper mansion draw,
 Haldand the licht allthocht the son wout saw:
 The hornyt byrd gubitt we clepe the night owle,
 Within his cave hard I schout and yodel,
 Laithing of forme, with crukit camecho beate,
 Agoun to here was his wyld clouche strouk.
 The wyld geis eik slaking by nyghtis lye
 Attoun the ciste fleand hard I glyde.

On slumme I slake full sore, and sleyst sound,
 I hill the horisont upward can rebound:

Phebus x

Fast by ring Chalmer on his winit tren

Orphan

lamed

fed.
bent

went

withard

new note. The sary glad jubilieth with morn are few,
 of the glad or kids. Eucharly the day was dawing wile I knew;
 Bed, bete the fyre, and the candle alight,
 Dyne blint me, and in my wedis dight;
 Ave schot-wynds unschet, ave litel on char,
 hoary - Persant the morning bla, war and hor
 sharp - mist. With cloudy gum and rats overgubelmyt the are;
 sail-gray. The sulge stiche, haewest, rough and hare;
 Branchis brattlyng; and blackenyt shew the brayis,
 With fiirstis hausts of waggand wyndis strazis.
 The dew droppis congelit on stibid and rynd,
 And scharp hail stangys most sundyt of kynd,
 Hopprand on the thak, and on the causang by:

Hirst - i.e.
 Threshold -
 hill - or
 wood
 (death-cold)

X X
 No presently he shuts the window and goes to
 translating Virgil.

The other Prologue is

A Description of May -

Of the morn he says - at last

streaks. The twinkling streamours of the orient
 outmost fortification of a castle. Nched purpours spraygis, with gold and adumment,
 Persand the sabil barunkin nocturnal,
 Bet down the skyes cloudy mantel wall -

X X
 at length the sun rises.

The auriate phanis of his throne soverane,
 With glitterand glance, overspied the octiane,
 The large fludis lemand all of licht;
 Not with ave blinks of kin supernale night;
 For to behold it was are glove to se,
 The stabillyt wyndys, and the calmyt se,
 The soft season, the firmament serene,
 The lune illuminate are, and forth arene; -

calm waters

X

X

rare The swardest wyll enbode with selfmouth hewis,
 Wood and forest dumberate with the bewis,
 Dukais blyssful branchis posturate on the ground
 With schaddowis schene schew rockis rubricund,
 battlement Towris, turrettis, kernalis, and pyrnakillis hie
 Of kirkis, castellis, and ilk fair ciety,
 cupola Stude prazentit, every fane, philloll and stage
 A poon the plane ground, by thare awin umbrage:-

spray - The spray besprent wyth springand sproutis dyspers,
 For callow humours on the dewy mycht,
 young grass like down. Rendryng sun place the gyss fykis thare licht,
 Als fer as catat the lang someris day
 Had in thare pasture etc and gysp away:
 And blyssful blossomys in the blomst yard
 Submyttis thare hedys in the young someris safeguard:
 Jre' lewis rank overspred the baronkyn wall,
 The blomst hawthorne cled his fykis all. —

gallant One paradisi it remyt to draw nere
 This galyeard gardingis, and ilk grene herbere:
 Mayst amiable wasis the emerant medis,
 Swannis soucheis throw out the respard redis,
 Over all the lochis and the fludis gray,
 Versand by kynd are place quhare thay wuld lay.

"In his Prologue to the 13th Booke, or Maffiens Supplement," is this picture of a Summer Evening:

Toward the evyn, amid the someris hets,
 Duber in the Crab Apollo held his sets,
 During the joyous month tyne of June,
 As gone nere was the day, and supper done;
 I walkeit forth about the feilds tye,
 Dubilke the replenisht stude, full of delyte,
 With herbis, cornes, cattel, ^{and} fruite treis,
 Plente of store, birdis, ^{and} beas beis,
 In emerald medis fleand out and west,
 Efter labour to take the nyghtis rest.
 And as I lukeit on the left me by,
 All birmand rede gan waxin the evyn sky;
 The son ensynit hale, as to my sight,
 Dubilkeit about his ball with beames bricht,
 Declynand fast toward the north in dede,
 And fyrie Phlegon his dym nyghtis stede
 Souk it sa depe his hede in floudis gray,
 That Phebus rolles down under hel away:
 And Hesperus in the west with beames bricht
 Upspringis, as fore nydore of the nyght.
 Among the ^{valley} ~~hawe~~ ^{by rem-} ~~his~~ ^{ning water.}, and every lusty vale,
 The recent-dew beeginis down to steale,
 To ^{spell} ~~meis~~ the birning yuhare the sone had schyne
 Dubilke the was to the nether world declyne:
 At every pyllis poynt and cornes croppis
 The ^{asmage} ~~techeris~~ stude, as comand beiall droppis,
 And on the hakeam herbis, clene but weis,
 Like cristall knoppis or small silven beis:
 The light begynth to quenschyng out and fall,
 The day to dwike, delyne and derall:
 The ^{drops} ~~gammis~~ ^{mist} ~~reis~~ ^{shades}, down fallis the doun nyght,
 Brayth hore and thare ~~stungis~~ and schaddoris dym:
 Up gois the bate with his petit leddren flicht,
 The carkeis discondis from the steyis bricht,
 Singand his complene sang efter his geis,

To take his rest, at matyone house to ryse:

mountain

Out over the swyre swymmys the roppis of meset,
The night furth spred his cloik wyth sabgi lygt;
That at the bewty of the fructuous feild

Was wyth the erth's unbrage clene overhild:

infolded

Bayth man and beist, firth, flude, and woddishwyld
Involvit in the schaddois was inwyld:

Nyll was the foulis fleis in thare cave;

All creature ghare so thame ghis best

Bowm to take the halesum nychtis rest,

Eftir the dayis labours and the hote,

Glais warren all and at thare soft quiet,

But storgis or removyns, he or sche,

Outin beist, bird, fyshe, foule by land or se,

And schottly evry thyng that dwilt sofare.

In firth or feild, flude, forest, erth or are,

shrubbed bushes

Or in the scaggis, or the bushis route,

Lakis, marcessis, or thare foulis donts:

As tablit gyggis styl to sleep and restis

Soe the small birdis syttand on thare nestis,

great
fearful

The lytil nydgis, and the wresum fleis,

Lambonis emottis and the bissy beis;

As wel the wyld as the lame bestiall,

And evry uthin thingis grote and small:

Out take the mery nychtyngeale Philomene,

That on the thame sat syngand fro the splane.

x

x

He begins to describe Day-break thus

x

x

decays

Ayownder down deygis the even stey away,

And asprynge the licht dawning of the day:—

x

x

"
In his 'Protestation to the Reader' Douglas
says

Consider it wery, rede oftē than anyo,
 Weit at one blenk the poetry not tane is.
 And yet forsooth I set my besy pane
 (As that I coult) to make it brade and planes—
 x x

"
 He a short "Meditation" written in Wynter by
 Jambur, I find

x And Prudence in my eie says ay,
 "Duly wald you hold what will away?
 "Or craif what you may have no space
 "(To bruke, as) to an uther place
 "A journey going every day?"

And then sayis Age, "My friend cum neir;
 "And be not strange, I the requier.
 "Cum, bruder, by the hand me take:
 "Remember thou has compt to make
 "Of all the tyme thou spendit heir."

Syne Deid casts up his gettis wyrd;
 Saying, "Thir oppin sall ye byrd;
 "Albeid that you wer never so stout
 "Under this lyntall sall thou lout:
 "Thair is none uther way beord."

For fair of this all day I droup.
 No gold in kest, nor wyne in coup,
 No ladyis bewtie, nor ladyis blis,
 May let me to remember this:
 How glad that ever I dyne or soup.

Schubert

Yet quhan the nicht begynnis to shoot;
 It doiis my spirit sum painit confort,
 Of thocht oppressit with the schauis.
 Gude, lustie Summer! with the flouris,
 That I may leif in sum disport.

Good Summer.

" Into this world may none assure."

x

x

whisper

Flattery weiris are furrit gown,
 And Falsett with the lord doiis roun;
 And Treuth stands barrit at the dure,
 Exylit is Honour of the town;
 Into this world ma none assure.

Fra everills mouth fair words proceedis,
 In every harit deception breidis;
 Fra every e gois luke demure,
 Bot fra the handis gois few gud deids;
 Into this world ma none assure.

Toungeis now ar maid of quhyte quhasils bone,
 And hairtis are maid of hard flynt stone;
 And ere of amiable blythe asure,
 And hands of adamant caith to dispois;
 Into &c.

x

x

On the same.

An a Poem "To King James V. written by one
 of the poets named Stewart between 1520-1530
 in this stanza.

For nobis cunning of nobis kyng,
 And he fra nobilnes declyn,
 In that case may comparit be
 To bran fund in goldin myn;
 Heirforis thinks our King Mayestie.

x

a problem. to Boyce's *Historiae Scotorum*, written by
John Bellenden, the translator of the latter, between
1527 & 1530 -

Source stanza spelt

The rage of youthheid may nocht daut be,
Bot grit distress and sharp adversitie, without
As be this season in experience;
The fynest gold or silver that we se,
May nocht be usocht to our utilitie,
Bot flammis keir and bitter violence;
The more distress, the more intelligence.
Quhay sailis lang in his prosperitie,
Or soon overset be stormis without defence.

This fragill life, as moment induring,
Bot dout sail the and everie befyll bring
To nicker bli, or than eternal wo.
Gif thou by honest labour ^{dois and thyngs} sail rames but torrying;
Howbeit thy honest workis do nocht so.
Gif thou be lust ^{thy painful labour} doing thyngs also,
The shamefull deid, without discovering,
Remaynis ay when plesoir is ago.

As carrell licht, fast tending throw the see,
Levis na prout among the wallis he.
As birdis swift with moung beag plume
Persin the air, and wate nocht qurhast they fle,
Dicklyk our lyfe without activitie;
Giffis na fruit, howbeit ane shade blame.
Quhay dois thair lyfe into this erde consuming,
Without vertew, thair fame and memorie
Sall raris sooner than the reidye fume.

As watter purgis and makis bodys fair,
As fyre be nature ascendis in the aire,
And purifyis with heitis vehement;
As flour dois smell, as fruit is murisare;
As precious balme revertis thyrngis save,
And makis thairon of rot impatient.

Sibald

As spyes moist roset, and rosmast redolent;
 As steen of day by morning circulare,
 Chorus the myght with beini resplendent.

Dicklyte my werte perfyter every myght,
 In ferrent luf of maist excellent lycht,
 And makis man into this erd bot fair,
 And does the saul fra all corruption dyght,
 With odours dulce, and makis it mani bryght
 Than Diane full, or yet Apollo cleir,
 Syn raisis it unto the hiest spier,
 Immotably to shynne in Goddis syght,
 As chosen spour, and creature maist deir.

The above 5 are preceded by the following

Stanza

Na fortune may againe me arail,
 Thocht who with cludy stormis me assail.
 I brake the strome of sharp adversitie,
 In wedder loun, and maist tempestuous hault,
 Bot only dreid I bein an equall sail:
 My schip so strong, that I may never die,
 Wit, reason, manheid governis me a ke,
 Nae influence nor steris may prevail
 To regne owre me with infortunite.

This is the speech of Festus to the author in
 a dream. The same who with Plesure
 addresed Hercules of yore.

Sir David Lindsay of the Mount said
 "to bear the palm in the latter part of the Reign
 of James V." was born about 1490. After travelling
 through France, Italy, and Germany, he returned
 to Scotland and superintended the education of
 the Prince James V.

" His works are
 The Complaint and Testament of the Papinge.
 The Dreame, addressed to James V.
 Justing between Watson and Barbour.
 Answer to the Kings Flyting.
 Kitties' Confession.
 On the death of Queen Magdalen.
 In contempt of side Tails, and Alusait Faces.
 Complaint of Bask, the Kings' Old Hound.
 Complaint to the King.
 An Epilogue, representing the miserable state of the
 Kingdom.
 Tragedy of Cardinal Beaton
 The Four Monarchies.
 History of Squire Meldrum.
 A satire on the Three Estates, (in which is inter-
 wove the before mentioned Epilogue.) "

In the "Com. of the Papinge" I find

The same ascense of court guba will considher,
 Duha nithe maist he, sall find that saist maist shiden.
 Na ye that now bin lausing up the Cadder,
 Take tent in time, festering your fingaris fast;
 Duha chynis maist he, maist dunt he of the wedder,
 And leit defence aganis the bitter blast
 Of fals fortune, quhill he takes never rest.

In the satire 'A Side Tail' (concerning dunes) the author
 has apologized for his language.

But wald they clenge their fillthie tailis,
 dung-hills Dubith our the myris and middlingis trailis,
 Then wuld my anything clengit be,
 Na utha mendis they get of me.
 The smith wuld not be holdin chor,
Veritas non quaerit angulos.

The Tale of Thrie Priestis of Pebles said to be
 by John Rolland - about the middle of the 16th cen.
 The very first-print is represented as the "Almon deid"

Think Of me or friend suppose thou lyllt list,
 Yit for the lyllt quantance that we had,
 Ien that I w the in stent sa straightly had
 Dubairer thou ga, in cird or art,
 With the, my friend, yit sall I never part.
 Iuremen Ien thou ga, suppose a thousand schair the
 Even I the Almon deid sall ga befor the.

Lindsay's Play of the "Thrie Estaitis"

a satire which is said to have prepared the way for
 the reformation in Scotland - "The earliest specimen of
 dramatic writing in the Scottish dialect." (1536?) "First
 dramatic piece exceeding the limits of an interlude, and
 susceptible of the common division into acts and
 scenes, without deviating from the order in which it
 was first printed" by a British author. — Has
 considerable nature and vivacity —

Briefe ev'ry living creature
Takes comfort of the day.

x

x

The ample heaven of fabrick sure,
In cleannes do's surpass,
The crystall and the silver pure,
As clearest polisht glass.

The time is tranquil ^{and} still,
That na where shall ye find,
Save on one high and barren hill,
The air of ^{passing} peeping wind.

All trees and simples, great and small,
That balmeie leaf do beir,
Nor that were painted on a wall
Nor maie they move or stir.

Calm is the deep and purp'our sé,
Yea smoother than the sand;
The wallis that woltring wot to be,
Are stable like the land.

So silent is the comely air,
That ev'ry cry and call,
The hills and dales, and forest fair,
Again repeats them all.

The rivers fresh, the callar streams
Over rocks can softly rin;
The water clear, like crystal seame,
And makes a pleasant din.

x

x

Moon
is thus
described

The beads, beneath some leafy tree,
Amid the flowers they lie;
The stately ships upon the sea,
Tend up their sails to die.

x

x < side next p. *

Evening thus

Now noon is past, gone in mid-day,
The heat does slack at last;
The sunne descends downe west away
Fro three o'clock be past.

A little cule of breathing wind
Now softly can arise,
The work, throw but that lay behind,
Now men may enterprise.

Then fairs the flocke to seek their fide-
On evrie hill and plaine,
Whilke labourer as he thinks yude,
Steppes to his turn againe.

The rayons of the sunne are
Grimmish in their strength;
The shad of evrie towne and tree,
Extended is in length.

Great is the calme for evrie gale,
The wind is settin downe;
The smoke strowes right up in the air,
From evrie towne and towne.

Then fiddling the bonny birds,
In banks they do begin;
With pipes of reeds the yollie birds
Holds up the merrie din.

Shalome

The maris and the philomene,
The stirring whistles loud,
The cusshets on the branches green,
Full quietly they crowd.

The glowing comes the day is spent,
The sun goes out of sight,
As if painted in the occident
With purpure sanguine bright.

x x L.C.S.

What pleasure ^{then} was to walk and see,
Endless a river clear,
The perfect form of evening trees
Within the deeps appear!

hurdles - - The salmon out of crucies and crucies,
baskets) Upbaid into skowts, don't know
whirlpools or The bells and circles on the weills,
bubbles Throw clumping of the trout.

O! Then it was a seemlie thing
While all is still and calm,
The praise of God to play and sing,
With cornet and with shalome.

x x L.C.S.

clans. Throw all the land great in the gold
Of rustle folks that cry,
Of bleating sheep, for they be fild,
Of calves and rowlting ky.

All labourers draws hame at even,
And can tell wather say,
Thanks to the gracious God of heaven,
Duchille sent this summer day.

End

* V. n. 1871.

* The rays dunes descending down,
 All kindles in a gleid. printed in Cat. p.
 In cities, nor in boroughs - townes, but one
 May name ^{not} furth their heid.
About 50 stanzas in all.

"William Alexander, of Menstrie,
 Earl of Stirling, was born in 1580." his works
 were printed in folio in 1637 - of his Paraenesis
 to Prince Henry - called his masterpiece
 Milbald gives a specimen
 He thus describes the use of sovereignty.

That dignity, when first it did begin,
 Did grace each province and each little town.
 Fath when she first doth from Barlounand rise,
 In poore of waters, naked of renowne;
 But Carron, Alton, Teath, and Doven in,
 Doth grow the greater still, the further downe:
 Till that abounding both in power and fame,
 The long doth strive to give the sea her name.

Illustrating this by reference to antiqui-
 ty - he says, thereafter

But I'll not plunge in such a stormy deepe,
 Which hath no bottom, nor can have no shore;
 But in the dust will let those ashes sleepe,
 Which (cloathed with purple) once th' earth did adorne.
 Of them scarce now a monument we keepe,
 Who (thundering terror) curb'd the world before;
 Their state which by a numbers ruin stood,
 Were founded, and confounded, both with blood.

X X
 The measures which best make Majesty to stand,
 Are laws observed, whilst justice doth direct;
 The crown, the head, the scepter decks the hand,
 But only knowledge doth the thought erect.
 Kings should exult all them whom they command,
 In all the parts which do procure respect;
 And this, away to what they would, prepares,
 Not only a thought good, but a known theirs.

X X

In a very old Scotch song "By now the day dawns"
 which tradition refers to the reign of Robert the Bruce—
 "The stanza —"

X
 All courageous knights
 Against the day dublet
 The breast-plate that bricht is,
 To fight with their fene.
 The stoned steed stampin
 Throu courage and crampin,
 Syne on the land campin;
 The night is now gone.

X X

"A Lytell Geste of Robyn Hode"

he which he lends a knight four hundred pounds
to redeem his lands with — be. It begins.

Let me and Gode, gentylmen, attend
That be of fortune fad;
I shall you tell of a good yeman;
His name was Robyn Hode.

Robyn was a proude outlawe,
Whyles he walked on groundes,
So curteys an outlawe as he was one
Was never none of founde.

Robyn stode in Domesdale,
And loved hym to a towe,
And by hym stode Lytell Johan,
A good yeman was he;

And also dyde good Baltholke,
And Much the millers come;
There was no yache of his body,
But it was wrothe a grove.

And Lytell John asked him to tell —

Where we shall take, where we shall live,
Where we shall abide behynde,
Where we shall rotte, where we shall rove,
Where we shall bete and bynde.

Ther of no for, sayd Robyn,
We shall do well ynough;
But take ye do no husbonde harme,
That tyllth with his plough;

little word

No more ye shall no good yeman,
 That walketh by greynode shawe,
 Ne no knyght ne no squyer,
 That wolde be a good belawe.

These bysshoppes, and they archelishoppes,
 Ye shall them bete and bynde,
 The hye sheryfe of etotynghame,
 Hym holde in your mynde.

x

x

On one occasion Sytell Johan - i. e. - and
 de atteluck - went two months with their retinue -

verse is of
 R. son

Make glad there, sayd Sytell Johan,
 And see our bowes of ewe,
 And loke your hertes be seker and sad,
 Your stryges trusty and trewe.

x

x

After this adventur was over

Let blowe a horn, sayd Robyn,
 That felashyp may us knowe,
 Seven score of wyght yemen,
 Came pryncyng on a rowe, -

x

x

In an adventur with the sheryff and his men
 Muche becom of Sytell Johan -

Up he take him on his backe,
 And bare him well a myle,
 Many a tyme he layd hym downe,
 And shot another while.

x

Robyn then returned from the king's court
 to the greenwood. -

When he came to grave wodes
 In a mey morninge,
 There he herde the notes small,
 Ophrydes mey synnyng.

It is, fere gone, sayd Robyn,
 That I was last here,
 Me lyste & I tell for to shote,
 At the doune dore.

"Robin Hood in the Beggar" - began thus

24. Sith and laster gentlemen,
 That he of high-born blood,
 I'll tell you of a brave booting
 That befell Robyn Hood.

Robin Hood upon a day,
 He went forth him alone,
 And as he came from Barnsdale
 His fair evening,

He met a beggar on the way,
 Who sturdily could gang;
 He had a pike-staff in his hand -
 That was both stark and strong,

A clouted cloak about him was,
 That held him free the cold,
 The thinnest-bit of it I guess,
 Was more than twenty fold.

30. His meatpoker hang about his neck,
 Into a leatheron whang,
 Wole fasten'd to a broad buck,
 That was both stark and strong.

He had three hats upon his head,
 Together staked fast,
 He could neither go nor sit nor rest,
 & could when he past.

Good Robin' cast him in the way,
 To see what he might be,
 If any beggar had money,
 He thought some past had he.

Tarry, Tarry, good Robin' says,
 Tarry, and speak with me.
 He heard him or he heard him not,
 And fast on his way can he.

x

x

And were I thou I make a row,
 If thou make any din,
 I shall see a broad arrow,
 Can pierce a beggar's skin.

Robin

x

x

Good Robin' bent his noble bow,
 He was an angry man,
 And in it set a broad arrow,
 So! ere 'twas drawn a span,

The beggar, with his noble bow,
 Resolved him so round a rout,
 That his bow and his broad arrow
 & fowls flew about.

x

x

"Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne"
begin

should When shaws bene shene, and shaddes full fayre
And leaves both large and longe,
Yet merrys waiting in the fayre forest
To heare the small birdes song.

a Thrush The woodwelle sang, and wold not cease,
Sitting upon the sprays,
Soe lowde, he wakened Robin Hood,
In the greenwood where he lay.
He dreamed that he was beaten

X
Sneares are swift, sayd Lyttle John,
As the wind blows over the hill;
For if it be never so lowde this night,
To-morrow it may be still.

X
In an encounter with the Sheriff John's bow broken

His shote it was but loosely shott,
Yet flew not the arrowe in vaine,
For it met one of the Sheriff's men,
And William a Trent was slaine.

X
To return to Robin
I dwell by dale and downe, quoth he,
And Robin to take I me sworne;
And when I am called by my right name
I am Guy of good Gisborne.

X
In fighting with him
Robin was redden on a roote, earlen
And stumbled at that tyde;
And Guy was quick and nimble withall,
And hit him upon the side.

both mother
and maid
 Al, dear Cady, said Robin Hood too,
 That art but mother and may,
 I think it was never man's destiny
 To dye before his day.

R. "True Tale of Robin Hood"

Nor would he avow husbandry,
 That toid at east and flough;
 For well he knew we'll not for them
 To live no man knew how.

'Robin Hood's' Birth - Breeding - Valour - and Marriage.'

Robin, meeting - Glorinda, shows her where
 she may "kiss a fat buck".

And as he was going towards the green bow,
 Two hundred good bucks we copy'd;
 He chose out the fattest that was in the herd,
 And she shot him through side and side.

By the faith of my body, said bold Robin Hood,
 I never saw woman like thee;
 And com'st thou from east, or com'st thou from west,
 Thou needst not beg ransom of me.

Glorinda said, Tell me your name, gentle sir:
 And he said, 'Tis bold Robin Hood:
 'Squire Garmuch's my uncle, but all my delight
 Is to dwell in the merry Sherwood;

For 'tis a fine life, and 'tis void of all strife.

So 'tis, said Blonida reply'd.

But oh! said bold Robin, how sweet would it be,
If Blonida would be my bride!

X

X

And then, as bold Robin Hood and his sweet bride
Went hand in hand to the green bower,
The birds sang with pleasure in merry Sherwood,
And 'twas a most joyful hour.

And when Robin came in sight of the bower,
Where are my geomen? said he;
And Little John answer'd, So, yonder they stand,
All under the green wood tree.

X

X

"Robin Hood's Progress to Nottingham"
"which he beat 15 foresters being but 15 antlers old."

X

X

Robin Hood he bent up a noble ^{bow,} ~~arrow~~
And a broad arrow he let fly,
He hit the mark a hundred rods,
And he caused a hart to dye.

Some say he brake ribs one or two,
And some say he brake three;
The arrow within the hart would not abide,
But it glanced in 'twos or threes.

The hart did skip, and the hart did leap,
And the hart lay on the ground;
The wagen is mine, said bold Robin Hood,
If 't were for a thousand pound.

X

X

He that did this quarrel first begin;
 Went tripping on the plain;
 But Robin Hood he bent his noble bow,
 And he fetched him back again.

x

x

Some lost eggs, and some lost arms,
 And some did lose their blood;
 But Robin he took up his noble bow,
 And is gone to the merry green wood.

They carried these foresters into fair Nottingham,
 As many then did know;
 They digg'd them graves in their church-yard,
 And they buried them all in a row.
 end.

hound-keeper

"The Jolly Pinder of Wakefield."

Now turn again, turn again, said the pinder,
 For a wrong way you have gone;
 For you have forsaken the Kings highway,
 And made a path over the corn.

O that were a shame said jolly Robin,
 As being three, and then but one,
 The pinder caught back then thirty good foot,
 'Twas thirty good foot and one.

He leaned his back fast unto a thorn,
 And his foot against a stone,
 And there he fought a long summer's day,
 A summer's day so long, —

x

x

" Robin Hood and the Tanner "

Whose name was Arthur-a-Adand

With a long pike-staff upon his shoulder,
So well he can clear his way;
By two and by three he makes them to flee,
For he hath no list to stay.

And as he went forth, in a summer's morning,
Into the forest of merry Sherwood,
To view the red deer, that range here and there,
There met he with bold Robin Hood.

And about, and about, and about they went,
Like two wild bores in a chase;
Stirring to sin each other to maim,
By, am, or any other place.

And knots for knots they lustily dealt,
Which held for two hours and more;
That all the wood rang at every bang,
They ply'd their work so sore.

" Robin Hood and Allan-a-Dale "

Then Robin put his horn to his mouth,
And blew blasts two or three;
When four and twenty bowmen bold
Came leaping over the Lea.

" " and The Shepherd. "

Then Robin he set his horn to his mouth,
And he blew with mickle man;
Until he espied little John
Come tripping o'er the plain.

In "Robin Hood Rescuing Moll Stutely"

x Good Lord! it was a gallant sight
To see them all on a row;
With every man a good broad sword,
And eke a good yew bow.

In "Little John and The Four Peggars".

x John nipped the dumb, and made him to see,
And the blind he made to see;
And he that a cripple had been seven years,
He made run faster than he.

In "Robin Hood and Little John"

who have an encounter upon a narrow bridge.

x O then into fury the stranger he grew,
And gave him a damnable look,
And with it a blow that laid him full low,
And tumbled him into the brook.

Y further, good fellow, o where art thou now?

The stranger, in laughter, he cried.
Quoth bold Robin Hood, Good faith, in the flood,
And floating along with the tide.

"Robin Hood Rescuing the Widdow's Three sons
From the Sheriff"

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link, a down, and a 'day',
And there he met with a silly old palmer,
Was walking along the highway.

"What news? what news? thou silly old man,
What news I do thee pray?"
Said he, "Three squires in Nottingham town,
Are condemned to die this day."

"Come change thy apparel with me, old man,
Come change thy apparel for mine;
Here is forty shillings in good silver,
Ere drink it in beer or wine."

Oh, thine apparel is good, he said,
And mine is ragged and torn;
Wherever you go, wherever you ride,
Laugh never an old man to scorn.

"Come change thy apparel with me, old ^{shunt,} man,
Come change thy apparel with mine;
Here are twenty pieces of good broad gold,
Ere feast thy betwixt with wine."

Then he put on the old man's hat,
It stood full high on the crown;
"The first bold bargain that I come at,
It shall make thee come down."

Then he put on the old man's cloak,
Was patched black, blue and red;
He thought it no shame, all the day long,
To wear the bags of bread.

can say,

mile

Then he put on the old man's hose,
 were patched from knee to toe.
 By the tooth of my body, said bold Robin Hood,
 I'd laugh if I had any cost.

Then he put on the old man's shoes,
 Were patch'd both beneath and aboon;
 Then Robt' Hood wore a solemn oath,
 It's good habit that makes a man.

L Robin Hood & Maid Marian

It sold content together they liv'd,
With all their common gay;
They liv'd by their hands, without any lands,
And so they did many a day.

2^o The Kings Deign and Friendship with " "

For I never get hurt any man
That honest is and true;
But those who give their minds to live
Upon other men's dues.

I never hurt the Mustardow,
That use to till the ground:
Nor spill their blood who range the wood,
To follow hawk or hound.

34.

My chiefest spite to clergy is;
 Who in these days bear great sway;
 With prayers and monks, with their fine spunks
 I make my chiefest pray.

Q " " and the Valiant Knight

one hundred men were chosen straight,
 As proper as e'er men saw:
 On Midsummer-day they marched away,
 To conquer that brave outlaw.

With long yew bows, and shining spears,
 They march'd with swiftest pride,
 And never delay'd, nor halted nor stay'd.
 Till they came to the green-wood side.

Q " " Icarus & Barnard

But give me a bent bow in my hand,
 And a broad arrow I'll let fly;
 And when this arrow is taken up,
 There shall my grave digg'd be.

Lay me a green sod under my head,
 And another at my feet;
 And lay my bent bow by my side,
 Which was my music sweet;
 And make my grave of gravel and green,
 Which is most right and meet.

Let me have length and breadth enough,
 With a green sod under my head;
 That they may say, when I am dead,
 Here lies bold Robin Hood.

This epitaph is said to have been placed over
him — found among the papers of Dr. Gale, dean
of York.

Hear underneath this little steen
Lain Robert earl of Huntington
near archer ver as his sa gend
an piple kauld in robin heud
sike ullaas as hi an is men
vil england mirr si agen.

obit 24 [x. 14] kal dekembur 1247.

Then paraphrased formerly —

"Here, underneath this little stone,
Thro' death's assaults now lieth one,
Known by the name of Robin Hood,
Who was a thief and archer good;
Hath thirteen (x. thirty) years, and something more,
He rob'd the rich & fed the poor:
Therefore, his grave beset with tears,
And offer for his soul your prayers."

In a coll. of epitaphs - "Westminster, 1727."

"My Jolly Robin."

In Sherwood lide stout Robin Hood,
An archer great nor greater;
His bow and shafts were sure and good,
Yet Cupid was much better.

Robin could shoot at many a hart and roose,
Cupid at first could hit a hart of this.

My Jolly Robin, how jolly Robin, how jolly Robin too,
Love finds out me, as well as thee, to follow me,
To follow me to the green woods.

A noble thief was Robin Hood,
 Wise was he could deceive him,
 Yet Marriam, in his bravest mood,
 Could of his heart become him.
 No greater thief lies hidden under skin
 Than beauty closely lodg'd in women's eyes.
 Hey golly Robin.

An out-law was this Robin Hood,
 His life free and unrouly,
 Yet of an allarm bound he stood,
 And Love's debt paid her dully.
 Whom ev'ry of strictest law could not hold in
 Love with obedience and a wink could winne.
 Hey golly Robin

Now wend we home, stout Robin Hood,
 Scare us the woods behind us;
 Love-parrons must not be withstood,
 Love ev'ry where will find us.
 I liv'd in field and town, and so did he,
 I got me to the woods, Love followed me.
 Hey golly Robin.
 End.

In "The Pickers of Conscience" by Richard Hampole
who flourished in the year 1349 — is

+ Do that knoweth well and can see
What he is, was, and schal be,
A wisere man may be told
Whether he be young or old,
understands Then he that can at other thing,
And of hymself hath no knowing.
Hist. Eng. Port. in Chaucer.

+ This was in midst of month of May,
When birds sing in ilke spray,
Melland their notes with seemly soun,
For softnes of the sweet season,
And leaves of the branches spredde
And blooms bright beside them breede,
And fields strawed are with flowers
Well savouring of risi colours,
And all thing worthin, blyth and gay.
Specimen of Barbour in The same.
Of 1360.

Who noble is, may laugh to scorn,
The man who is but nobly born.
Life of Chaucer — From Bowring's Trans. of
German Epigrams. Lond. Mag. 1824.

A honey'd tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring; but sorrow's fall.

Thy gown, Thy shoes, Thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, Thy kirtle, and Thy pious,
Are all now wither'd, broke, forgotten,
Thy folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of stean, and thy buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,
Can me with no entertainments move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, could love still breed;
Had youth no date, had age no need;
Then those delights my mind might move,
To live with thee, and be thy love. From the same

With these differences in "Eng. Helicon"
"The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd"

1st And truth in every be.
These pretty pleasures might me be. x

then a new s

But Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb;
The rest complain of cares to come.

2nd

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter's wilful yields;
A honey tongue &c.

4th

Thy gown &c.
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,

5th

All there in me no means can move,
To come to thee &c.

6th

and love still breed;
no age no need;

The last line of the first line above.

"Another of the same picture made since."

Come Cui with me and be my dear,
And we will revel all the year,
In plains and groves, on hills and dale,
Where fragrant air breaths sweetest gale.

There shall you have the beauteous pine,
The cedar and the spreading vine;
And all the woods to be a screen,
Lest Phoebus kiss my summer's queen.

The seat for your delight shall be
On some river in a tree;
Where silver sand and pebbles ring
Eternal ditties with the spring.

There shall you see the nymphs at play;
And how the satyrs spend the day;
The fishes gliding on the sands,
Offering their bellies to your hands.

The birds, with heavenly-tuned throats,
Pompe woods' echoes with sweet notes;
Which to your senses will impart
A music to inflame the heart.

Upon the bare and leafless oak
The ring dove's wooings will provoke
A colder blood than you possess,
To play with me and do no less.

In bowers of laurel toiling day
We will outwear the silent night;
While Flora busy is to spread
Her richest treasure on our bed.

Ten Thousand glowworms shall attend,
And all their sparkling lights shall send,
All to adorn and beautify
Your lodging with most majesty.

Then in mine arms I will enclose
Lillies' fair mixture with the rose;
Whose nice perfumings in Love's play
shall tune me to the lightest key.

Thus as we pass the welcome night,
In spotful pleasures and delight,
The nimble faeries on the grounds
shall dance and ring melodious sounds.

If then may some for to entice
Your presence to Love's paradise,
Then come with me, and be my dear,
And we will straight begin the year. Mr W. R.

From the same

"Upon Gascoigne's Poem called 'The Steeple-glass'"

Next were the sauce would please each kind of taste;
The life likewise was pure that never sordid;
For spiteful tongues, in canker'd stomachs' place,
Seem worst of things, which best, perchance, deserved.
But what for that? this medicine may suffice
To scorn the rest, and seek to please the wise.

Though many minds in sundry sort do deem,
Yet without righte yield praise for every pain;
But curious brains do wrought, or light, esteem
Such stately steps as they cannot attain:
For whose steps renown above the rest,
With heaps of hate shall surely be opprest.

"The Shepherd Praised the Diana"

Prais'd be Diana's fair and beaming light;
Prais'd be the dew, wherewith she moist the ground;
Prais'd be her beams, the glory of the night;
Prais'd be her power, by which all powers abound!

Prais'd be her nymphs, with whom she decks the woods;
Prais'd be her knight, in whom true honor lives;
Prais'd be that force by which she moves the floods!
Let that Diana shine, which all these gives!

I hear, queen she is among the spheres;
She, mist-like, makes all things she pure;
Eternity in her off-charge she bears;
She, Beauty is; by her, the fair endure.

Time wears her not; she doth his chariot guide;
Mortality below her orb is plac'd;
By her the virtue of the stars down slide;
I her in Virtue's perfect image cast!

A knowledge pure it is her worth to know.
With Ceres let them dwell that think not so!
This

"The Silent Lover." is a manuscript copy
it is entitled "Sir Walter Raleigh to Queen Elizabeth."

Passions are like vast best of floods and streams:
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb.
No, when affections yield discourse, it seems
The bottom is but shallow where they come:
They that are rich in words must needs decay,
They are but poor in that which makes a love.

Arrang not, sweet misten of my heart!
 The merit of true passion,
 With thinking that he feels no smart,
 Who runs for no compassion!

Once, if my plaints serve not to prove
 The conquest of thy beauty,
 They come not from defect of love,
 But from excess of duty.

For, knowing that I live to serve
 A saint of such perfection;
 As all desire, but none deserve
 A place in her affection;

I rather choose to wait relief
 Than venture the revelling;
 When Glory recommends the grief,
 Despair distrusts the healing!

Then those desires that aim too high
 For any mortal lover,
 When Reason cannot make them die,
 Discretion doth them cover.

Yet when Discretion doth become
 The plaints that Thy should utter,
 Then your Discretion may perceive
 That Silence is a suitor.

Silence in love bewrays more woe
 Than words, though ne'er so witty;
 A beggar that is dumb, you know,
 Deserveth double pity!

Then mis-conceive not dearest heart!
 My love, though secret, passion;
 He smarteth most that hides his smart,
 And runs for no compassion! God.

Speaking of Spenser —

y y

Of me no lines are cold, nor letters are of price,
Of all which speak our English tongue, but those
Of thy device. *Thid.*

"The Lorn's Abence kills me, her presence kills me"
begins
The frozen snake oppress'd with heaped snow,
My struggling head gets out her tender head,
And spies far off, from where she lies below,
She writes me that from the north is fled.
But all in vain she looks upon the light,
Whom heat is wanting to restore her might.

35 >

Thid.

"Iuliana"

As at noon Iuliana rested
In her sweet and shady bowen,
Came a shepherd and requested
In his lap to sleep an hour.
But from her looks
A wound he took
So deep, that for a further boon
The nymph he prays;
Wherefore she says,
"Forgo me now, come come soon!"

"Quoted in Spenser's 'The Faerie Queene' by
Mrs. Anne's son, John, Lord. The poem
— which 'you' is supposed to have been
written by the 'Queen' — Reg.

2

But in vain she did entreat him
To depart her presence so,
Having a thousand tongues to allure him,
And but one to bid him go.

When lips invite,
And eyes delight,
And cheeks as fresh as rose in June,
Persuade delay,
What boots to say,
"Forsgo me now, come to me soon!"

3 He demands, what time for pleasure
Can there be more fit than now? &c.

4 But what promise, or profession,
From his hands could purchase scope?
Who would sell the sweet possession
Of such beauty for a hope?
Or for the right
Of lingering sight,
Forsgo the present joys of noon?
Tho' view so fair
Her speeches were,
"Forsgo me now, come to me soon!"

5 Now at last agreed there comes?
He was fair and he was young;
The tongue may tell what things disclose;
Joys unseen are never sung. &c. *And*

"He 'sore admits no Rival" begins
Nath I, like a hermit, dwell
On a rock or in a cell,
Balling home the smallest part
That is missing of my heart,
To bestow it where I may
Meet a rival every day?
If she undervalue me,
What care I how fair she be!

X
If the mine be grown so dry
What care I how rich it be!
Y V I said

"Nis' Pilgrimage" see above

Give me my scallop-shell of quest,
My staff of faith to walk upon;
My scrip of joy, immortal diet;
My bottle of salvation;
My gown of glory, (hope's true gage)
And then I'll take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer,
No other balm will here be given,
Whilst my soul like a questing palmer,
Travels to the Land of heaven,
Over all the silver mountains,
Where do spring those nectar fountains.

And I then will sweetly beir
The happy bowl of peaceful bliss,
Smiling mine eternal fill
Flowing on each misty hill.
My soul will be a dry before,
But after, it will thirst no more.

In that happy blisful day,
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,
That have cast off their rag of clay,
And walk apparell'd fresh like me; +

From thence to heaven's bidden hall,
Where no corrupted soul's bawl,
No conscience molten into gold,

No forged accuser bought or sold,
No cause deferr'd, no rampant journey;
x x

Of death and judgment, heaven and hell,
Who oft doth think, must needs do well!
Ibid

' On the Snuff of a Candle
The night before he died. "

Towards fear Odie; but courage stout,
Rather than live in snuff, will be put out.
Ibid

" Sir W. R. the night before his death "
[In some copies thus entitled; "Verses said to have been
found in his Bible in the Gate-house at Westminster; "
archbishop Bancroft, who has transcribed the lines, calls
them his "Epitaph made by himself, and given to me
of his the night before his suffering."]

Even such is time, that taken on trust
Our youth, our joy, our all we have,
And pass us but with age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days!
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
The Lord shall raise me up, I trust!
Ibid.

no title

x x
At length, when I perceived both eye and heart
Excuse themselves as guilty of some ill;
I found myself the cause of all my smart,
And told myself, myself now day I will.
Yet, when I saw myself to you was true,
I love myself, because myself loves you.
Ibid

"Take Love and True Love"

As you came from the holy land
 Of Walsingham,
 Met you not with my true love
 By the way as you came?
 How shall I know your true love,
 That have met many one
 As I went to the holy land,
 That have come, that have gone.
 She is neither white nor brown,
 But as the heavens fair,
 There is none hath so divine a form
 As the earth or the air.
 Such a one did I meet, good sir,
 Such an angelic face;
 Who like a queen, like a nymph did appear,
 By her gait, by her grace:
 She hath left me here all alone,
 All alone as unknown,
 Who sometimes did me lead with herself,
 And me loved as her own:
 What's the cause that she leaves you alone
 And a new way doth take:
 Who loved you once as her own
 And her joy did you make?
 I have loved her all my youth,
 But now, old as you see,
 Love likes not the falling fruit
 From the withered tree:
 Know that Love is a careless child
 And forgets promise fast,
 He is blind, he is deaf, when he lists,
 And in faith never fast:
 His desire is a careless content,
 And a trustless joy;
 He is won with a world of despair,
 And is lost with a toy.

Of women-kind such indeed is the Love,
 Or the word Love abused;
 Under which many childish desires
 And conceits are excused:
 But true Love is a devouring fire
 In the mind ever burning;
 Never sick, never old, never dead,
 From study never turning. *Shak.*

V. below for another copy.

Elegy on Sidney

He that hath Love and judgement too,
 Sees more than any other doo.

He wrote of love with high conceit
 And beauty reard above her height.
"Matthew Roydon" Todd.

On "Love" too pottly pride

Such pride is praise; such pottliness is honor;
 That boldness in science beares in her eyes;
 And her faire countenance, like a goodly banner,
 Speaks in defiance of all enemies. —
Sonnets

Since I did leave the presence of my Love,
 Many long weary dayes I have outworne,
 And many nights, that slowly seemd to move
 They red protract from evening untill morn.
Sonnets

Whanne that April with his shoures softe
 The droughte of March hath perced to the rote,
 And bathed every veine in swete licour,
 Of which vertue engendred is the flour;
 Whan Tephirus eke with his softe brethe
 Enspired hath in every holt and helthe
 The tendre croppes, and the yonge Sonne
 Hath in the Ram his halfe cours yronne,
 And smale foules maken melodye,
 That stopen alle night with open eye,
 So priketh hem nature in his corages;
 Than longen folk to go on pilgrimages,
 And palmeres for to seken strange strondes,
 To seere halwes couth in sondry londes;
 And specially, from every shires ende
 Of Engeland, to Canterbury they wende,
 The holy blisful martyr for to see,
 That hem hath holpen, whan that they were soke.

Befelle, that, in that season on a day,
 In Northwerk at the Tabard as I lay,
 Redy to wende on my pilgrimage
 To Canterbury with devoute courage,
 At night was come into that hostelrye
 Wel nine and twenty in a compaignie
 Of sondry folk, by aventure yfalle
 In fawship, and pilgrims were they alle,
 That toward Canterbury wolden ride.
 The chambres and the stables weren wide,
 And wel we weren esed atte laste.

And shortly, whan the Sonne was gon to rote,
 So hadde I spoken with hem everich on,
 That I was of hir fellowship anon,
 And made forward eky for to ris,
 To take our way, ther as I you derise.
 But natheles, while I have tyme and space,

Prologue
 To the
 Canterbury Tales

Chaucer

Or that I folow in this tale pace,
 He thinketh it accordant to reson;
 To tellen you alle the conditioun
 Of ech of hem, so as it seemed me,
 And whiche they worn, and of what degre;
 And eke in what arais that they were inne.
 And at a knight than wol I firste beinne.

The Knight.

A knight ther was, and that a worthy man,
 That fro the tyme that he firste began
 To riden out, he loved chevalrie,
 Truth and honour, fredom and curtesie.

At Alisandre he was when it was wonne.

In Gernade at the seige, eke hadde he be
 Of Algeis, and ridden in Bellmarie.

At mortal batailles hadde he ben fiftene,
 And foughten for our faith at Tramisene
 In lates therin, and ay slayn his fo.

And though that he was worthy he was wise,
 And of his port as meke as is a mayde.
 He never yet no vilanie ne sayde
 In alle his lif, unto no manere wight.
 He was a veray parfit gentil knight.

The Squire —

Wel coude he sitte on hors, and fayne ride.

Curteis he was, lowly, and servisable,
 And carf before his fader at the table.

The Princess.

Ther was also a nonne, a Prioress,
 That of hire smiling was ful simple and coy;
 Hire gretest othe was but by seint Eloy;
 And she was cleped madame Eglentine.
 Ful wel she sawge the service divine
 Entuned in hire nose ful sweetly;
 And Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetely,
 After the role of Stratford atte Bowe,
 For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe.
 At mete was she wel ytaughte withalle;
 The lette no morsel from hire lippis falle,
 Ne wette hire fingers in hire sauce depe.
 Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel kepe,
 Thatte no droppes ne fell upon hire brest.
 In cortisie was sette ful muche hire lest.
 Hire over lippe wiped she so clewe,
 That in hire cuppe was no fethering sene
 Of grece, when she drunken hadde hire draught.
 Ful selyly after hire mete she draught.
 And selyly she was of grette disport,
 And ful pleasant, and amiable of port,
 And peined hire to contrefeten chere
 Of court, and ben estatelich of manere,
 And ben holden digne of reverence.

But for to speken of hire conscience,
 She was so charitable and so pitous,
 She wolde wepe if that she saw a mous
 Baughte in a trappe, if it were ded or bladdre.
 Of smale houndes hadde she, that she fedde
 With rosted flesh, and milk, and wheete brede.
 But sore wept she if on of hem were dede,
 Or if men smote it with a yerde smert.
 And all was conscience and tendre herte.

Ful selyly hire wimple ypinched was;
 Hire nose tretis; hire eyen grey as glas;
 Hire mouth ful smale, and therto soft and red;
 But selyly she hadde a fayre forehed.

It was almost a spanne brode I trowe;
For hardly she was not undergrounde.

Full fetise was hire cloke, as I was ware.
Of male corall aboute hire arm she bare
A pair of bedes, gauded all with greene;
And thereon hung a booke of gold full shene,
On whiche was first yewritten a crowned A,
And after, Amor vincit omnia.

x

x

The Monk.

A Monk there was, a fayne for the maistrie,
An out-ryder, that loved venerie;
A manly man, to ben an abot able.
Full many a deinite hors hadde he in stable;
And when he rode, men myghte in bridel here,
Gingeling in a whistling wind as cleere,
And eke as loude, as doth the chapel bell,
Then as this lord was keeper of the cello.

The reule of seint Maure and of seint Benedict,
Because that it was olde and sondele strayt,
This ilke monk lette olde thinges pace,
And held after the newe world the trace.

He gave not of the text a pulled hen,
That saith, that hunters ben not holy men;
Nee that a monk, when he is rekkeles,
Is like to a fish that is waterles;

This is to say, a monk out of his cloister.
This ilke text held he not worth an oister.

And I say his opinion was good.

What shulde he studie, and make himselfen wood,
Upon a booke in cloister alway to pore,

Or write with his handes, and laboure,

As Austin bit? Now shal the world be served?

Let Austin have his write to him ascribed.

x

x

x

The Friere.

For many a man so hard is of his herte,
He may not wepe although him sore smerte.
Therefore in stedes of weping and praires,
Men mote give silver to the poure priores.

Somewhat he lipped for his wantonnesse,
To make his English swete upon his tonge;
And in his harping, when that he hadde songe,
His yen twinkled in his hed aright,
As don the sternes in a frosty night.

The Clerke.

Of studie toke he moste cure and hede,
Not a word spake he more than was nede;
And that was said in forme and reverence,
And short and quike, and full of high sentences.
Sourning in moral vertue was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.

The Frankelaine

His talle dormant in his halle alway
Stode redy couered alle the longe day.

The Shipman.

Nardy he was, and wise, I undertake:
With many a tempest hadde his berd to shake.
He knew wel alle the havenes, as they were,
Fro Gotland, to the Cape de finistere,
And every creeke in Brotagne and in Spaine.

His barge ycleped was the Maydelaine.

The Persone.

A good man Ther was of religioun,
 That was a poure Persone of a toorne:
 But riche he was of holy thought and worke.
 He was also a lerned man, a clerk,
 That Brites gospel trewely wolde preche.
 His parishens devoutly wolde he teche.
 Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
 And in adversite ful patient:
 And swiche he was yprevred often withes.
 Ful loth were him to curson for his tithes,
 But rather wolde he yeven out of doute,
 Unto his poure parishens aboute,
 Of his offring, and eke of his substance.
 He coude in litel thing have suffisance.
 Wide was his parish, and houses for asonder,
 But he ne left nought for no rain ne thunder,
 In sikenesse and in mischief to visite
 The ferrest in his parish, moche and lite,
 Upon his fete; and in his hand a staf.
 This noble ensample to his shepe he gaf,
 That first he wrought, and afterward he taught.
 Out of the gospel he the wordes caught,
 And this figure he added yet thereto,
 That if gold ruste, what shoulde iren do?
 For if a preest be foule, on whom we trust,
 No wonder is a lewed man to rust:

x

x

He was a shepherd, and no morecaries.
 And though he holy were, and vertuous,
 He was to sinful men not dispitous,
 Of his speche dangerous ne digno,
 But in his teaching discrete and benigne,
 To drawen folke to Heven, with fairnesse,

Prologue to The Canterbury Tales.

By good ensample, was his besonesse:
 But it were any persone obstinat,
 What so he were of higher, or low estat,
 Him wolde he smitten sharply for the novel.
 A better preest I trowe that no wher now is.
 He waited after no pomp ne reverence,
 Ne made him no spied conscience,
 But Cristes Cor, and his apostles twelve,
 He taught, but first he folwed it himselfe.

The Manciple.

Now is not that of God a ful fayre gree,
 That swiche a lewed mannes wit shal prece
 The wisdom of an hepe of lewed men?

Eke Plato sayeth, who so can him rede,
 The wordes mooste ben casin to the dede.

Our conseil was not longe for to seeke:
 We thought it was not worth to make it wise,
 And granted him withouten more aris,
 "our hoste" And bad him say his verdit, as him liste.

Sothen, hekeneth if you list:
 Be with your fownd, and sit meed.
 Of even-song and morwe-song accord,

[Cut out]

The value of this whole Prologue, though it is not of transcendent worth, is not capable of being selected - but is a greatness which floats through the whole - and does not culminate in any sentence.

It seems hard that such great goodness, humor, and humanity should not have the first place:

The Knight's Tale.

But all this thing I must as now forbear,
I have, God wot, a large fold to en;
And waken ben the oxen in my plow.
The remenant of my tale is long to know.

Wot thou not wel the olde clerkes sawe,
That who shall give a lover any lawe?
Love is a greater lawe by my pan,
Then may be given of any earthly man:
And therefore possid lawe, and make decrees
I broken all day for love in eche degree.

A man mote needes love mangre his bed:
He may not fleen it, though he should be ded,
All be she maid, or widowe, or olde wif.

[Cut out]

x
 The busy Clarke, the messenger of day,
 Salueth in his song the sunrise gray;
 And fiery Phœbus riseth up so bright,
 That all the orient laugheth of the night.
 And with his stormes drieth in the groves
 The silver drops, hanging on the leaves, —
 When Aurora riseth and goes out to do her observance
 to day" — and meeting Pal. in a grove, fights with him.

The Destinies, ministers general,
 That execute in the world over all
 The purruance, that God hath seen before;
 So strong it is, that though the world had sworn
 The contrary of a thing by yea or nay,
 Yet sometime it shall fallen on a day
 That felleth nat efte in a thousand years.
 For certainly our appetites live,
 Be it of weere, or peace, or hate, or love,
 All is thus ruled by the sight above.

So cleane hands Theseus while hunting of the
 Ariete and Palama are fighting.

The Temple of Illan - which Duke Thedno
caused to be built to adorn the land.

First on the wall was painted a forest,
In which there wouneth neyther man ne best,
With knotty kerany barrow trees old
Of stubbes sharpe and hideous to behold;
In which there ran a rumble and a rought,
As though a storme should breken every bough:
And downward from an hile under a bent,
There stood the temple of illars omnipotent,
Brought all of burned stele, of which the entrance
Was longe and strait, and gaulty for to see.
And thurout came a rage and wisher a rise,
That it made all the gate for to rise.
The northern light in at the dore shone,
For window on the wall ne was there none,
Through which men mighten any light discern.
The dore was all of sthamant ston,es,
Byclenched overthwart and endelong
With yren tough, and for to make it strong,
Every piler the temple to sustene
Was tounne-gret, of yren bright and shene.
Then saw I first the darkening
Of felonie, and all the compassing:
The cruel ire, red as any gleder,
The pikepurse, and the pale doder,
The smiler with the knif under the clothe,
The sheper + browning with the blake smoke;
The trison of the mording in the bedde,
The open weene, with wounded all bedladed;
Couten with bloody knif, and sharp monaces:
All full of shirking was that very place.
The sleer of himself, yet saw I there,
His herte-blond bath bathed all his here:
The nail ydrown in the shoe on hight,
The colde deeth, with mouth gaping uprigh,
Amiddes of the temple este mischance,

The Knight's Tale

bending or
flexibility

impetuosity

stable

edible
arous

hair

with dis'comfort and wry countenance.
 Yet saw I woodness laughing in his rage.
 Armed complaint, outcries, and fierce outrage;
 The carraine in the bush, with throats y'comen,
 A thousand slain, and host of qualms y'torren
 The tyrant with the prey by force y'grafe;
 The town destroyed, ther was nothing left.
 Yet saw I bent the shippers kippetend,
 The hunter y'strangled with the wilde beere:
 The row fretting the child right in the cradel;
 The coke y'scalded, for all his long laddel.
 Nought was forgoten by th'infatune of Marte
 The carter overridden with his cart;
 Under the wheel ful low he lay adown.

x

y

o'utery
 x'kner dead
 female
 dancers-
 rubbers?

Mars' statue.
 A wolf ther stood beforne him at his fete
 With eyes red, and of a man he ete:

Jaime's Statue

His eyes cast she ful low adown,
 Ther Pluto hath his darker region.

Seunge

There maid thou se coming with Salamon
 Seunge himself, the grette king of Traus;
 Plake was his beard, and manly was his face.

The circles of his eyes in his head

They gloweden betwixen yelow and ochre

And like a griffon looked he about,

With kemped hies on his browes stant;

His limmes: gret, his browes hard and stange,

His shoudders brade, his armes round and longe. xx

x Emulous King of Inde, who came with Arate

- And as a Lion he his looking caste.

His fire and heat, yet his rage I caste.

His beard was well begotten for to spring;

His voice was as a Trump thundering.

The Knights Tale

Palamon's prayer to Venus

Thou glader of the mount of Citheron, —

Alas may the old out-venue, but not out-reda

Death of Arcite

And certainly the nature wol not werche,
Farewel phynike: go here the man to chowke, —

What is this world? what oven men to leave?

Now with his love, now in his colde grave
Alone withouten any compaignie.

Fairwel my mate, farewell my Emelie,
And softe take me in your armes twy,
For love of God, and hearkeneth what I sey.

His spirit-changed hous, and wente thew,
As I came never I cannot tellen wher, —

"Why woldst thou be ded?" This woman crieth,
And waddest gold ynough, and Emelie.

No man might gladen this dusk Theresus,
Saving his old father Egeus,
That knew this woldes transmutation,
As he had sen it chaangen up and down,
Joye after we, and we after gladness;

"This world is but a thingfare ful of ire,
And we ben pilgrimes, passing to and fro."

When he had he wroght of laurel, yene
A garland fresh and lusty for to weene.
Upon his head he bore for his dedent
The Egle tene, in any city what —
Wher this thing, then ran a every part
Of al many a tame den and lesport.

Arcite

Arcite

Egeus

Thereus Speech to Palama & Emelia
 That they should leave their sorrow &c.
 It is all good - very good.

"The firste mover of the cause above
 When he firste made the fayer chaine of love,
 Yet was the effect, and high was his intent;
 Not wist he why, and what thereof he ment:
 For with that fayer chaine of love he bound
 The fire, the air, the water, and the cloud
 In certain bondes, that they may not flee:

x
 Not may men knowen, but it be a foote,
 That every part deriveth from his hood.
 For nature hath not taken his beginning
 Of no partee ne carter of a thing,
 Out of a thing that perfit is and stable,
 Descending so, til it be corruptible.

x
 So the oke, that hath so long a nourishing
 For the time that it giveth first to spring,
 And hath so long a life, as ye may see,
 Yet at the laste wasted in the tree.
 Considereth eke, how that the harde stone
 Under our feet, on which we treade and goe,
 It wasteth, as it lieth by the way.
 The brode river sometime wexeth dry.
 The yote tounes see us wane and wende.
 Then may ye see that all thing hath an ende.

x
 And certainly a man hath most honour
 To die in his excellencie and flour,
 When he is riker of his gooder names
 Than hath he don his feend, ne him, ne shame;
 And gladder ought his pround be of his deth,
 When with honour is golden up his broth,
 Than when his name appalled is for age;

For all forgotten is his rasselage.
 Then is it best, as for a worthy fame,
 To die when a man is best of name.

The Man of Lawes Tale.

He that is lord of fortune be thy store.

Guinevere.

Here litle child lay weping in hire arm,
And kneeling pitously to him she said,
"Pee, Cikel son, I wol do thee no harm."
With that hire countenance of hire had she braid,
And in hire arme she lulleth it fast fast,
And into the Heven hire eye up she cast.

And so she took her way to the ship and
was bawished.

Wife of Bathes Prologue.

The wise astrologien dan Ptholomee,
That sayth this proverbe in his Almageste:
Of alle men his wisdom is higheste,
That reketh not who hath the world in hand.

The Wife of Bathes Tale.

In olde dayes of the king Artour,
Of which that Bretons speke gret honour,
All was this lond ful filled of fairie;
The elf-queene, with her yoly compaignie,
Danced ful oft in many a grene mede.
This was the old opinion as I rede;
I speke of many hundred yeres ago;
But now can no man seuenon drede me,
For now the grette charitee and prayers
Of limitours and other holy frenes,
That rechen every land and every stene,

As thurke as notes in the sonne-berne,
 Blissing hales, chambers, richenes, and courts,
 Cites and burghes, castles light and towers,
 villages Thropes and berne, shepenes and dairies,
 Thi maketh that ther ben no fairis:
 For ther as wont to walken as an elf,
 Ther walketh now the limitour himself,

Gentillesse. and Povert.

Take who that is most vertuous alway,
 Poore and apert, and most entendeth ay
 To do the gentil dedes that becom,
 And take him for the gretist-gentilman.
 Crist wol we claime of him our gentillesse,
 Not of our elders for his old richesse.
 For though they yere us all his heritage,
 For which we claime often of high porage,
 Yet may they not bequethen, for no thing,
 To non of us, his vertuous living,
 That made hem gentilman, called to be,
 And bade us folwen hem in swiche degree.
 Wel can the wise poet of Florence,
 That highte Dante, speken of this sentence:
 So, in swiche maner rime is Dante tale.
 Ful sette up riseth by his branches smale
 Prowesse of man, for God of his goodnesse
 Not that we claime of him our gentillesse:
 For of our elders may we nothing claime
 But temporal thing, that man may hurt and
 maime.
 Eke every wight wot this as wel as I,
 If gentillesse were plantid naturally
 Unto a certain linage down the line,
 Poore and apert, than wol they never fina
 To don of gentillesse the faire offic,

They mighten do no vilaine or vice.

Take fire and bere it into the darkest house
Betwixt this and the mount of Caucasus,
And let men shette the doors, and go Thence,
Yet wol the fire as fair be and bronne
As twenty thousand men might it behold;
His office naturel ay wol it hold,
Up perit of my life, til that it die.

Here may ye see wel, how that gentlerie
Is not annexed to possession,
With folk we don his operation
Alway, as doth the fire, so, in his kind.

For God it not onen known but often find
A lordes sone do shame and vilanies.

And he that wol han pris of his gentlerie,
For he was born of a gentil house,

And had his elders noble and vertuous,
And will himselfe do no gentil dedes,
He folwe his gentil auncestrie, that ded is,
He is not gentil, be he duke or erl;

For vilains wifful dedes make a cheke.

For gentillesse is but the renomee
Of this auncestrie, for his high bountee,
Which is a strange thing to the persone:
Thy gentillesse cometh fro God alone.

Than cometh our veray gentillesse of grace,
It was no thing bequested us with our place.

Thinketh how noble, as saith Valerius,
Ara, thilke, Tullius Hostilius,

That out of poverty rose to high noblesse.

Redeth Senek, and redeth also Boece,

Ther shal ye seen expresse, that it no dred is,

That he is gentil that doth gentil dedes.

And therefore, Bre husband, I thus conclude,

All be it that my auncestrie weren ruder,

Yet may the highe God, and so hope I,

Granten me grace to live virtuously:

Than am I gentil, when that I begiune

The Wife of Bathes Tale.

To live vestuously, and weeven sinne.

And then as ye of povertie me reprove,
The highe God, on whom that we tolove,
He wilful. povertie chese to fede his lif:

And certes every man, maiden, or wif,
May understand that Jesus Heven king
Ne wold not chese a vicious living

Glad povertie is an honeste thing certan.

Who so that hath him paid of his povertie,
I hold him rich, al had he not a sherte.

He that coveteth is a poure wight,
For he wold han that is not in his might.

But he that nought hath, ne coveteth to have,
He riseth, although ye hold him but a knave.

Verey povertie is synne properly.

General saith of povertie meryly:

The poure man, when he goth by the way,
Before the Thers he may sing and play.

Povertie is hateful good; and, as I gesse,
A ful gret bringer out of besynesse;

A gret amender eke of rapynesse

To him, that taketh it in patience,

Povertie is this, although it seme chenge,
Possession that no wight will challenge.

Povertie ful oft, when a man is low,
Maketh his God and eke himself to know:

Povertie a spectakel is, as thinketh me,
Thurgh which he may his very frendes see.

These are the words of the old hag—
The fairy.

This is not a monk and other clerks' rain.

The Clerk's Tale.

T. p. 100
 The Clerk's Tale
 The Clerk's Tale
 The Clerk's Tale

Among this proude folk ther dwelt a man,
 Which that was holden poorest of hem alle.
 But high God sometime senden can
 His grace unto a litel oves tall;
 Jamieda men of that threpe him call.
 A doughtles had he, faire ynough to sight,
 And Grisildis this yonge maiden hight.

But for to speke of vertuous beautei,
 Than was she on the fairist under sunne;
 Ful pouerly yfrested up was she;
 No likerous lust was in hire herte yronne;
 Not off the well than of the toun;
 She had no such and for she was so plain,
 She knewen wel labour, but non pain.

But though this mayden twelwe yere of age,
 Yet in the best of hire virginitei
 Ther was enclosed sad and ripe courage;
 And in gret reverence and charitei
 Hire olde proude father fastid she;
 A few sheep spinning in the feld she kept,
 She wolde not ben wold til she slept.

And when the homeward came she wolde bring
 Motes and othe lute tounis oft,
 The which she shord and sethe for hire living,
 And made hire bed ful hard, and nothing soft;
 And ay she kept hire for as if on lofte
 With every obeisance and diligence,
 For all that he may don to fadir's reverence.

And the Marquis thar was in a countree
 That he always obey him - and after taking
 from him his two children - at length returned
 him to his father's house - to his father's obedience.

"The remenant of your Jewels redy be
 Within your chambre, I dare it safly say:
 Staked out of my fathers house" (quoth she)
 "I came, and naked I mote turne again.
 All your plesance wolde I folwe fair:
 But yet I hope it be not your intent
 That I smokes out of your paleis' vent.

"Ye coude not do so dishonest a thing,
 That thither woude, in which your children lay,
 Shulde before the people, in my walting,
 Be seen at bare: wherfore I you pray
 Let me not like a womme go by the way.
 Remembre you, my own lord so dere,
 I was your wif, though I unworthy were.

"Wherfore in quiddon of my maidenhede,
 Which that I brought and not again I bere,
 As vouchesawf to give me to my mede
 But wiske a smok as I was wont to were,
 That I therewith may wrie the wombe of him
 That was your wif: and here I take my leve
 Of you, my own lord, lest I you greve."

And when she is presented to her own daughter,
 not knowing it, as the wife of the marguise-
 and asked how she likes her — she answers
 among other things — "with —

"O thing besake I you and come also,
 That ye ne prikke with me tormenting
 This tender maiden, as ye haue done me.
 For she is fostered in hire nourishing
 More tenderly, and to my supposing
 He mighte not advenitee endure,
 As coude a prouwe fostered creature."

In The Squires Tale - The people
condemning at the knights' stead of brains.

Of sundry doubts than they jangle and tangle,
The lewed people demon commonly
Of things that been made more subtilly
Than they can in his lewedness comprehend;
They demon gladly to the badder ende.

like a
snake.

The vapour, which that po the ether glode,
Maketh the same to some rody and brode:

The Frankelins Prologue

I lemed never rhetorikes certein;
Thing that I speke, it mote be bare and plain.
I shap not never on the mount of Pernaso,
As lemed Marcus Tullius Cicero.

Colours we know I non, withouten drede,
But swiche colours as growen in the mede,
Or elles swiche as men die with or feinte;
Colours of rhetorikes ben to me grette;

|| Tale

Love -

For a thing, sires, sawfly dare I seie,
That pender erich other must obie,
Of thy wol longe holden compaignie.
Love wol not be constrained by maistrie.
Whan maistrie cometh, the God of love anon
Preteeth his winges, and farewell, he is gon.
Love is a thing, as any spirit, free.

Jongens & Brivagus — in the
Frankelins' Tale.

Here may men see in humble wise accord:
Thus hath he take his servant and his lord,
Servant in love, and lord in marriage.
Then was he both a lordship and servage?

Virginus' daughter Virginia in the
Doctours Tale.

This knight a daughter hadde by his wife;
No children had he mo in all his life.
Fairer was this maid in excellent beaute
Above evyn sight that man may see:
For stature had with covisaunce diligence
Myformed here in so gret excellencye,
As though she wolde saye, "So, Nature,
Thus can I forme and paint a creature,
Whan that me list; who can contrefete?
Oginalis? not, though he saye as he and bette,
On grave, or picture: for I dare wel swere,
Apelle, Xenxis, shulden seeke in vain,
Other to grave, or picture, or forge, or bette,
If they presumed me to contrefete.
For he that is the former principal,
Hath makid me his vicarie general
To forme and painten evy creature
Right as me list, and eke thing in my awie;
Under the Alou, that may wane and woe.
And for my werk right nothing wol I use;
My lord and I ben ful of an accord.
I made here to the worship of my lord;
So do I all men other creatures,
What colour that they han, or what figures."
Then seeth one that Nature wolde say.

The Pardoner's Tale begins

Sordido, good he, in 'chirche when I preche,
 I pene me to have an 'hantun' speche,
 And ring it out as round as goth a bell,
 For I can all by rote that I tell.
 My tyme is alway on, and ever was;
Pecunia malorum est cupiditas.

In the same
 Lodes may fuder other maner play
 Honest yonge to pene the day away.

Then die.

The Monks' Prologue

is full of admirable up-and brief descriptions
 of nature - This of the same saintly
 the Prologue to the Tales.

1st The description of the "povre widows" -
 2^o " (her Chaunteclere or
 dame Pertelote.)

3^d the latter advice to Chaunteclere on the sub-
 ject of dreams. - I tell of me.

4th How he "flew down for the herne"

5 That letter of a may morning in which he
 met the Rousel - in which the charm com-
 ments on "the sincere and unperjured importances
 which the poet gives him amid his wives under
 the sun - He notes the sun shine and the cold
 ray for cooke.

6. The Rousel's account of the singing of
 Chaunteclere's father.

7 (How Ch. stood affected by his prayer.

8 The summary which the thief occasions.)

For 2-7 - see Book 1 - p. 87

The 5th is as follows. —

When that the month in which the world began,
That brighte March, when God first made man,
Was complete, and ypassed were also,
Nithen March ended, thirty dayes and two,
Proffeth that Chaucerke in all his pride,
His seven curis wakening him beside,
Cast up his eyes to the brighte Sonne,
That in the signe of Taurus hadde groune
Twenty degrees and on, and somewhat more:
He knew by kind, and by non other cove,
That it was prime, and crew with blisful sterem.
"The Sonne," he said, "is clomben up on Heven
Twenty degrees and on and more yaris.
Madame Petelote, my woldes blis,
Herkeneth this blisful brides how they sing,
And see the freshe flowers how they spring;
That is mine herte of revel, and solas."

Shakespeare more merciful falling of
birds and beasts — If it is said of Shak-
speare that he is now Hamlet and then
Falstaff — it may as well be said of Chaucer
that he sympathizes with a cock — and assumes
his nature as it were, that he may speak
from it. He seems to have put on his very feath-
ers and stature.

The Germans account of his End — why he
does not thrive.

He is 'twixt in faith, as I believe.
Thing that is overdone, it is not proven
Bright, as doth the rain, it is a vice;
Wherefore in that I hold him lewd and vice.
For when a man hath overgot a wit,
Full oft him happeth to misuseth:

His own want of success in the art of
Alchemy.

And yet for all my smart, and all my grief,
For all my sorrow, labour, and mischief,
I could never leave it in no wise.

That sliding science hath me made so bare,
That I have no good, when that ever I fare;

When we be thus as we shuld exercise
Our swift craft, we seemen wondrous wise,
Our termes be so ben so clerical and quaint.
I blow the fire til that myn herte fainte.

Another sayd, "The fire was over hote."
But be it hote or cold, I dare say this,
That we conclude ever more amiss:
We faile alway of that which we would have,
And in our madnesse evermore we rave.
And when we be together everich on,
Every man seemeth a Helborn.
But all thing, which that shineth as the gold,
It is no gold, as I have herd it told;

The Chaucer's German's Pedagogue

He every apple that is faire at eye,
 He is not good, what so men clap or vie.
 Right so, lo, faeth it amanges us.
 He that remeth the wisest by Iesus
 Is most fool, when it cometh to the prefe;
 And he that remeth truest, is a thefe.

The Manciple's Tale.

Statute inradiable.

Take any bird, and put it in a cage,
 And do all thyn' entente, and thy corage,
 To foster it tenderly with mete and drinke
 Of alle dainties that thou canst bethynke,
 And kepe it al so clevely as thou may;
 Although the cage of gold be never so gay,
 Yet had this bird, by twenty thousand fold,
 Sover in a forest, that is wilde and colde,
 Gon eten wormes, and swike wretchednesse.
 For ever this bird will don his besynesse
 To escape out of his cage than that he may
 His libertee the bird desireth ay.

Let take a cat, and foster here with milke
 And tendre flesh, and make here couche of silke,
 And let here see a mouse go by the wall,
 Anon she weireth milke and flesh, and all,
 And every dainty that is in that hous,
 Swike appetit hath she to ete the mouse.
 So, here hath kind here domination,
 And appetit flemeth discretion.

banisheth.

"My sone, God of his endlesse goodnesse
 Walled a tounge with teeth, and lippen eke,
 For men shuld him arisen what he speke."

The Penances Prologie begins-

By that the Maniples had his tale ended,
 The Sonne fro the south line was descended
 So lowe, that it ne was not to my right
 Degres nine and twenty as of night.
 Foure of the cloke it was the, as I gesse,
 For eueren foot, a litle more or lesse,
 My shadow was at thilke time, as there,
 Of wiche feet as my lengthe parted were
 In six feet equal of proportion.

In the Tale which is prose - occurred -

Therof sayth Seint Augustine, that penance
 of good and humble folke is the penance of
 every day.

"Began in French verse by William de Lorris, and
finished forty years after by John Chaucer."
Partially translated by Chaucer.

Harde is his heart that Coueth nouȝt
In May, when all this morth is wrought,
When he may on these braunches here
The smalle birdes singen cleere
Her blisfull swete song piteous,
And in this season delituous:
When love affirmeth all thing,
All thought are right, in my sleeping
Right in my bed full ready,
That it was by the morrow early,
And up I rose, and gan me cloth,
Anone I wish mine houndes both,
A silver needle forth I drew,
Out of an aquiler quaint inow,
And gan this needle thread anone,
For out of come me list to gone,
The sound of birdes for to heare
That on the bushes singen cleare,
In the swete season that life is,
With a bird basting my sleels.
Alone I went in my playng,
The smale foules song hearkenng,
That payned hem full many a prais,
To sing on bowes blossomed faire:
I olife and gay, full of gladnesse,
Toward a river gan I me dresse,
That I heard renne faste by,
For faire player none saw I
Than playen me by that riuere:
For from an hill that stood there nere,
Come doune the stream full stiffe and bold,
Cleere was the water, and as cold
As any well is, sooth to saie,

or, The Art of Love.

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And somechasse it was than I am,
 But it was straiter, welay,
 And never saw I er that day,
 The water that so wele liked me,
 And wonder glad was I to see
 That lusty place, and that rivere:
 And with that water that ran so cleve,
 My face I wash, tho saw I wele,
 The bottoome of paved castrides
 With gravel, full of stoness there,
 The meadows softe, softe, and grene,
 But right upon the water side,
 Full cleve was than the morowe tide,
 And full attempten out of dride,
 Tho gan I walken throw the mede,
 Downward eye in my playng,
 The rivere side coosting.

At length he comes to a garden which is the
 scene of the poem.

There mightest thou see these flutours,
 Minstroles, and eke gozelours,
 That well to singe did his paine:
 Some song songes of Lorraine,
 For in Lorraine his notes be
 Full sweeter than in this countree.

The God of Love was diked with flowers

There lacked no flowers to my dome,
 As not so much as flowers of brame. —

Romance of the Rose;

The Ladies Beaute.

Ne she was dekke in browne, but bright,
 And cleare as the moone light:
 Againe whom all the starres seemen
 But small candles, as we demen:
 Her flesh was tender as dewe of floure,
 Her cheere was simple as bird in bouce,
 As white as lilly, or rose in rise:
 Her face gentill, and treatise:
 Fete she was, and small osee,
 No-wintred browes had shee —
 Ne proppad here, for it needed nought
 To winder her, or to paint her ought:
 Her tresses yellow, and long straighten,
 Unto her heeles downe they raughten:
 Her nose, her mouth, and eye and cheke
 Well wrought, and all the remnaunt eke,
 A full gret savour and a smote,
 Alle thoughte in mine herte rote:
 As helpe me God, when I remember,
 Of the fashion of every member,
 A world is none so faire a wight:
 For young she was, and beed bright
 Soe pleasant, and fete with all,
 Gent, and in her middle small.

twigs

much, dressed

paint

Tharce not thy visage in no wise,
 For that of love is nat thimpride,
 For love doth hate, as I finde,
 A beaute that cometh not of kinde:

Friendship

Love of friendship also there is,
 Which maketh no man done amis,
 Of will kinde betwixt two,
 That will not breake for well nor woe,
 Which long is likely to continue,
 When will and goods been in commune,
 Grounded by Gods ordinance,
 Dole without discordance,
 With him holding commandment
 Of all her good in charite,
 That there be none exception,
 Through chaunging of intention,
 That each helpe other at her neede,
 And wisely kepe both word and dede,
 True of meaning, dewid of slouth,
 For wit is not without trouth:
 So that the love dare all his thought
 Same to his friend, and spare nought,
 As to himselfe without dreading,
 To be discouered by woozying,
 For glad is that conjunction,
 When there is non inspection,
 Whom they would proue
 That true and perfite were in love:
 For no man may be amiable,
 But if he be so firme and stable,
 That fortune change him not ne blinde,
 But that his friend alway him finde,
 Both poore and rich in o state:
 For if his friend through any gate,
 With complaine of his povertie,
 He should not bide so long, till he
 Of his helping him requie,
 For good deed done through praiere
 Is sold and bought too deere iane
 To herte that of great value is.

For herte fulfilled of gentleness,
 Can evill demean his distress.
 And man that worthy is of names,
 To aske often hath great shame.

A good man breineth in his thought,
 For shame when ^{he} asketh ought,
 He hath great thought, and dredeth die
 For his disease when he shall prove
 His friend, least that he warned be
 Till that he prove his stabilitie:
 But when that he hath founden one
 That truste is and true as stone,
 And assayed him at all,
 And found him stedfast as a wall,
 And of his friendship be certaine,
 He shall him shew both joy and paine,
 And all that he dare thinke or say,
 Without shame, as he well may,
 For how should he ashamed be,
 Of such one as I told thee?

For shan he wote his secret thought,
 The third shall know thereof right nought,
 For twy in number is bet than thre,
 I envie counsaile and secree:
 Reprene he dredeth never a dele,
 Who that beset his wordes wel,
 For envie wise man out of drede,
 Can keepe his tongue till he see need.

And fooler cannot hold his tongue,
 A fooler tell is soone longe,
 Yet shall a true friend doe more
 To helpe his fellow of his sore,
 And succour him when he hath need
 In all that he may done indeed,
 And gladder that he him pleaseth
 Than his fellows that he canst,

Amans of the Rose; n,

And if he do not his request,
 He shall as muche him molest

The Art of Love.

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As his belowe, for that he
 Maie not fulfill his volunta
 Fully, as he hath required;
 If both the better love hath find
 Joye and wee they shall depart,
 And take evenly each his part,
 Halfe his annoy he shall have all,
 And comfort what that he may,
 And of this blisse part shall be,
 If love well departed be.

For who his friend loveth evermore
 Though men draw sword him to do,
 He may not see his love a two:—

And certaine he is well begone
 Among a thousand that findeth one:
 For there may be no riches,
 Against friendship of worthinesse,
 For it we may so high attaine,
 As may the valour, sooth to raine,
 Of him that loveth true and well.
 Friendship is more than is cattell,
 For friend in court are better in
 Than penny in purse certis—

Romanes

Riches

Richene rich ne maketh nought
 Him that on Treasures set his thought,
 For richene stant in suffisaunce,
 And nothing in aboundaunce:
 For suffisaunce all only
 Maketh meene to live richly.

Troilus & Cresside.

— His' herte, which that is his bestes eu —

A Grieving Subject.

Out of these black waves let us for to see,
 O woe, now the weather groweth cleve:
 For in the sea the boate hath much travaile
 By my coming, that mewith I sit here:
 This sea depe & the tempestuous waters
 Of deepe dispaire, that Troilus was in:
 But now of hope the kalendes begin.

Crescide

But right as when the Sunne shineth bright
 I March, that chaungeth oft time his face,
 And that a cloud is put with winde to flight,
 Which overspat the Sunne, as for a space,
 A cloudy thought gan through her soul passe,
 That overspradde her bright thoughtes all,
 So that for feare almost she gan to fall.

Ere.

indine The daies honours, and the Heavens eye,
 The nightes foe, all this slepe I thee Sonnes
 2. Gan wester fast, and downward for to wrie,
 As he that had his daies course in me,
 And while thinges waxen at dimme and donne
 For lacke of light, and stormes for to aspre,
 That she and all her folke misident ifore

Tosilus

But right as floures through the cold of night
 I clond, stouper in their stalkes lowe,
 Reddresen hem again the Sunne bright,
 And spreaden in his kinde course by rowe,
 Right so gan the his eyes up to throwe
 This Tosilus, and said:

In his despair - and on the approach of
 Pandarus his friend. — who advises him

to write to Crescide -

And if thou write a goodly word all softe,
 Though it be good, rehearse it not too ofte.

I suppose this belongs to the same classed nightingale,
 that started first when she began to sing,
 when that she heard any hundred take,
 or in the lullaby any night stirring,
 and after, when, do the her voice entering,
 right in the middle, when that her voice entering,
 should her heart and life in the heart.

For though the best harp from upon live
 should on the best sounded yolly harp
 That ever was, with all his fingers five
 Touch eye o' string, or eye o' warble harp,
 Where his nailes pointed never so sharpe,
 It should make every night to dull,
 To hear his glee, and of his strokes full.

On leaving Cuxida.

(Quod Troilus) "Alas, now am I ware
 That Pirous, and his swift fides there,
 Which that drawn forth the Junoes share,
 Hang on some by, pathe o' despite of me,
 And maketh it so some day to be,
 And for the Juno him hater thus to rise,
 He shall I never do him sacrifice..."

Troilus - on hearing that the Trojans would give up C. to the Greeks for Antenor.

O death alas, why wilt thou do me day?
 Accursed be that day which that nature
 Shoke me to be a live creature."

And thou Jemini, that, as an arrow, flew
 Through Troy rennest, all downward to the see, -

anticipation. 177

Triviles waiting for the return of Cresida
from the camp of the Greeks.

"I wis when thou art heard new,
I shal be glad, if at the world be true.

"I saw thine hornes old eke ythat morow,
When hence rode my right lady dove,
That cause is of my turment and my sorrow,
For which, O bright Lucina the cleve,
For love of God, see fast about thy sphere,
For when thine hornes newe grinner spring,
Then shall she come that may my blisse bring."

The day is more, and longer every night
Than they ben wont to be, him thought so,
And that the Sunne went his course vnright,
By longer way, than it was wont to go,
And said, "I wis, I drede me evermore
The Sunnes sonne Pheton be on live,
And that his fathirs cart amisse he drive."

Upon the walles fast eke would he walke,
And on the Greeks host he would see,
And to himselfe right thus he would talke:
"So, yonder is mine owne lady free,
On eke yonder, there the tent hee,
And thence cometh this aire that is so soote,
That in my soule I fele it doth me boote."

And hardily, this wind that more and more
Thus stoundmeale increaseth in my face,
Is of my ladies deepe nightes sor,
I prove it thus, for in none other space
Fele I no wind, that soundeth so like paine,
It saith, "Ulas, why turned be we twaine,"

Troilus

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All might a giant pradden him of might,
His herte age with the first and with the best,
Stood pengall to dare done what him list.

Troilus expecting C. from the camp of the Greeks.
(Quod Troilus) "I see well now that she
Is tardid with her old father so,
That ere she come, it will nigh even be.
Come forth, I will unto the gate go,
These porters ben unkenning evermore,
And I will done hem holden up the gate,
As naught ne were, although she come late,"

The day goth fast, and after that come eve,
And yet came nat to Troilus Croseide,
He looketh forth by hedge, by tree, by grove,
And ferre his head over the wall he liides,
And at the last he turned him, and seide,
"By God, ^{I wote her meaning now Pandage,} ~~what wait thou man, who art~~
Almost inis all newe was my care.

"Now doubtlesse this lady can her good,
I wote she cometh riding swiftly,
I commend her wisdom by mine hood,
She will nat maken people nicely
Gawne on her when she cometh, but softly
By night into the toun she thinketh ride,
And, dere brother, thinkes nat long to abide,

"We have naught else for to done inis,
And Pandarus, now wilt thou trowen me,
Have here my trouthe, I see her, yond she is,
Heave up thine eyen man, mayst thou nat see?"
Pandarus answerde, "Nay, so wote I thee,
Al wrong by God, what wait thou man, who art,
That I see yonde afaire, nide but a cart."

"Alas, thou sayst right sooth," (quod Troilus)
 "But hardly it is not all for nought,
 That in mine herte I now rejoyce thus,
 It is agenset some good, I have a thought,
 Not I nat how, but send that I was wrought,
 We felt I much a comfort-dore I say,
 The cometh to night, my life that durst-I lay."

Pandarus answerde, "It may be well enough,"
 And held with him of all that ever he said,
 But in his herte he thought, and soft he laugh,
 And to himselfe full soberly he said,
 "From hasell wood, There jolly Robin played,
 That come all that thou abidest here,
 Ye, farwell all the snow of yere."

The warden of the gate gan to call
 The folke, which that without the gate were,
 And bad hem driven in his beastes alle,
 Or all the night they must-beseen there,
 And fere within the night, with many a tere,
 This Troilus gan homeward for to ride,
 For well he seeth it helpeth nat to abide.

But metholene, he gladdened him in this,
 He thought he misacompted had his day,
 And said, "I understand have all arnis,
 For thiske night I last Creside se,
 He sayd, 'I shall be here, if that I may,
 Ere that the Moone, O dore herte weete,
 The Lion passe out of this Roide."

"For which she may yett hold all her behest,"
 And on the morrow unto the gate he went,
 And up and downe, by west and eke by east
 Upon the walles make he many a went,
 But all for naught, his hope alway him blent,

For which at night, on morrow and night ere,
 He went him home, withouten any more.

Frolics Ham'ly Delittu.

And when that he was Ham' in the snare,
 His light' ghosts full blisfully went
 Up to the hollows of the seventh sphere,
 In his place letting everie element,
 And there he saw with full avisement
 The erratike stornes, bearkoming armonie,
 With soures full of Heavens melodie.

Preceding the last occur the two following verses.

Go, little booke, go, my little tragedie,
 Shew God my maker yet ere that I die,
 To send me might to make some comedie:
 But little booke, make thou none curie,
 But subject beu into all poesse,
 And kinse the steps whereas thou seest pace
 Of Worgis, Ovid, Homer, Lucan, and Stace.

And for there is no great divide
 In English, and in writing of our tong,
 No pray I to God, that none miswrite thee,
 E're the miss metre, for default of tong:
 And redde where so thou be, or else song,
 That thou be understood, God it besceak—

On Devotion to the Daisy.

And if that old bookes were away,
None were of all remembrance the day.

Well ought is than, honour and belove
These bookes, there we have none other prove.

And as for me, though that I can but lye,
On bookes for to rede I me delite;

And to hem yere I faith and full credence,
And in mine herte have hem in reverence

So hertly, that there is game none,

That for my bookes maketh me to gone,

But it be seldome & the holy daie,

Save certainly, when that the month of May

Is comen, and that I heare the foules sing,

And that the flouris geinen for to spring,

Farwell my booke, and my deuotion,

Now have I than like this condicion,

That of all the flouris in the mede,

Than love I most these flouris white and rede,

Such that men callen daisies in our town,

To hem I have so great affection,

As I sayd erst, when comen is the May

That in my bedde there dwelleth me no daie,

That I nam vp and walking in the mede,

To see this flouris aginst the sunne specke,

Than is vp with early by the morrow,

That blisfull night softneth all my sorrow,

So glad am I, when that I have presence

Of it, to done it all reverence,

For she that is of all flouris the flouris,

Fulfilld of all vertue and honour;

And every ilike faie, and fesse of hewe,

And ever I love it, and ever ilike newe,

And ever shall, till that mine herte die,

All weare I not, of this I wold not lie.

There loved no wight hotter in his life,

The Legend of Good Women

And when that it is ere I sunne blithe,
As soon as ever the sunne shineth west,
To see this flower, how it will go to rest,
For feare of night, so hateth she darkenesse,
Her chere is plainly spred in the brightnesse
Of the sunne, for there it will enclose:

But other fowls have left him no work
Sheeldest spiram it.

And I come afe, glensing here and there,
And am full glad, if I may find an eare,
Of any goodly worde that ye han left, —

Of a May morning.

And downe on knees anon right I me sette,
And as I could this perle flower^{ere} I gette,
Kneeling alway, till it enlosed was,
Upon the small soft sweete gras,
That was with flowers sweete embrouded all,
Of such sweetnesse and such odour over all,
That for to speake of gommes, herbes, or tree,
Companion may not make be,
For it surmounteth playing 'all odours,
And of such beaute of flowers:
Forgotten had the yearth his poore estate
Of winter that him naked made and mate,
And with his sword of cold so sore greved;
Now hath the attente sunne at that releved
That naked was, and clad it new again; —

doubt-
dequed.

Adowne full softly I gan to sinke,
And leaning on my elbow and my side,
The long day I shope me for to abide,
For nothing do, and I shall not lie,
But for to looke upon the daine,
That well by reason men or call may

The daisy, or else the eye of the day,
The emprise, and flours of flours all,
I pray to 'God that fair note she fall,
And all that cover flours, for her sake:

The above is more pleasing and poeti-
cal reading in its connexion. It is hardly
quotable.

Lido

— if that God that Heaven and earth made,
Would have a love, for beauty and goodness,
And womanhood, truth, and sweetness,
Whom should he love best this lady meet?
There is no woman to him half so meet:

Among all this, to resemble can the Heron,
The Thunder roared with a grizzly roven,

Medea - & Jason

Why liked thee my yellow hair to see,
More than the bounds of mine honesty?

Philomene - begins

Thou yew of the forest, that hast wrought
The faye world, and bare it in thy thought
Eternally, as thou thy web began,
Why radiest thou into the slanders of men,
Or all be that it was not thy doing,

As for that end to make such a thing,
 My suppedest thou that Torens was bore,

Unriduler thou shouldst precede the last
 Therens having left her asleep.

"Alas," (quod she) "that ever I was wrought,
 I am betrayed," and her here to rent,
 And to the stronde barefote fast she went,
 And cried: "Therens mine herte mate,
 When be ye, that I may nat with you mate?
 And might thou with beestes ben yolaine"

The halow rockes answerde her againe,
 No man she saw, and yett shone the moone,
 And hi upon a rocke she went soone,
 And saw his barge sayling in the see,
 Cold woxe her herte, and right thus said she:

"Mekes then ye find I the beestes wilde,"
 Hath be nat mine, that he be thus begilde?
 She cried, "O turne againe for routes and mine,
 Thy barge hath nat all bi meine in,"
 Her kercheff on a pole stiked she,
 Accource he should it well see,
 And him remember that she was behinde.

And turne againe, and on the stronde her find.

But all for naught, his way he is gone,
 And downe she fel. a sowne on a stone,
 And up she riste, and kissed in all her care
 The stepes of his fete, then he hath fare,
 And to her bed right thus she speketh this:
 "Thou bed," (quod she) "that hast received two,
 Thou shalt answer of two, and not of one,
 Where is the greater parte, away gone?"

"Alas, wher shal I wretched wight become?
 For though so be that bote none here come,
 Home long country dare I nat for drede,

I can my selfe in this case not redey"

What should I tell more her complaining,
It is so long, it were an heavy thing?
In her spirit, I dare telleth all,
But shortly to the end tell I shall,
The goddess have her holpen for pite,
And in the signe of Taurus men may see,
The stones of her crowne shine cleare,
I will no more speake of this matere,
But thus this false lover can beguile
His true love, the devil quite turn his wile.

Chaucer's Dream - or the Book of the
Dutche - has a very characteristic be-
ginning.

Blanche the dutche.

Her yes

It was no counterfeted thing,
It was her owne pure looking:
That the goddess dame Nature,
Had made her open by measure,
And close, for ever she neuer so glad,
Her looking was not foxlike spread,
Nor wilde, though that she plaid,
But ever me thought her yes said,
By God my wate is at forye.
Therewith her wit so well to lise,
That dulnesse was of her adrad,
She was to us so glad,
In all things most measure,
Had never I troue creature,
But many are with her like she herte,
And that sat her full lile at herte;
For she knew nothing of his thought,
But she knew, or knew it nought,

algaſte ſhe ne ſought of hem a ſtreſ,
 To get her love no more was he
 That would at home, than he in Inde,
 The forreſt was alway behinde, —

But then much I dare ſay, that ſhe
 Was white, rody, freſh, and lively lewed,
 And every day her beauty newed,
 And night her face was alderbeſt,
 For cetes Nature had ſuch beſt,
 To make that faire, that truly ſhe
 Was her chiefe patron of beauty,
 And chiefe example of all her werkes
 And monſtes: for be it never ſo darke,
 She thinketh I ſee her ever moe,
 And yet more over, though all the
 That ever lived, were now a line,
 She would have found to diſcrimine
 In all her face a wicked ſigne,
 For it was ſad, ſimple, and benigne.

That purely her ſimple recorde,
 Was found as true as any bond,
 Or truth of any mans hand.

Thereto ſhe could no well play
 What that her lit, that I dare ſay
 That was like to touch bright,
 That every man may take of light
 Enough, and it hath never the ceſſe
 Of maner and of comelinesſe.

For where ſo men had plaide or waked,
 She thought the felowſhip as naked
 Without her, that I ſaw one,
 As a crowne without ſtones,
 Truly ſhe was to mine eye,
 The ſolein ſenex of Arabia, —

And truly, for to speake of trouth,
But she had had, it had be south
Thereof she had so much her dele,
And I dare saie, and sweare it wel,
That Trouth himselfe, now at and at,
Had chose his maner principall
In her, that was his resting place,

See The Whole.
The unequal

The Art of Song
Although I coude nat make so wel
Songs, ne knew the arte al,
As coude Lamekes son, Tubal,
That found out first the arte of songe,
For on his brothes harness songe,
Upon his ^harell up and downe,
Therof he toke his first sowne,—

The Assembly of Fowls.

For out of the old fieldes, as men saith,
Commeth at this new corne fro yere to yere,
And out of old bookes, in good faith,
Commeth all this new science that men care,—

Dreaming

The wearie hunter sleeping in his bedde,
The wood ayeen his mind goeth anone,
The judge dremeth, how his pleas be spedde,
The carter dremeth, how his carter gone,
The rich of gold, the knight fight with his fere,
The rike mette he drinketh of the tounes,
The lowe mette he hath his lady wonne.

Nature, the vicar of the almighty Lord,
That hot, cold, humid, light, moist, and drie,
Hath knit, by even number of accord,
His canie voice, began to speake and say,

male & female The third Terrell egle's love for the formell egle.

"Of long service anaunt I me nothing,
But as possible is me to die today,
For so, as he that hath be languishing
This twenty winter, and wel it happen may,
A man may serve better, and more to pay,
A half a year, although it were no more,
Than some man doth, that hath served full yore.

There be no sternes in the skie than a pair.

Nature is

The Complaint of the Black Knight

The mighty goddess also of Nature,
That under God hath the governa^{nce},
Of worldly things committed to her cure—

And for beause that it drew to the night,
And that the Sunne his aske diurnal
Ypared way, as that his pleasant light,
His bright beams and his streams all
Were in the waves of the water fall,
Under the bordure of our ocean,
His chain of gold, his course so swiftly ran:

And while the twilight and the rones side
Of Phobus light were dearest white,
A penne I tooke, and gan me fast spede
The wofull plaint of this man to write,—

The Assembly of Gods

Dreams

Or if the route of proper kind,
 Be no profit to our find,
 That it wote what is to come,
 And that he warneth all and some
 Of enemies of his adventures,
 By visions, or by figures,
 But that our flesh hath no might
 To understand it aright,
 For it is warded too darkly,

Fame

O woe it is, every thing is woe,
 Though it be coude with the mite,
 Eke though I might durst ever,
 That I have done recover I never —

Sido speaks.

Envision of the Down of Fame.

When I out of the down came,
 I fast about me beheld,
 Then saw I but a large field,
 As farre as ever I might see,
 Without tounne, house, or tree,
 Or bush or grasse, or carved lande,
 For all the field was but of sand —

His eagle tells him

For when thy labour all done is,
 And hast made all thy reckonings
 In stead of rest and of new things,
 Thou goest home to thine house alone,
 And also sleepest as a stone,
 Thou nighest at another bookes,
 Till fully dased is thy lookes,
 And livest thus as an hermite
 Although thine abstinence is lit —

The Down of Fame

See Book 201 for an account of Fame.

On our verse -

Now that I will for maistrie,
 Here not potentiell be shewde,
 But for the ome in light and cleary,
 Yet make it somewhat agreable,
 Thoug some verse fagle in a sillabie,
 And that I do no diligence,
 To shewe craft, but sentences, —

Now as I speak to him in the House of Fame
 to know if he came for the sake of fame - and as
 he answer he says
 Suppeth me as I were dead,
 That no wright have my name in honde
 I wot myself best how I stonde,

The last couplet last two in the House of Fame

Wherfore to study and rede alway,
 I purpose to do day by day.

"The Cuckoo and The Nightingale"

Rosall - in "The Court of Love."
 - And eke her eyes ben bright and merry -
 With pregnant lips, and thick to kiss purses -
 - No that from the head
 Unto the foot, all is but womanhood -
 In the whole

In the same
 For first the thing is thought within the heart;
 Er any word out from the mouth start.

Chaucer's Dream

In the commencement -
 In May I lay upon a night
 Alone, and in my lady thought,
 And how the lord that her wrought,
 Could well entangle in imagery
 And shewed had great mairing,
 When he in so little space
 Made such a body and a face,
 So great beauty with smile featured
 More than in other creatures, -

The Speech of
 "A courteser, servant of Love," in the
 in the same.

Heard I never so cunning
 Man speak, ne halfe so faithfully
 For every thing he said there,
 Seemed as it inscalded were
 Or approved for my toer,
 Describe was his cunning language new,
 And well according to his cheere,

That where I lie, we think I have
him yet away, when I mine one.
I any place may be alone:--

The Knight takes his departure from the island in a barge -

Of journey for his marriage,
And return with such an host,
That wedded might be least and most—

Which barge was in a mans thought,
After his pleasure to him brought,
The queen her self accustomed eye
In the same barge to play,
It ended neither more or rather,
I have not heard of such another,
No master for the govenance,
Hee' rayled by thought and pleasure,
Without labour east and west,
All was one, calme, or tempest,

Good Counsaill of Chaucer.

Fly fro the pycare, and dwell with sooth fauour,
 Suffre unto thy good though it be small,
 For hode hath hate, and climbing tikelnesse,
 Prease hath envy, and wile is bent over all,
 Savour no more than thine behove shall,
 Rede well thy selfe that other folke canst rede,
 And truth thou shalt deliver, it is no drede.

Parie this not eke crooked to redress
 In trust of her that turneth as a ball,
 Great rest standeth in little business,
 Beware also to spurne wagaine a nalle,
 Strive not in doth a crooked seith a wall,
 Deme thy selfe that demest others dede,
 And truth thou shalt deliver it is no drede.

That thou is not receive in bygonnesse,
 The wroasting of this world aseth a fall,
 Here is no home, here is but wilderness,
 Forth pilgryme, forth best out of thy stath,
 Looke up on high, and thanke God of all,
 Meine thy lust, and let thy ghost. Then cede,
 And truth thou shalt deliver, it is no drede.

From a Ballade - of the Village without
 Painting.

Fortune answers to the Plaintife
 No man is wretched, but himselfe it seene,
 He that hath in himselfe suffiaunce, —

I have the taught division betweene
 Friend of effect, and friend of countenance. —

— "sothly me seemeth
better to enter into a childes wise a good
sentence, than he forite it out."

"The Conclusions of the Astrologie
Addressed to his little son Lewis
ten years old. see Journal p. 11"

The Testament of Boue.

This is written in prose late in this life — after
in troubles had commenced —

Breaking of "yngre" —

"Sothly, dulle witte and a thoughtfull soule
as sore have mined and graffed in my spirites,
that soke craft of enditinge wold nat ben
of mine acquaintance. And for rude wordes and
boistous peren the herte of the hower to the inmost
point, and planten there the sentence of things,
so that with lile helpe it is able to spring."

Some men thus ben, that painten with colours
ricke and some with red, as with red inke, and
some with coles and chalker: and yet is
there good matter to the leude people of Thykes
chalke, purtiture, as hem thinketh for the
tyme, and afterward the sight of the better
colours yeven to hem more ioye for the first
leudenesse.

Let than clerkes endite in Latin, for
they have the prosperite of science, and the know-
inge in that facultie: and lette Frenchmen in
their French also endite their greivite termes,
for it is kyndely to their mouthes, and let vs
shewe our fantasie in soke wordes as we
lerneden of our daumes tonge.

The Testament of Love.

He anticipates the readers scorn & his presuming to undertake this work

"And also he shulde not Hercules gaded a mile yet fether, and over that he had power of strength to pull vp the spere, that Alexander the noble might never waye."

Thinking of the many "noble rehers" that have been on the field before him - he says that "yet also have I leue" ——— "to increase my portion with that I shall drawe by 'primities out of shaks'"

Thinking of the devotion of his companions whom he has admired in Iceland.

Where art thou nowe friendship, that sometime with Langlands chere, modest to the face and countenance to me warde? Truly nowe arte thou hente out of towe, but ever me thinketh, he weareth his old clothes, and that the soule, in the which the life of friendship was in, is drawen out from his other spirites."

— ah dere God, —

Dr. G. G. & Iceland

"Miris our yearly ladie" (quod 9th) and yet remembers to your worthinesse how long itten by many recedding of yeres, in tyme whan October, his leue ginneth take, and November sheweth him to sight, whan cornes beest full of goodes, as in the mette, on every halke, and than good lond tillers, ginneth shape for the yearth, with greute traile to brynge forth the more come, to mannes sustenance, agens the next yeres

following. In such tyme of plenty, he that hath
 an home, and is wise, liste not to wander mer-
 vailes to seeke, but he be constrained or ex-
 cited: oft the Colde thing is done, by excitation
 of other mannes opinion, which woulde faine
 have mayne abiding, take in herte of luste to
 traunce, and see the winding of the yearth."

Regreting that the outbreak should have
 taken place in London which compelled him to
 flee —

Also the city of London, that is to me so
 dere and sweet, in which I was forth grown
 and more kindly come have I to that place,
 than to any other in yeth, as every kindly
 creature hath full appetite to that place of
 his kindly engendring, and to wile rest and
 peace in that stede to abyde: —

denre

seditions one — they embolded the passive, to
 take in the actives doing. —

— for consente of two lutes
 alone, maketh the fastening of the knot, —

"So oft must menne
 on the oke smite, till the happie dent have
 cut ^{red} ~~cut~~, which ^{with} the oke owne swain, maketh it
 to come all at one."

He puts the praise of himself into the mouth of "Love" —

"in goodness of gentler manly speech,
without any manner of mistie of storiens imagination,
in wit and in good reason of sentences,
he passeth all other makers" — he had before
and the expression "the noble philosophical poets," —

End of Works Known to be Chaucer's.

Chaucer's poem the Pardoner's Tale only
represents the visible — but poetry about the
invisible, and of course, what it appears
to the mind. See, for the following.

Three riotous companions
goe 'search of death & kill him, They meet with an old man
whom they reproach with his age, and ask why he does not die,
& which he answers them!

"He telleth, alas! he will not have my life.

Thus walke I like a restless catiff,

And on the ground, which is my mothers gate,

I knocke with my staf, which endeth late,

And my O here, Love mother, let me in,

So how I vanish, flesh and blood and skin,

Alas! when shall my bones ben at reste?

Mother, with thy wolle I change my cheste,

That in my chambre longe tyme hath be,

Ye, for an heven cloute to wrap in me,

But yett to me she will not don that grace,

For which ful pale and welked is my face.

"They then take the old man where they shall find out
death & kill him, and he sends them on an errand which endeth
in the death of all three. He hears no more of them, but
it is death that they have encountered!"

Under the head of poems imputed to Ch.
 is one called "The Flowre of Courtesie" - at-
 tributed to John Lidgate by some -
 The whole is somewhat better than the
 "story of Phoebe" that it may well be doubted
 if Lidgate wrote it.

In it occurs -

Flowre of 80.

— For every vertue is in her at rest:—

— Gretefull also of tongues that ben large

— For bounty and beauty are together knit
 In her person,

— Wherefore to you, thus I me excuse,
 That I acquainted am not with so muse.

X

X

"Then cometh the Flowre of Courtesie, and here-
 after followeth how Pety is dead, and buried
 in a gentle herte"

X

X

But yet enclareth me this wonder new,
 That no wight wote that she is dead but I,
 As many men as in her time her knew,
 And yet she died so suddenly,
 For I have sought her ever full busily,
 With I had first wit or mind,
 But she was dead, to whom shall we complain.

X

X

La Belle Dame Sans Merci
Translated

Heaving music in a garden near him —
— with that and I went me backer more,
My selfe and I, me thought we were inow, —

He sees me and a feast smitten with love for
a lady.

But his desire farre passed his reason,
For ever his eye went after his intent,
Full many a time, when it was no season.

Other there were, that served in the hall,
But none like him, —

His herte was nothing in his own demaine.

A garnison she was of all goodlikenesse,
To make a frontier for a lovers herte,
~~Right young and fresh a~~

He moved sore to conquer his desire,
For no man may to more pennance be brought
Than in his heart to bring him to the fire.

L'Amant.

There may none make the peace, but only ye,
Which are the ground and cause of all this war,
For with your eyes the letters written be,
By which I am defied and put afarre.
Your pleasure looks, my very Godstarve,
Which made the herand of thilke same defiaunce.

Chems. Impetus & Co.

I a Dame

To live in' we he hath great fantasie,
 And of his herte also stiffer hold,
 That only for beholding of an eie,
 Cannot abide in peace, or reason would:
 Other or me, if ye list ye may behold,
 Our eien are made to look, why shold we spare,
 I take no keepe neither of yong ne old,
 Who feeleth most, I counsaile him beware.

I a Dame

And if so he come hurt so grievously,
 Some harm it were one sorowful than twain.

X X
so

Question constrained, a gift done Thankfully,
 These twain can never accord, nor never shall.

so

To him that loseth honour and noblesse,
 Whom none other should not be await,
 For of his owne so much hath he the lesse,
 That of other much followeth the conceit.

X

so

He hath in herte full fell, that list to make
 A gift lightly, that put is to refuse, —

I' Brant

That is great dymors and discomfort,
 To keepe a herte in so strait a prison,
 That hath but one body for his disport.

¶ The Conclusion ¶ The Translator says
 So litle book, God send thee good passage,
 Chase well thy way, be simple of manere,
 Sooke thy clothing be like thy pilgremage, —

The Lamentation of Mary Magdalen.
Taken out of S. Oigen—

His blessed face, if I might see and find
Search I would every coast and country,
The farthest part of Egypt or hote Indes,
Shoulde be to me a litle journey,—

Into wilderness I thinke best to go,
With I can no more tydings of him here,
There may I my life lede to and fro,
There may I dwell, and to no man afere,
To towne ne village wold I come nere,
Alone in woods, in rockes, and in caves deep,
I may at mine own wil both waile and weep.

Worldly foode and sustenance I desire none,
Such living as I find rock wold I take,
Rootes that growen on the craggy stone,
Shall me suffice with water of the lake—

The Prologue to the Plowman
has some life in it. It begins—

The Plowman plucked up his plowe
When midsummer mone was comen in,
And said his bestes shoulde ste inowe,
And lye in grasse up to the chin:
Thei ben felle both ore and cowe,
Of hem n'is left but bone and skine;
He shoke of there and coultter off drowe,
And houged his harnis on a pine.

Men might have seene through both his chekes,
And every way to the where it out.

He has not eye in cloister pent,
 Ne count the religious like Court;

"Nix Hote," (quod he) "I am an hine,
 For I am wout to go to plow,
 And come my mate yet that I dine."

In the Tale occurs
 What knoweth a tillowre at the plow
 The pop's name, and what he hate?

What I have earned is mine: I've had my thoughts
 And sure the muses noble truths have taught.
Bootes ap. Plutarch

The Discontented Satyre
 written by Thomas Lodge, Gent.
 (born 1556 died 1625)

Such times as from her mother's tender lap
 The night arose, guarded with gentle winds:
 And with her precious dew refresh'd the roof
 Of bloome and barkes (whilest that her mantle
 The Vaile of heauen) and every bird was still, ^{blinde}
 Save Philonote, that did laments her ill.

When in the west Orion lift aloft
 His starrie crest, and mild upon the winds:
 And Cynthia, scarcely bright (whose eie full oft
 Had watcht her love) with radiant light begins
 To pierce the vaile of silence with her beames,
 Sporting with wanton cleere or Ocean streames.

When little winds in beating of their wings,
 Did wake the eies to leave their wonted wake,
 And all was busk'd save Zephyrus, that rings
 With lowly breathings for the sea-nymphs sake:
 My watchfull griefes perplext my munde so
 That forth I walt my sorrows to deplore.

The looly season that resembled well
 My drooping heart, gave life to my lament:
 Each winckling lamp that in the corners hid dull
 Can not be cur'd to hearken more content:
 Forth went I still devising on my fears
 Distinguishing each footstep with a steare.
 And so on forth stanzas.

Among the advantages of Dissimulation
 he mentions —

The schoolman that with headless flourish writes
 Repines his fault, if thou detect his vice:
 And then again with wonder he admires
 Such sweet & venturous lines as never die:

— + — + — + — + — + — +

Among some verses of "The Poem of the Country Life"
 Of the

And naught but true delight acquaint him
 where he goes.

My sweet and tender flock (my faithful
 field companions)

In those "Commendation of a Solitary Life"

X X X
 I see when a cave presents itself to eye
 On Nature's hand enforst in marble veins;
 Where climbing cedars with their shades deny
 The eye of day to see what there remains:
 X X

At peep of day, when in her crimson pride,
 The morn' leopard with roses all the waie
 When Phoebus' coach with radiant course must
 The hermit leads his humble knees to pray; glide,
 Pleading that God, whose bounty did bestow
 Such beauties on the earthly things below.

Whether with volace tripping on the trees,
 He sees the citizens of forest sport,
 Or midst the withered oaks beholds the bees
 Intent their labor with a kinde consort:

Doone drop his tears, & think how they agree,
When men alone with hate inflamed see.

+ End

* The Thrushes seek the shade;
And I my fatal grave;
Their flight to heaven is made
My walk on earth I hate:
O ye, free, I thank: they jolly,
I sad and pensive wholly.

The following from Lodge's "Euphues"

Montanus's Trance.
Grown upon the Bough of a Tall Beech Tree.

First shall the heavens want starry light,
The sea be robbed of their waves:
The day want sunne, and sunne want light,
The night want shade, the dead men's graves.
The Wind, flowers and leafe and tree,
Before I falow my faith & thee.

First shall the top of highest hill
On humble plains be overpride:
And poete scorn the illused quide,
And fish forsake the water glide;
And Iris loose her coloured weed,
Before I fail thee at thy need.

First darfull hate shall turn to peace,
And Love relent in deepe disdain;
And death his fatal stroke shall cease,
And every pittie every paine,

And pleasure mourn, and sorrow smile,
Before I take of any guile.

First time shall stay his stayless race,
And winter blame his browes with come:
And snow benoiten Julius' face,
And winter, spring, and summer moun,
Before my pen by helpe of fame,
Can I write thy sacred name.
End.

The ploughman little wote to turn the pen,
Or bookman staid to guide the ploughman's cart,
Nor can the cobbler count the leames of art,
Nor base men judge the thoughts of mighty men.
Euphuus

On Rosalynde's Description

X
Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
Refining heaven by every stroke:
The gods do feare when as they glow,
And I doe tremble when I thinke.

X
Her necke like to a stately tower,
Where ^{under} Love himselfe imprisoned lies
To catch for glances every houre,
From her divine and sacred eyes,
Euphuus

The Lark and the Peasants
has their vote

The Lark having determined not to
more her young until morn'g oblige
you to get them food.

— Thus says she vanishes herself
Upon her longest toe,
And mounted up into the skies
Till ringing as she flew.

She does not regard what her young may
tell her on the return.

— True, friends are hard to find,
True friendship still appears:
A man may miss to have a friend,
That live old Nestor's years.

— And means ^{come} come by the tuft
That grow upon my crown,
If all his help be in his friends,
His come shall not go down.

She has no more respect for kindred
but says

I must go furnish up
A nest I have begun,
And will return and bring ye mate
As soon as it is done

Then up she clam the clowdes
With such a lusty say,
That it rejoices her younglings hearts
As in their nest they lay!

And much they did commend
 Their mothers left gate,
 And thought it long till time had brought
 Them selves to such estate.

But in the midst of all they hear the
 farmer say -

My self will have it done,
 Since needs it must be so,
 For proof hath taught me too much wit
 To trust is any mo.

Who gives me closing words,
 And payes me at my needs,
 Stay in my Pates Notes be
 But never in my Breeds. —

By Arthur Boar or Boucher.
 or Bower

From "Old Ballads, from early printed copies
 of the utmost rarity" — Edited by J.
 Payne Collier q. v. also "Early Naval
 Ballads of England" Ed. by J. O. Halliwell.

When the Shepherds sawed Mer-
 idonius from the waves he appeared so
 beautiful that one would think "Though
 he were naked, nakedness was to him an
 apparel." In P. Sidney's Arcadia

2. The Continuation of the Arcadia
 by R. B. "This epistle, on
 Leucade and Persides

Love, beauty, valour, when their death draught
 Confronted long, where they should buried lie:
 At length, with one consent, they hasten'd
 And chose this place to be interr'd together.

Sleep

Come Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
 The baiting place of wit, the balon of woe,
 The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
 The indifferent judge between the high and low.
 Sidney's Sonnets.

Deaf-way, since you my chief Parnassus be,
 And that my illuse (to some ears not unsweet)
 Tempers her words to trampling horses' feet
 More apt than to a chamber melody;
 This.

Percy's Reginus —

The Ancient Ballad of Henry Chase

It's a legitimate ballad; there is a certain
 senourmen about it which recommends it.
 Of them who come with Daugles

He wear twenty hondrith spear-men good
 Withoute any paye;
 He wear bore a-long be the water a Tynge,
 With boundes of Tiribale.

He Perse Canyde on his brande,
 And sawe the Douglas de;
 He tooke the dede in to the hande,
 And sayd, Mo-ye for the!

He took 'in' a other hande,
 Be the light off the mone;
 Many hade no strenght for to stande,
 In Chyriat the byllys aboun.

Off the age of Percy & H. Percy.

For Canline — a Percy's M.S.

One while he spred his armes hem'for,
 One while he spred them mye;
 And saye! but I winne that ladyes love,
 For hole now I man dye.

Fortune and Ladye Christabelle smile on
 him at last —

Ingden's
Sigs'munda
& Guicard.

"But as streams are short of all and good,
And tide at highest mark regorge their flood;
So fate, that could no more improve their joy,
Took a malicious pleasure to destroy."

She is quoted as like the following in the ballad.

Ere long white will have its blacker,
And er long sweet to sorrow;
Oh founder, ^{thy} Lady Christabelle
In an untimely hour.

X

X

Flour Christabelle, that lady bright,
Was had forth of the town;
But ever she droopeth in her mind,
As night by an angentle wind
Doth some fair lilye flower.

X

X

Sir Patrick Spence
A Scottish Ballad

The king sits in Drimfeling tower,
Drinking the blude-red wine;
O ye har with I get guid sailer,
O wad sail this schip of mine?

Up and spak an eldoun kensicht,
Sat at the king's right knee:
Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailer,
I wad sail upon the sea.

The king has written a braid letter,
And sign'd it wi' his hand;
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,
Was sitting on the sand.

then on
patent

The first line That Sir Patrick red,
A loud laugh laughed he:

The next line That Sir Patrick red,
The tear blinded his ee.

O gutha in 'thi has don thi deid,
Thi ill deid don come;

To send me out thi time o' the sea,
To sail upon the se?

Make hast, make haste, my merry men all,
Our guid ship sail the moone.

I say, na sae, my master deir,
For I fear a deadlie storme.

Late late yestern I saw the new moone
He' the auld moone in 'his arme;
And I fear, I fear, my deir master,
That we will com to harme.

O our Scots nobles we richt leith
To weit their cork-keild schoone;
But lang owre a' the play we played,
Thair hat they swam aboone.

O lang, lang, may thair ladies sit
Wi' thair fans into their hand,
Or ev' they se Sir Patrick Spence
Cum sailing to the land.

O lang, lang, may the ladies stand
Wi' thair gold keens in their hand,
Waiting for thair an' deir lords,
For they'll se thame na mair.

History of this not known.

How rare, have rare to Aberdeen,
9th Light fadom deep:
And thair was guid Sir Patrick Spence,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet. And.

Edom o' Gordon.

When Edom o' Gordon is to find o' the
 "House a' the Rodes", in the absence o' the Lord,
 The mother says o' her child —

I had gie a' my gowd, my childie,
 The wald I ad my fee,
 For aye blast o' the western wind,
 To blaw the reek frae thee.

My muse doth not delight
 Me, as she did before;
 My hand and pen are not in flight,
 As they have been o' yore.

O the Aged Lovers Remembrance Love
 Attributes o' Lord Vaux.

"King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid,"
 — a story often alluded to by our old dramatic
 writers.

When he
 was made
 queen.

And she behaved kindly that day,
 As if she had never walked the way;
 She had forgot her gown o' gold,
 Which she did wear o' late.
 The proverb old is come to pass,
 The priest, when he begins his mass,
 Forgets that ever clerke he was;
 He knowth not his estate.

Their farms did round so passingly
 That it did pierce the starny sky,
 And throughout all the world did flye
 To every province realme

Perg

Take Thy Old Cloak about thee —"a rather natural and witty piece — quoted
by Shakespeare.

Just two and twenty of my rones were slain
 Before we did returne to Rome againe:
 Of five-and-twenty rones, I brought but three
 Alive, the stately towers of Rome to see.

Titus Andronicus's Complaint.
 Not known whether this or Shakespeare's
 play is the original.

Death's Final Conquest.

The glories of our birth and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things;
 There is no armour against fate:

Death (as he's hands on kings:
 Scepter and crown
 Must tumble down,
 And, in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
 But their strong nerves at last must yield;
 They leave but one another still,
 Early or late

They stoop to fate,
 And must give up their murmuring breath,
 When they pale captives creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds:
 Upon death's simple altar now
 See where the victor victim bleeds:

All heads, must come
 To the cold tomb,
 Only the actions of the just
 Shall sweet, and blossom on the dust.
 "Originally intended for a solemn
 funeral song, in a play of James Shirley,
 — said to have been a favorite song with
 K. Charles II."

One while the little foot-page went,
 And another while he ran;
 Until he came to his journey's end
 The little foot-page never blam.
 The Rising in the North
 which took place in 1569.

The poor old couple wish'd their bread
 Were meat, their wine were perry,
 Their bacon beefe, their milk and curds
 Were cream, to make him merry.
 The Patient Countess
 from W. Warner's Albion's England

My noble love & heaven both climb,
 And there behold beauty still young,
 That time can never corrupt, nor death destroy,
 Immortal sweetnes by fair angel sung,
 And honoured by eternity and glory.
 There live my love, thither my hopes aspiring
 Fond love declined, this heavenly love grows higher.
 The Fairchild to Love
 Beaumont & Fletcher

Percy

Whores

Delicious nymph, suppose thou wert
 Not honor, nor report,
 Yet mankind would come to waste
 The time in idle sports
 For toys doth give a better touch
 To make us feel our joy;
 And ease finds tediousness, as much
 As labour yields annoy.

Whores and the Town
by Daniel.

^{2.5}
 Who may distrust them directly,
 For in their tedious day,
 And ease may have variety,
 As well as action may.

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Minifreda

What tho' no grants of royal donors
 With pompous titles grace our blood;
 We'll shine in more substantial honors,
 And to be noble we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
 Will smelt round where'er 'tis spoke:
 And all the great ones, they shall wonder
 How they respect such little folk.

What though from fortune's Carick bough
 No mighty treasures we possess;
 We'll find within our pittance plenty,
 And be content without excess.

Still shall each returning season
 Suffice for our idle give;
 For we will live a life of reason,
 And that's the only life to live.

B. 57

x

x

printed 1726.

Meanzor and Zayda,
A Moorish Tale,
Translated from the Spanish. { Perry

Softly blow the evening breezes,
Softly fall the dews of night;
Gentle walk the Moor Meanzor,
Shunning even glare of light.

At your palace live, fair Zaida,
Whom he loves with flame & pure:
Doubtless she of Moorish ladies,
Is a young and noble Moor.

Lovely seems the moon's fair luster
To the lost beighted swain,
When all silvery bright she rises,
Gilding mountain, grove, and plain.

Lovely seems the sun's full glory
To the fainting wanderer's eye,
When some horrid storm dispersing
Leaves the wave in radiance free.

But a thousand times more lovely
To her longing lover's sight
Seeks half seen the beauteous maiden
Through the glimmerings of the night,

Yet turn again, thou faire damsel,
And greet the guest from me:
When bade is at best, bode is next,
None helps enough may be.
Sir Aldinger.

Gentle River, Gentle River.
Trans. from the Spanish.

Gentle River, gentle river,
So, thy streams are stain'd with gore,
O'er a brave and noble captain
Floats along thy willow'd shore.

All beside thy limpid waters,
All beside thy sands so bright,
Moorish chiefs and Christian warriors
Join'd in fierce and mortal fight.

Arms, and dukes, and noble princes
On thy fatal banks were slain:
Fatal banks that gave to Haughton
All the pride and flower of Spain.

Here the hero, brave Alvaro
Full of wounds and glory died:
Here the fearless Urdiales
Fell a victim by his side.

So! here yonder Don Saavedra
Thro' their squadrons slow retired;
Proud Seville, his native city,
Proud Seville his worth admired.

(6.5.)

With a thousand Moors surrounded,
Brave Saavedra stands at bay;
Wounded but never daunted,
Cold at length the warrior lay.

Near him fighting great Alvaro
Stout resist the Pagan bands;
From his haughtiest steed dismounted
Firm stretched behind him stands.

Furious press the hostile squadron,
 Furious he repels their rage:
 Son of blood at length avenger:
 Who can war with thousand rage!

Where you rock the plain: o'er shadows,
 Glow beneath its foot & stir'd,
 Flaming run to the bleeding hero,
 And without a groan expire.

end of Translation

Yet take good heed; for ever I drede
 That ye could not stayne
 The thornie wayes, the deepe valleys,
 The snowe, the frost, the rayne,
 The colde, the hete: for dry, or wete,
 We must ledge on the playne;
 And, as above, none other rofe
 But a brake bush, or wayne.
 Which some sholde greve you, I beleve;
 And ye wolde gladly Ran
 That I had to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a bangshed man.

The Not-Browne Mayd.

The woldest never to vertue aspye,
 But coultid ever to chymme to hye,
 And nowe haste thou trodden in shoo awaye..

The Thomas Lord Cromwell 1540
 Beheaded.

— his reverend looks
 In comely curls did wave;
 And on his aged temples grew
 The blossomes of the grove.
 Scrap from the Beggars Bangle of Bednall-Green.

Percy.

Gentle Herdsman, Tell to me.

Dialogue between a pilgrim & Herdsman.

Gentle Herdsman, tell to me,
 Of courtesy I thee pray,
 Unto the toun of Walsingham
 Which is the right and ready way.

"Unto the toun of Walsingham
 The way is hard for the goer;
 And very crooked are those pathes
 For you to find out all alone."

Where the miles doubled thise,
 And the way never so ill,
 It were not enough for mine offence,
 It is so grievous and so ill.

"Thy yeeres are young, thy face is faire,
 Thy witte are wake, thy thought are grave;
 Time hath not given thee leave or gett;
 For to commit so great a sinne."

Yes, herdsman, yes, so woldest thou say,
 If thou knewest so much as I;
 My witte, and thought, and all the rest,
 Have well deserved for to dye.

He gott him to a secrett place,
 And there he dyed without relieffe.

Then every day I fast and pray,
 And ever with doe till I dye;
 And gett me to some secrett place,
 For soe did he, and soe will I.

Now gentle herdsman, aske no more,
 But keepe my secrett I thee pray:

Unto the town of Malborough
Show me the right and ready way.

"Now goe thy wayes, and God before!

For he must ever guide thee still:

Turne downe that dale, the right hand path,
And see, faire pilgrim, face the west!"

partly paraphrased by Goldsmith in 'Ed. & Emma

"King Ed. IV. and the Tanner of Danforth.
Now a story of great fame among our minstrels."
It begins

In summer time, when leaves grow greene,
And blossoms bedeck the tree,
King Edward holds a hunting ryde,
In some pasture for a see.

With hawke and hounde he made him boone,
With horne, and che with bowe;
To Brayton Baret he tooke his waye,
With all his lodes a roe.

He proposes to change horses with the tanner

"Yea, sir, but Porrooke is gentle and mild,
And softly she will fare:

My horse is unruly and wild, I wis;
Bye skipping here and there?"

quoted in 1589 as
a fact

Dear

As ye came from the holy land,
Of blessed Madrigal,
I met you not with my true love
As of the way ye came?

"Now shall I know your true love,
That have met many a one,
As I came from the holy land,
That have both come, and gone?"

My love is 'neath a white, not brown,
As in the heaven's fair;
There is none hath her form divine,
Ere in earth, or air.

"Such an one did I meet, good wif,
With an angelic face;
Who like a nymph, a queen appeared,
Both in her gait, her grace."

Yes: she hath deem'd forsaken me,
And left me all alone;
Who some time loved me as her life,
And called me her own.

"What is the cause she leaves thee thus,
And a new way doth take,
That sometimes loved thee as her life,
And the way ye did make?"

I that loved her all my youth,
Grown old now as you see;
Love hath not the falling fruit,
Nor yet the withered tree.

As ye came from the holy land.

Dialogue between a pilgrim and a traveler.
"The copy before was communicated to the Editor by the late
author. It was then corrected by him from an ancient
copy, and supplied with a concluding stanza"
"a very popular" and refined of Raleigh.

"For love is like a cardene child,
 Forgetting promise fast;
 He is blind or deaf, where he list;
 His faith is never fast.

His fond desire is fickle found,
 And yields a trustless joy;
 None with a world of toil and care,
 And last even with a toy.

Next is "The Love of woman kinde,
 A Love, fair name alway,
 Beneath which many raine desires,
 And follies are enshide.

"But true love is a lasting fire,
 Which neither verities tend,
 That burns forever in the soule,
 And knows no change, nor end."

quoted by Fletcher

The celebrated ballad of "Burdgkente"
 A Scottish fragment "first edited in 1719 a 'im-
 proved & more 'most of its beauties (if not its whole
 existence) to the pen of a lady" of the last century.
 It begins:

"Stalch, stalch he cast the war,
 And stalch, stalch he cast,"

The Scottish King sends for on
 here for assistance against the King of France.

The little page flew swift as dart
 Flung by his master's arm,
 "Come down, come down, Lord Burdgkente,
 And aid your King frae harm."

He 'son o' a' manly sport and glee,

Persy.

224

Nod fast that summer morn,
Men low down in a grassy dale,
They heard their father's horn.
That horn, yes! they, ne'er mends a ~~peace~~ peace,
We've other sport & hide.
And now they hid them up the hill,
And now were at his side.

x

x

Make rivers & burn that ran'd
O'er vaults upon the rocks;
Your branch, show your veins are fill'd
With Galatian blude."

x

x

Victorian Men of Earth.

Victorian men of earth, no more
Proclaim how wide your empire are:
Though you hide in every shore,
And your triumphs reach as far
As night or day;
Yet you speak to marvels must they,
And mingle with forgotten as they, when
Death calls you to the crowd of common men.

13 >

From a masque by James Shirley
presented in 1653.

O he, she a shepherd: with the sun
He doth his flocks unfold,
And all the day, or till he please
He merrie chat can hold.

x

x

Will not I, with thy way, that way
More quiet nights and daies
The shepherd keeps and watches, than he

Whom cattle do not graze.

Believe me, I am, a King's 'but
A man, and so am I;
Content in 'robbt a monarchie.
And mischief, but the King;

Argentine and Curan by W. Warner.

You measure beauties of the night,
That surely satisfy our eyes
More by your winter than your light;
You count a people of the skies,
What are you when the moon shall rise?
H. Wotton.

Loyalty Unforgotten.
'preserved in David Lloyd's 'Memories of the
that suffered in the cause of Charles I.' 1668
"on the composition of a worthy personage"
tradition says in Roger P. Estange — the
suffered the.

Great on proud billows, Over a blow;
Swell, curled waves, 'till as Iove's roof;
Upon 'incivility' doth show,
That innocence is 'tempest proof';
I thought not, 'till now, my thoughts are calm;
I have 'trike, Affliction, for thy wounds are calm.

That which the world miscalls a jail,
A private closet in 'tome;
Whilst a good companion is in bail,
And innocence my liberty;
Locks, bars, and solitude, together met,
Make me no prisoner, but an anchorit.

Play.

I whilst I with the retired,
Into this private room was turn'd;
Or if their widows had conspired
The salaried should be burnt;
Or like those republics, that would doom a foe,
I am constrained to suffer what I wish.

The Greek loves his poverty;
The Persian her wilderness;
And 'tis the Indian's pride to
Staked on frozen Caucasus:
Contentment cannot exact, Strife, we see
Makes torrents ebb to their apathy.

These manacles upon my arm
I, as my mistress' favours, wear;
Not for to keep my ankles warm,
I have some iron shackles there:
These walls are but my garrison; The cells,
Which men call jail, doth prove my citadel.

I'm in the cabinet lock'd up,
Like some high-prized orange-tree,
Or, like the great mogul or pope,
Am lock'd up from publick sight:
Retirement is a piece of majesty;
And thus proud Sultan, I'm a great-ness.

Here sin for want of food must starve,
Where tempting objects are not seen
And these strong walls do my senses
To keep me out, and keep me in:
Masters of late is grown charitable men,
I'm not committed, but am kept secure.

No he that stands at Jason's life,
Thinking to have made his purpose sure,
By a malicious friendly knife

Did not would him: & cure: 227
Noble, I see, want not; for what is meant
Mischief oft time prove favour & merit.

When once my private affliction hath,
Prosperity doth treason seem;
And to make smooth so rough a path,
I can leave patience from him;
Now not to suffer shows in loyal heart,
When kings want ease subjects must leave part.

That though I cannot see my king
Neither in person or in coin;
Yet contemplation is a thing
That renders what I have not, mine:
My king, for me what adamant can part,
Whom I do wear engraven in my heart?

Have you not seen the nightingale,
A prisoner like, cooped in a cage,
How doth she lament her wanted tale
In that her narrow hermitage?
Even then her charming melody doth prove,
That all her bars are ties, her cage a groove.

I am that bird whom thy combine
Thou dost keep in of liberty;
But though thou do me cooped confine,
Yet I manage hate my soul is free:
And though imprisoned, yet can I chide, and sing
Disgrace to thee, glory to my king.

My soul is free, in ambient air,
Although my baser part is inward,
Whilst loyal thought do still repair
To accompany my solitude:
Although rebellion do my body binds,
My king alone can captivate my mind.

Percy

My Lord Barnard shall know of this;
 Although I lose a Limb.
 And even when the bridges were broken,
 He layt him down & swam.
 Little Chapman and Lady Barnard.
 quoted in 1813

But when he came to the bride's side,
 She sett her breast and ranne;
 And then she was got out againe,
 She took her heels and ranne.
 The Knight & the Shepherd's Daughter
 line of D. Elia.

Fair Margaret died to day, to day,
 Next William died the morrow;
 Fair Margaret dy'd for pure true love,
 Next William dy'd for sorrow.

Margaret was buried in the lower church,
 And William in the higher;
 Out of her breast then sprang a rose,
 And out of his a briar.

They grew till they grew unto the church top,
 And the bay could grow no higher;
 And thus they tyed in a true lover's knot,
 Which made all the people admire.

Fair Margaret and Next William
 quoted by Fletcher.

I could not love thee, deare, so much,
 Lov'd I not honour more.
 Lordaune.

At length restor'd to life and sense
 No midnight sudden woe,
 No future joy his heart could taste,
 No future comfort know.

As wither on the mountain top
 A fair and stately oak,
 Whose vigorous arms are loose away
 By some rude thunder stroke.

The Priests of St. George
 Eli. & James

Love will find out the way,
 Ancient but from a modern copy,

Over the mountains,
 And over the waves;
 Under the fountains,
 And under the graves;
 Under floods that are deepest,
 Which Neptune stays;
 On rocks that are steepest,
 Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
 For the floor-worn shoe;
 Where there is no space
 For receipt of a fly;
 Where the bridge dares not venture,
 Lest he self-fall the way;
 If love come, he will enter,
 And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him
 A child for his night;
 Or you may deem him
 A coward from his flight;
 But if she, whom love doth honour,

Percy

He concealed from the day,
Set a thousand guarts upon her,
Love will find out the way.

Some think & love him,
Or having him confid;
And some do suppose him,
Poor thing, & be blind;
But if you so close ye with him,
Do the best that you may,
Blind love if ye call him,
Will find out his way.

You may train the eagle
To stoop to your fold;
Or you may mingle
The phoenix of the east;
The lioness ye may move her
To give over her prey;
But you'll never stop a lover
He will find out his way.

Unfading Beauty - T. Carew.

Hee, that looks a rose cheeks,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuels to maintain his fires,
Or old time makes these decay,
To his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires,
Where these are not I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

X.

X omitted by Percy

Tree's' limpid current soon they pass,
 And range the borders round;
 Down the green slopes of Tiviotdale
 Their bogle-homes resound.

The Hermit of Markeworth
 } Perg.

Robert 'Good-Fellow'
 attributed Johnson

From Oberon, a 'fairie' Card,
 The king of forest and shadow is there,
 And Robin I at his commands,
 Am sent to view the night-spot here.
 What rattle rout
 I kept about,
 I. every corner where I go,
 I will stir up,
 And merry be,
 And make the good 'foll', with ho, ho, ho!

More swift than lightning can I flye,
 About the air, wotkin' rooves,
 And, in a minute space, descrye
 Each thing that's done below the moon,
 There's not a bag
 Or ghost dark way,
 Or any ware Goblins! where I go,
 But Robin I
 Their feat will spy,
 And send them home, with ho, ho, ho!

Merlin and cardinals I meet,
 As from their night-spot they trudge home;
 With counterfeiting voice I greet,
 And call them on with me to come.
 Thro' woods, thro' lakes,
 Thro' bogs, thro' brakes;

Or else unreason, with them I go,
 All in the niche
 To play some tricks
 And frolicke it, with ho, ho, ho!

Sometimes I meet them like a man;
 Sometimes an ox, sometimes, a hound;
 And to a horse I turn me can;
 To trip and trot about their round.
 Punt up, & side,
 My backe they stride,
 & how swift they wide away I go,
 O'er hedge and land,
 Thro' pool and pond
 I whirring, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When laden and laden merry be,
 With pome and with yemcate fine;
 Unware of all the company,
 I eat their cakes & sip their wine;
 And to make sport,
 I . . . and sport;
 And in the candle, I do blow
 The maid I kiss;
 They shriek—Who's this?
 I answer rough, but ho, ho, ho!

Yet now an then, the maid to please,
 At midnight I card up their wool;
 And while they sleep, and take their ease,
 With wheel & treadle their flax I pull.
 I grind at mill
 Their malt up still;
 I dress their hen, I spin their tow
 If any 'lake
 And could you take,
 I send you, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When house or hatch doth shuttish be,
 I pick the maine black and blue;
 The bed-clothes from the bedd pull I
 And lay them naked all to view.
 'Tis it sleeps and wakes,
 I do them take,
 And on the key-cold floor them throw.
 Off out they cry,
 After for us I fly,
 As loudly laugh out, ho, ho, ho!

When any need to borrow ought,
 We lend them what they do require.
 And for the one demand we sought,
 The one is all we do desire.
 If to repay,
 They do delay,
 Abroad amongst them then I go,
 And night by night,
 I then aspipe
 With pinching, darnings, and ho, ho, ho!

When Carrie queans have sought to do,
 But staid, how to cog and lie;
 To make debate and mischief too,
 'Tis it one another secretly:
 I make their glaze,
 And it disclose,
 To them whom they have wronged so,
 As I have done,
 I get me gone,
 And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho!

When men do traps and engines set
 & loope hole, when the vermin creep,
 Who from their folds and houses, get
 Their ducks and geese, and lambs and sheep,
 I spy the gin;

And later on,
 And scene a scene taken so;
 But when they then
 Approach me near,
 I leap and laughing, 'ho, ho, ho!
 for the last time
 v. no. 1.

The Brae of Yarrow

Now our strategy comes recommended from the lips of John Milton Raleigh.

"And certainly it cannot be doubted, but the stars are instruments of far greater use, than to give an obscure light, and for our eyes on after sunset; it being manifest, that the diversity of seasons, the winters, and summers, more hot and cold, are not so uncertainly by the sun and moon alone, who always keep one and the same course; but that the stars have also their working therein.

And if we cannot deny, but that God hath given virtues to spring and fountains, to cold earth, to plants and stones, minerals, and to the several parts of the basest living creatures, why should we not the beautiful stars of their working powers? for seeing they are many in number, and of various beauty and magnitude, we may not think, that in the treasury of his wisdom, who is infinite, there can be wanting (even for every star) a peculiar virtue and operation; as every herb, plant, fruit, and flower adorning the face of the earth, hath the like. For as these were not created to beautify the earth alone, and to cover and shadow her dusty face, but otherwise for the use of man and beast, to feed them and cure them; so were not these innumerable glorious bodies set in the firmament, to one other end, than to adorn it; but for instruments, and organs of his divine Providence, so far as it hath pleased his just will to determine. I might upon this place of Genesis, set down the light in the firmament, &c. affirmeth, that the stars are not causes (meaning per se, or binding causes) but are as open books, wherein are contained and set down all things whatsoever to come; but not to be read by the eyes of human wisdom: which latter part I

believe well, and thus saying of *Azraels* withal:
 That there are hid yet greater things than these be,
 and we have seen but a few of his works. And though,
 for the capacity of men, we know somewhat, yet
 in the true and uttermost virtue of herbs and plants,
 which our selves sow and set, and which grow under
 our feet, we are in effect ignorant; much
 more in the powers and working of celestial bodies:

x x x But in the question of fate, the
 middle course is to be followed, that as with the
 heathen we do not bind God to his creatures; as on
 the contrary, we do not rob those beautiful
 of their powers and offices. x x x And

that they wholly divert the reasonless mind, I
 am resolved: For all those which were created
 mortal, as birds, beasts and the like, are left
 to their natural appetites; on all which,
 celestial bodies (as instruments and executioners
 of God's providence) have absolute dominion.

x x and S. Augustine. *Deus regit inferiora
 corpora per superiora*, God ruleth the bodies below
 by those above:

It was therefore truly affirmed, *Sapientis admirabitur
 opus astrorum, quemadmodum agricola terrae na-
 turam*; A wise man admitteth the work of the stars,
 as the husbandman helpeth the nature of the soil.

x x x Lastly, we ought all to know,
 that God created the stars, as he did the
 rest of the universal; whose influences may
 be called his reserved and unwritten laws.

x x But it was well said of *Ptolemy* that
 the stars are significant, but not efficient,
 giving them yet something less than their due:
 and therefore we do not consent with them, who
 would make those glorious creatures of God ridiculous:
 so I think that we derogate from his eternal
 and absolute power and providence, to ascribe
 to them the same dominion over our sin-

mortal souls, which they have over all bodily sub-
 stances, and perishable natures: for the souls of men
 loving and fearing God, receive influence from that
 divine light itself, whence the suns clarity, and
 that of the stars, is by Plato called but a shadow.
Lumen est umbra Dei, Deus est Cumen Cumenis;
 Light is the shadow of Gods' brightness, who is the light
 of light: " *quodammodo* " Oracles 2. of Pantheon

The following is from the Pantheon, 1. of Pantheon.
 " The fire which the Chaldeans ascribe
 for a god, is crept into every man's chimney, which
 the lack of food starveth, water quencheth, and
 want of air suffoceth: Juno is no more vexed
 with Juno's jealousies; Death hath persuaded him
 to chastity, and her to patience; and that time
 which hath devoured it self, hath also eaten
 up both the bodies and images of him and his:
 yea their stately temple of stone and durable
 Marble. The houses and sumptuous buildings
 erected to Baal, can no when be found upon
 the earth, nor any monument of that glorious
 temple consecrated to Diana. There are some now
 in Phoenicia that lament the death of Adonis;
 nor any in Syria, Crete, Thracia, or elsewhere,
 that can ask counsel or help from Jupiter.
 The great god Pan hath broken in pipes,
 Apollo's priests are become speechless, and the
 trade of riddles in Oracles with the Oracle telling
 men's fortunes thence, is taken up by counterfeit
 Egyptians, and concealing Astrologers."

— "The long day of man kind drawing
 fast towards an evening, and the world's tragedy and
 time near at an end."

" Now he understood of the death of Mem-
non, Darius' Lieutenant, which heartened him
greatly & spun on towards him; for of the
only Captain he had more respect than
of all the multitude of Darius' assembled,
and of all the commanders he had besides.
For so much hath the spirit of some one
man excelled, as it hath undertaken and
effected the alteration of the greatest states
and commonwealths, the erection of monarchies,
the conquest of kingdoms and empires, guided
handfuls of men against multitudes of equal
bodily strength, contrived victories beyond all hope
and discourse of of reason, converted the fear-
ful permission of his own followers into mag-
nanimity, and the valor of his enemies
into cowardice; such spirits have been stirred
up in many ages of the world, and in diverse
parts thereof, to erect and cast down again,
to establish and to destroy, and to bring all
things, persons and states to the same certain
ends, which the infinite Spirit of the Universe,
piercing, moving, and governing all things,
hath ordained. Certainly, the things that
this King did, were marvellous, and would
hardly have been undertaken by any man else:
And though his father had determined to have
invaded the Lesser Asia, it is like enough
that he could have contented himself with some
part thereof, and not have discovered the river
of Indus, as that man did. The swift course
of victory, wherewith he ran over so large a
portion of the world, in so short a space, may
justly be imputed unto this, that he was
never encountered by an equal spirit, con-
curring with equal power against him.
Nearly it came to pass that his actions
being limited by no greater opposition, than

In M. V. C. 1. 1.

desert place, and the mere length of Tiberius' journey could make, were like the Column of Rhodes, and not so much to be admired for its workmanship, though therein also praiseworthy, as for the huge bulk. For certainly the things performed by Xerophon discover as brave a spirit as Alexander's; and nothing less exquisitely, though the effects were less material, as were also the force and power of command, by which it wrought. But he that would find the exact pattern for a noble commander, must look upon not as Epaminondas, that encountering worthy captains, and those better followed than themselves, have by their singular virtue over-topped their valiant enemies, and still prevailed over those that would not have yielded one foot to any other. Such as these are, do seldom live to obtain great empire. For it is a work of more labor and longer time, to master the equal force of one hardy and well-ordered State, than to tread down and utterly subdue a multitude of servile nations, comprehending the body of a gross unwieldy empire. Wherefore these Parricidal - Protestant men that with little have done much upon enemies of like ability, are to be regarded as choice examples of worth; but great conquerors, are rather admired for the substance of their actions, than the exquisite managing: exactness and greatness, concurring is seldom, that I can find no instance of both in one, save only that brave Roman, Caesar." Of Epaminondas, he says

Mr. W. Raleigh

"So died Epaminondas, the noblest
man that ever has lived in that nation of Greece,
and hardly to be matched in any age or country;
for he equalled all others in the several virtues
which in each of them were singular. His justice
and sincerity, his temperance, wisdom, and high
magnanimity, were no way inferior to his military
virtues; in every part whereof he is excelled,
that he could not but properly be called a
warrior, a valiant, a politic, a beautiful, and a
provident captain. Neither was his private con-
versation unanswerable to those high parts which
gave him praise abroad; for he was grave
and yet very affable and courteous; resolute
in public business, but in his own particular
easy and of much mildness; a lover of his
people - bearing with men's infirmities; witty
and pleasant in speech - far from insolence;
master of his own affections, and furnished
with all qualities that might win and keep
love. To these graces were added great ability
of body, and much eloquence, and very
deep knowledge in all parts of philosophy
and learning; whence his mind being en-
lightened, rested not in the sweetness of
contemplation, but broke forth into such
effects, as gave unto Thebes, which had ever
been an underling, a dreadful reputation
among all people adjoining, and the highest
command in Greece."

John Gower. Confessio Amantis

I thynke for to touche also
The worlde, whicher nereth evere dawe
So as I can, so as I maye — Prologue 86. ll.

The lobe shall afterwarde be ended
Of love, whicher dothe many a wonder,
And many a wise man hath the part under. — 90.

former state of the world.
The worlde stode in all his welthe.
This was the life of man in helth.

Of man's herte the courage
Was shewed then in the visage

And with, who that wold maister bee,
He mote be servant & pitee.

Judgment Day.

That daye mai no counsaile availe,
The plesour and the plee shall faile,
The sentence of that yfke daye
Mai none appele sette in delaye.
Then mai no golde the iudge ple,
Nathur we shall the sooth trie,
And setten every man upright
As well the plow man as the knight.

Diogenes and Alexander.

I am, Diogenes,
None shall thy great witte be sene.
For thou shalt of my gifte have,
What woldes thyng thou woldst crave.
God be, Then have the out of my soun,
And let it shyne in to me, I have.

For thou byemest me thikke yifte,
Which lieth not in thy might to shifte.
None other good of the me needeth.

Phœbus, which is the son hote,
That shineth upon eother hote
And causeth every liue helth.

For he that hai hentes loweth
With pyre darte, which he throweth,
Cupido, which of love is god,

Idahely
And Idahel, as saith the booke,
Firste made nette, and fished toke.
Of huntinge che he fonde the chase,
Which now is knowe in many place.
A tent of clothe with corde and stake
He sette up first, and did it make.

The god of Hebe and his house

Under a hillle there is a cave,
Which of the some maie not have,
So that no man maie knowe aright.
The foynt betwene the daye and night
There is no fyre, there is no sparke,
There is no doo, which maie charke,
Nether of an eye shulde unshot,
So that inward there is no cot.

And for is speke of that withoute,
There stant no great tree nigh aboute,
Wheron thou might crowe or pie
A light for to slepe or crie.

Spencer's Conference: The Ants

There is no cocke to crowe daie,
 The best now, which noise makes
 The byll, but all aboute rounde
 There is ground upon the ground.
 Popie, which beareth the side of slepe,
 With other herbes make an hepe.
 A still water for the noyse
 Remend upon the small stones,
 Whiche light of lettes the river,
 Under that little in such manner
 There is, whiche yeareth great appetite
 To slepe, and then full of delite
 Slepe hath his house. And of his combe
 Within his chamber if I shall touche,
 Of Hebenus that slepe tree
 The borders all aboute be.
 And for he should slepe softe
 Upon a fether bed alofte
 He lieth, with many a pylow of downe.
 The chambre is strowed up and downe
 With merens many a thousande folde.
 — I bring a message from June —
 Full oft his worde she rehearseth,
 Er she his slepe cares perseth.
 With nochtell no but at laste
 His stonerend eie he upcaste,
 And said he, that it shall be do.

For by thyngs owne knowledgyng,
 Thou sayst howe she for one lokyng,
 Thy hole herte for the she toke.
 She saies he saies, that his o coke
 Is worthe thyngs herte many folde.
 So hast thou well thyng herte solde,
 When thou hast that is more worthe.

Astronomie

Without which to telle playne,
 All other science is in vayne
 To waite the whole of earthly thynges
 For an an egle with his wynges
 Fleeth above all that man fynde:
 So loth this science is his kynde.

And ofte also the great shewe
 Out of some place it maye be take,
 That it the forme shall forsake
 Of rayne, and in to snowe be turned.
 And eke it maye be so journe,
 In rounde places up alofte,
 That in to hyle it turneth ofte.

Henry Howard Earl of Surrey.

Description of Spurf V. no 1.

Prison in Windsor, he recounteth his pleasure
there passed.

So cruel prison, how could betide, alas!
To provide Windsor: there I in lust and jaye,
Mythe a kinges sonne, my childlike yowes did passe,
In greater feast, than Priam's sonnes of Troye:
When the sweete place returnes a taste full sorrow:
The large green courtes where we were wont to have,
With eyes cast up into the mayden tower,

The palme play, where despoyled for the game,
With dazed eyes oft we by gleames of love,
Have mist the ball, and gotte right of our dame,
Or harte her eyes, which kept the leads above.

Give me account, where is my noble feare;
Whom in thy walls thou dost eke night enclose; &c.
H. H. Earl of S.

Death of Zoroaster. The battle of the
Persians with Alexander.

He fell to ground
Wherewith a whole rout came of souldiers stonne,
And all in prison, lived the selvy reg.

But happily the route fled to the stonne,
When, under him, he hath full right of fall,
Wher he gazed here with searhing lookes.

Uncertaine authorship.

— 't' abuse the thing ye use not.

The world's a popular disease that reigns
Within the proud heart and frantic brain
Of poor distemp'ed mortals, —

But when the frequent soul-departing bell
Has pass'd their cars with her familiar knell, — mortals!

Come, bring your saint pouch'd in his ^{hallow'd} shrine,

His hot-mouth'd stach, whose nostril vomit flame,
And brazen lungs belch forth quibition fire;
Their twelve hours task performed, grow stiff and lame,
And their immortal spirit, faint and tire;
Let the arduous mountain's foot their labors claim
The privilege of rest, where they retire
To quench their burning fetlocks, and go steep
Their flaming nostril in the western deep,
And fresh their tired souls with strength-resting sleep.

Let those have night, that shy love & innocence
Their cloister'd crimes, and sin secure;
Let those have night, that blush blot men know
The baseness they can blush to do;

O how our widen'd arms can overstretch
Their own dimensions! How our hands can reach
Beyond their distance! —

Quaker. Emblem. 1592 - 1644

We cross the seas, and 'midst her waves we burn,
Transporting lives per chance, that ne'er return;

Cupid.

- Is this that sov'reign deity, that brings
The slavish world in awe, and strings
The blind'ring rods of chains, and stops the hearts of kings,

You grovelling worldlings, you whose wisdom treads
Where light ne'er shot his golden rays,

Seeing the world.

Too quick resolve, do resolution wrong;
What, part is soon, to be divorced so long?
Things to be done, are long to be debated;
Haste is not delay'd. Repentance is not dated.

'The idle vignant'

Not boldly dopts, each house he views, his own;
He takes every pulse his chequer; and, at pleasure,
Walks forth, and taxes all the world, like Caesar;

Heaven's never deaf, but when man's heart is dumb.

The bold-faced lamp of heav'n can set and rise,
And, with his morning glory, fill the eyes
Of daring mortals; his victorious ray
Can chase the ~~meadows~~, and restore the day;
Night's baseful empress, though she often wane,
Or oft repents her darkness, primes again;
And, with her winking horns, doth remembrance
Her brother's wealth, and ope her silver fane.

But ah! my sun, deep-swallowed in his fall,
Is set, and cannot shine, nor rise at all:
My bankrupt wane can beg nor borrow light;
Alas! my darkeness is perpetual night.

If I must want those beams I wish yet grant
That I, at least, may with those beams I want.

Marin finds an ear, when sinners find a tongue;

"Remember, Thine art thou, that thou hast made
me of the clay, and wilt thou bring me into dust again?
Job. X. 9.

Emblem
A clay image
on a wheel

Thou from the bosom of the new-made earth,
Poor man was delov'd, and had his unborn birth;
The same the stuff, the self-same hand doth trim
The plant that fadeth, the beast that dies, and him;
One was their sire, one was their common mother,
Plants are his sisters, and the beast his brother,
The elder too; beasts draw the self-same breath,
Would alike, and die the self-same death:
Plants grow as he, with fairer robes array'd;
Alike they flourish, and alike they fade:
The beast in sense exceeds him, and in growth,
The three-agg'd oak doth thrive and them both.
Why look'st thou then thou robing, thou little son
Of earth? What art thou more in being man?

And what's a life? The flourishing array
Of the proud summer meadow, which to-day
Wears her green plush, and is to-morrow lay.

A line
- - -
- - -

I know that child, with hopeful joy, entered
 All three three moons a 'Tyr Laborer, worthy,
 And then, with joyful pain, brought't forth a son,
 What, worth thy labor, has thy labor done?
 What was there at! what was there in my birth:
 That could deserve the easiest smile of mirth?
 A man was born; alas! and what's a man?
 A scuttle full of dust, a measured span
 Of flitting time; a furnished pack'd, whose waves
 Are sullen griefs, and soul-tormenting cares;
 A vale of - tears, a vessel turn'd with breath;
 By sickness broached, & drawn out by death;
 A hapless, helpless thing, that, born, does cry
 To feed; that feeds to live, that lives to die. —

Snare, —

Snare in thy substance; snare attend thy want:
 Snare in thy credit; snare in thy disgrace:
 Snare in thy high estate; snare in thy base:
 Snare tucks thy bed; and snare surround thy board:
 Snare catch thy thoughts; and snare attack thy word:
 Snare in thy quiet; snare in thy commotion:
 Snare in thy debt; snare in thy devotion:
 Snare lurk in thy resolve; snare in thy doubt:
 Snare lie within thy heart, and snare without:
 Snare are above thy head, and snare beneath:
 Snare in thy sickness, snare are in thy death.

An unrequested star did gently slide
 Before the wise man, to a greater light;

'Tis vain to flee, till gentle mercy show
Her better eye; the farther off we go,
The swing of justice beats the mightier blow.

He 'ingenuous child cornetted, doth not fly
His angry mother's hand; but clings more tight,
And quenches with his tears her flaming eye.

Know'st thou not where to 'scape? I'll tell thee where;
My soul, make clean thy conscience; hide thee there.

The ill that is widely feared, is half withstood;

Christ's invitation to the soul
Come, come, my lovely fair, and let us try
These rural delicacies;

The first degree to do, is only to desire.

"Guilt seeks him whom my soul loveth."

Where have my busy eyes not pry'd? Where,
Of whom hath not my thread-bare tongue demanded:
I search'd this glorious city; he's not here.

I sought the country; she stands empty-handed;
I search'd the court; he is a stranger there.

I ask'd the land; he's shipped: the sea, he's landed.

I climb the air, my thoughts began to aspire;
But ah! the wing from too bold desire,
Soaring too near the sun, was sing'd with roused fire.

I asked the schoolman, for advice was free,
But send me out too intricate a way.

Hear'st thou 'a troubled heart.

The rappy branches of the Thapsian vine.

Perfection of form
What may this excellence be? doth it subsist
A real essence clouded in the mist
Of curious art, or clear to every eye that list?

Is't a tart idea, to procure
An edge, and keep the brackish soul in ^{ure}ure,
Like that dear shynic dust, or puzzling quadratures?

When shall I seek this good, when shall I find
This catholic pleasure, whose extremes may bind
My thoughts, and fill the gulf of my insatiate mind?

"Sprung led suburbs" of
heaven's city.

Alas! what serves our reason,
Point, like dark lanterns, to accomplish treason
With greater closeness?

50th year - hieroglyphic of the candle
And now our day's declining seen
Dath hurry'd his diurnal load
To the borders of the western road;
Pierce Phlegon, with his fellow reeds,
Now puffs and pants, and blows and bleeds,
Herd forth and fumes, remembering still
Their lashes up the Olympian hill,
Which having conquered, now disdain
The ship, and champ the foamy sea,
And with a full career they bend
Their traces to their journey's end:—

And now the cold autumnal dews are seen
 On each living green;
 And by the low-shorn rivers doth appear
 The fast declining year.

Let wit and all her study'd plot effect
 The 'best they can;
 Let smiling fortune prosper and perfect
 What wit began;
 Let earth advise with both, and so project
 A happy man;
 Let wit or fortune vie their best;
 He may be best
 With all that earth can give; but earth can
 Give no rest.

The learned Cypri, having lost the way
 To honest men, did, in the height of day,
 By taper-light, divide his steps about
 The peopled street, to find this dainty out;

He never yet stood sure,
 That stands secure;
 Who ever trusted to his native strength,
 But fell at length?

Boast not thy skills; the righteous man falls oft,
 Yet falls but soft:
 There may be dirt to mire him, but no stones
 To crush his bones:
 What if he staggers? nay, put case he be
 Foil'd on his knees?
 That very knee will bend to heaven, and so
 For mercy too

Quintus, Rembles

1 stanza

The true-bred gamester ups apeak, and then
 Flats, to't again;
 Whereas the leaden-hearted coward lies,
 And yields his conquer'd life, or crown'd desires.

Sad, what a nothing is this little span,
 We call a man!
 What ferry track maintains the smothering fires
 Of his desires!

The world's o sea; my flesh a ship that's mann'd
 With laboring thought, and steer'd by reason's hand:
 My heart's the seaman's card, whereby she sails;
 My loose affections are the greater sails:
 The top-sail is my fancy; and the gulls,
 That fill these wanton sheets, are worldly lulls.
 My's the cable, at whose end appears
 The anchor hope, ne'er slipp'd but in our fears:
 My will's the unconstant pilot, that commands
 The staggering keel; my winds are like the sands:
 Repentance is the bucket, and mine eye
 The pump, would (but in extremes) and dry:
 My conscience is the plummet that does prove
 The decks, but seldom coins O patronless!
 Smooth calm is security; the gulf, despair;
 My freight's corruption, and this life's my fare:
 My soul's the passenger, compass'd, down
 From fear to fright; her landing port is heaven.
 My seas are stormy, and my ship doth leak;
 My sailors rude; my steersman faint and weak:
 My canvass torn, it flaps from side to side;
 My cable's cracked, my anchor's slightly tied;
 My pilot's cross'd; my shopwrecks - sandy
 My bucket's broken, and my pump is choked;
 My calm's deceitful, and my gulf too near;
 My ware, are stubb'n'd, and my fare, too dear.

My plummet 'light, it cannot sink nor sound,
O, shall my rock bottom'd soul be drowned?

Emblem
Cupid's Rinsing
upon the
world and
listening.

She's empty: hark, she sounds; 'tis void and vast;
What if some flutt'ring blast
Of flattery should purchase be there,
And whisper in 'Thine ear!
It is 'but wind, and blows but where it list,
And vanisheth like 'mist.
Poor honor earth can give! What generous mind
Would be release to find
Her heav'n - but send a slave to serve a blast of wind.

It is 'a world, where work and vexation
Is vanity and vexation;
A bag, repair'd with vice - complexion'd paint,
A guest house of complaint.

Gone we those golden days, wherein
Pale conscience started not at ugly sin!
When good old Saturn's peaceful throne
Was unassur'd by his beardless son:
When jealous Ops ne'er feared the abuse
Of her chaste bed, or breach of nuptial truce:
When just Astraea paid her scales
In mortal hearts, whose atones earth bewail:
When forth-born Venus and her brot,
With all that specious brood young Jove begot,
In horrid shape were yet unknown:
Those halcyon days, that golden age is gone.

The rosy cheeks did then proclaim
A shame of guilt, but not a guilt of shame.

Emblem of Cupid's Rinsing upon the world and listening.

The better-acted world did move
 Upon the fixed poles of truth and love.
 Love reigned in the hearts of men!
 Then reason ruled, then was no passion then;
 Till lust and rage began to enter,
 Love the circumference was, and love the centre;
 Until the wanton days of Jove,
 The simple world was all composed of love;
 But Jove grew fleshly, false, unjust,
 Inferior beauty fill'd his veins with lust.

"The whole need not the physician."

Emblem
 Taper with
 a man snuffing
 it.

1
 Always pruning, always cropping?
 Is her brightness still obscured?

Ever dressing, ever topping?

Always curing, never cured?

Always curing, never cured?

Too much snuffing makes a waste;

When the spirit spends too fast,

They will shrink at every blast.

2

You that always are bestowing

Costly pains in life repairing,

Are but always overthrowing

Nature's work by over-caring:

Nature, meeting with her foe,

In a work she hath to do,

Takes a pride to overthrow.

3

Nature knows her own perfection,

And her pride disdains a tutor;

Cannot stoop to art's correction,

And she needs a watchdog.

Daunt not should not appear,

Till she whisper in her ear:

Hagar flies, if Sarah bear.

Nature ⁴ ~~with~~ for the better
 If not hindered that she cannot;
 Art stands by her as abettor,
 Ending nothing she began not,
 If distemper chance to seize
 (Nature foild with the disease),
 Art may help, be if she please.

5
 But to make a trade of trying
 Drugs and doses, always prouing,
 Is to lie for fear of dying;
 He's, contented that, 'always turning.
 He that often comes to lack
 Dear bought drugs, hath found a knack
 To foil the man, and feed the quack.

6
 O the sad, the frail condition
 Of the pride of nature's glory!
 How inform his composition,
 And, at best, how transitory!
 When this riot doth impair
 Nature's weakness, then his care
 Adds more ruin by repair.

7
 Hold thy hand, health's dear maintenance,
 Life, perchance, may burn the stronger:
 Daring substance to sustain her,
 The untouch'd may last the longer:
 When the artist goes about
 To redress her flame, I doubt,
 Oftentimes he snuffs it out.

Marlowe

Next Marlowe bathed in the Thespian springs,
 Had in him those brave transhuman things
 That your first poets had: his raptures were
 All air and fire, which made his verses clear;
 For that fine madness still he did retain
 Which rightly should prove a poet's gain.
 Grayton.

Scander

His presence made the rudest peasant melt,
 That in the vast uplandish country dwelt.

Fest of Adonis at Beter

Thither resorted many a wander'd guest,
 To meet their loss: such as had none at all,
 Came down from the great festival.

The Chase

Wretched Ixion's shaggy-footed race,
 Incens'd with savage heat, gallop again
 From steep pine-bearing mountains to the plain; v. m. 6.

Hero & Scander

These lovers parted by the touch of hands,

A stately builded ship, well rigg'd and tall,
 The ocean maketh more majestic.

(Ocean is more inative
 but I prefer to attribute by own sense.

Jove's promise & Venus respecting
Uscanius.

No bounds but heaven, shall bound his empire,
Whose armor'd gates, enbosed with his name,
Shall make the morning haste her grey uprise,
To feed her eyes with his engraven fame. —
I do Queen of Cathage.

Grand with pleasure I do Hunter
I do Queen of Cathage and Venus
Scander.

Here

But far above the lowliest here shinn'd,
And stole away the enchanted gazer's mind,
For, like sea nymphs' unceasing harmony,
No war her beauty & the standers by.
Now that night - wandering, pale, and wat'ry star,
(When yawning dragons draw her whirling car,
From Saturn's mount up to the gloomy sky,
When, crown'd with blessing light and mercy,
She 'proudly sits' more overrules the flood
Than she the hearts of those that rear her stood.
Even as when gaudy myriads pursue the chase,
Watched from the V & P.

Uran the people forth be.

Mr John Deane
1615-68

"Cooper's Bell" begin,

Nine there are poets which did never dream
Upon Parnassus, nor did taste the stream
Of Helicon, as Homer may suppose
Those make not poets, but the poets those.

speaking of the Thames
No that was nothing, no place is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.

The lines on Cowley show
most wit and harmony.

— He him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own;
He melted not the ancient gold,
Nor with Ben Jonson did make bold
To plunder all the Roman stores
Of poets and of orators:
Hence his wit, and Virgil's state,
He did not steal, but emulate,
And when he would like them appear,
Their garb, but not their clothes, did wear.
He was from Rome alone, but green,
Like Jason brought the Golden Fleece; he

Those on Fletcher's works — and to
Sir Richard Fanshawe, are perhaps the
best of the remainder — but not good.

Sunder. *Woe & the Red-cross knight*
take shelter in the grove.

VIII

And forth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
 Joying to hear the birdes sweete harmony,
 Which therein shrouded from the tempest dreed,
 Seem'd as their song to scorn the cruell sky.
 Much can they praise the trees so straight and hy,
 The sayling pine; the cedar proud and tall;
 The vine-propp elme; the poplar never dry;
 The buxier oake, sole king of forrests all;
 The aspine good for staves; the cypresse funerelle;

IX

The Laurell, meed of mightie conquerours
 And poets rage; the pine that weepeth still;
 The willow, wome of forlorne paramours;
 The eugh, obedient to the benders will;
 The birch for shaftes; the sallow for the mill;
 The myrtle sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound;
 The warlike beech; the ash for nothing ill;
 The fruitfull olive; and the platane round;
 The carver holme; the maple seldom inward sound.
B. I. C. I.

X II

Virtue gives herselfe light through darkness for to wade.
B. I. C. I.

I

A gentle knight was pricking on the plaine,
 Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shilde,
 Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,
 The cruel markes of many a bloody fild;
 Yet arms till that time did he never wield;
 His angry steede did chide his forming bitt,
 As much disdainning to the corbe to yeld;
 Full wylly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
 As one for knightly feits and fierce encounters fitt.

And on his' breaste a bloodie' cross he bore,
 The deare remembrance of his' dying Lord,
 For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
 And dead, as living ever, livin' a lord:
 Upon his' shield the like was also scord,
 For soveraine hope, which in his' helpe he had.
 Right, faithfull, true he was in' deede and word;
 But of his' cheere did seeme too solemne sad;
 Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

11 1

Upon a great adventure he was bound,
 That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
 (That greatest glorious queene of Faerie Land)
 To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have,
 Which of all earthly things he most did crave:
 And even as he rode, his' hart did earne
 To prove his' puissance in battell brave
 Upon his' foe, and his' new force to learne;
 Upon his' foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.

14

A lowly Ladie rode him faire beside,
 Upon a lowly atte more white then snow;
 Yet she much siter; but she same did hide
 Under a velt, that whimples was full low;
 And over all a black stole shee did throw:
 As one that inly mourned, so was she sad,
 And heavie sate upon her palfrey slow;
 Seem'd in heart some hidden care she had;
 And by her in a line a milke-white lambe shee had.

V

So pure and innocent as that same lambe,
 She was in life and every vertuous love;
 And by descent from royall lynage came
 Of ancient kinges and queenes, that had of yore
 When septem stretcht from east to western shore,
 And all the hold in their subjection held;
 Till that infernal Friend with foule upmoue
 Horvasted all their land, and them exheld;
 Whom to avenge, she had this knight from far compeld.

They met upon the way
An aged buri — and the knight asks
after "strange adventures".

"Ah! my dear ^{xxx}sonne," quoth he, "how should, alas!
killy old man, that livis in 'hidden cell,
Bridling his beades all day for his trespass,
To dings of warre and worldly trouble tell?
With holy father its not with such things & all.

They spent the night in his hermitage

X X X I V

A little lowly hermitage it was,
Downe in a dale hard by a forest side,
Far from resort of people, that did pas
In travell to and fro: a little wyde.
There was an holy chappell edifyde,
Wherem the Hermit dewly went to say
His holy things each morne and eventide:
Therely a cristall streame did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth away.

X X X V

Arrived there, the little house they fill,
No looke for entertainment, there none was;
Rest in their feast, and all things at their will.
The noblest mind the best contentment has.
With faire discourse the evening so they pas;
For that olde man of pleasing wordes had store
And well could file his tongue, in smooth & glas.
He told of saine and popes, and evermore.
He strowd an Ave-Mary after and before.

Reader

This "Cold bad man" sends a fright
to Morpheus for a dream with which
to deceive the Knight.

Morpheus' Abode

X 61

And, more to lull him in his slumber soft,
A trickling stream from high rock tumbling down,
And even-drieling rain upon the loft,
Mist with a murmuring wind, much like the sound
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swoon.
No other noise, nor people's troublous cryes,
As still are wont to annoy the walled townes,
Might there be heard: but careless Quet Eyes,
Wropt in eternall silence farre from enny eyes.

Canto II

1

By then the northerne waggon had set
His seven-fold time behind the Redfast-stare
That was in ocean waves yet never wet,
Port firme in fixt, and sendeth light from
To all that in the wide deepe wandring are;
And cheerefull chauntiers with his note shrill
Had warned once, that Phoebe's fiery carre
In hast was climbing up the Eastern hill,
Full curious that night so long in some dispite.

B I. C. III. S. XVI

Now when Aldebaran was mounted high
Above the shirre Cassiopeia's chain

B I. C. IV. S. 16 re

The chariot of Night drawn by the pegasus
adorned by some.

Umas' Reception by the Wood Gods
attracted by her eyes, who assembled by
saw-toy

B.T. G. VI. - XI.

The stunts alarmed - in "double dread" - as
when a lamb is saved from a wolf by
the appearance of a lion.

Such fearful fitt assaid her trembling hart;
No word to speake, no joint to move, she had.
The salvage nation felle her secret smart,
And read her sorrow in her count'nance sad;
Their frowning foreheads, with rough hornes galed
And rustick horror, all asyde doe lay;
And, gently greening, shew a semblance glad.
To comfort her; and, feare to put away,
Their backward-bent knees teach her humbly to obey.
XII

The doubtfull Jamrell dare not yet committe
Her single person to their barbarous truth;
But still twist feare and hope amazed doe sit;
Late leard what harme to hasty truth ensueth:
They, in compassion of her tender youth,
And wonder of her beautie's sovaine,
Are wonne with pity and unwonted ruth;
And, all prostrate upon the lowly playne,
Doe kisse her feete, and faine do her with continuance payne.
XIII

Their harte she ghessett by their humble guise,
And yielde her to extremitie of times;
So from the ground she fearlesse doth arise,
And walketh forth without respect of crime:
They, all as glad as birds of joyous praynes,
Thence lead her forth, about her dauning round,
Shouting and singing all a shepherds nyne;
And, with greene branches, strowing all the ground,
So worship her as queene with oliv girland crown'd.

XIV

And all the way their merry pipes they sound,
 That all the woods with doubled echoes ring;
 And with their hooves feet do wear the ground,
 Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant Spring.
 So towards old Syllanus they her bring;
 Who, with the noises awaked, comes out
 To meet the cause, his weaker steps governing
 staff And aged limbs on 'expressed stable stout;
 But with an 'yrie twyne his waste is girt about.

Urs is Clough meets "Arthur" who
 rescues the Red-cross knight from the Giant.

C. VII. SXXIX

At last she chanced by good hap to meet
 A goodly knight, faire marshing by the way,
 Together with his squire, arrayed meet.
 His glittering armour shined far away,
 Like glaucous light of Phoebus brightest ray;

XXIX

Upon the top of all his lofty crest,
 A bough of leaves discoloured diversly,
 With sprinkled pearls and gold full richly drest,
 Did shake, and seemed to dance for jollity;
 Like to an almond tree ymounted by
 On top of greene helms all alone,
 With blossoms brave bedecked daintily;
 Whose tender locks do tremble every one
 At every little breath, that under ^{heaven} is blowne.

The Cave of Despair

C. IX. S. XXXIII is quoted.

Mrs. Knapp her Knight to the house of
Dame Cecilia - that he may recover from
his fallen state & penance be.

The heavenly dame

Faith - Hope - & Charity.

B I. C. X. S. II

There was an ancient House not far away,
Renowned throughout the world for sacred love,
And pure unspotted life: so well, they say,
It governed was, and guided evermore,
Through wisdom of a Matronage and home;
Whose chief joy was to relieve the needs
Of wretched souls, and help the helpless poor.
All night she spent in bidding of her bedes,
And all the day in doing good and goodly deeds.

She had three above three daughters.

(Humility is poor - they are received by a squire "Knight
Reverence" - he lead them to his dame.

X II

Thus as they gain of goodly things devise,
Loe! two most goodly Virgins came in place,
Mildred came in arms, in lovely wise,
With countenance demure and modest grace,
They numbered even steps and equal place:

Of which the eldest, that Fidelia high,
Like sunny beames shew from her christall face
That could have dazed the rash beholders sight,
And round about her head did shine like heavens light.

X III

She was arrayed all in lilly white,
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
With wine and water filld up to the light,
In which a serpent did himselfe enfold,
That horror made to all that did behold,
But she no whit did change her constant mood:
And in her other hand she fast did hold
A brooke, that was both signet and seald with blood;
Wherein darke things were writt, hard to be understood.

Spenser

Her younger sister, that Speranza hight,
 Was clad in blue, that her beset with;
 Not all so chearefull seemed she of sight,
 As was her sister; whether dread did dwell
 Or anguish in her heart, is hard to tell:
 Upon her arme a silver anchor lay,
 Whereon she leaned ever, as befell;
 And ever up to heaven, as she did pray,
 Her steadfast eyes were bent, ne swarved other way.

~~~~~ This scene Una then knight

## XVI

Then Una thus: "But she, your sister deare,  
 The deare Charissa, where is she become?  
 It wants she health, or busie is elsewhere?"  
 "Ah! no" said they, "but forth she may not come;  
 For she of late is lightened of her womb,  
 And hath encreast the world with one some more,  
 Rather to see should be but troublesome."  
 "Indeed," quoth she "that should her trouble sore;  
 But thank be God, and her encrease so evermore!"  
 Each afterwards - in her turn a character  
 instructed the knight.

Belphebe quoted by some B.H. C. 10. S XXI.  
 Also Cynochles enchanted by "immodest Mirth"  
 B.H. C. VI. S I

The description of Night in C. V. B. I. is good.  
 Jessica leaving her knight "in slumbering sorrow", "to the eastern  
 coast of heaven makes speedy way;" as says a bright  
 Upr then; up, dreary Dame of darkness Queens;  
 Go, gather up the reliques of thy race;  
 Or else goe, then-avenge, and let be scene  
 That dreaded Night in brightest day hath place,  
 And can the children of fayre Light deface."





YXVIII

Then to her yoon wagon she betakes,  
 And with her beaver the fowle wel-farow'd Mith:  
 Through stricken air her ready way she makes.  
 Her twyfold team (of which two blacke as pitch,  
 And two were browne, yet each to each unrich,  
 Did softly swim away, ne ever stamps  
 Unless she haunst their stubborne mouths to twist;  
 Then, foming tarre, their bridle they would champ,  
 And trampling the fine element would fiercely ramp.  
 x/sam like tar

The Cause of Mammon 2-7-3 is quoted.

11-7-14

Exon. Guion sending the temptations of Mammon.  
 "Long were to tell the troublous stormes that loose  
 The private state, and make the life unsweet:  
 Whis swelling rayles in Caspian sea dothrosse,  
 And in 'fract wood on Adrian gulf doth fleet,  
 Soth not, I weener, so many evils meet."  
 The # number of the Mind 2-9-47 is quoted.

B 11. C 12. 3. 29

(Guion passing through great pain  
 toward the House of Bliss.)

By advice of the Palmer he does not stay the  
 temples -

x/sleady  
 x/rest  
 "The Knight was ruled, and the Postern straight  
 Held on his course with stayed stedfastnesse,  
 He ever shrouke, ne ever sought to buyt  
 He tryed armes for toghome wearinesse,  
 Out with his oares did sweepe the watery wilderness.

place  
 And now they nigh approached to the sted  
 Whence Thon Ottermayde dwelt: It was a still  
 And calmy bay, on the one side sheltered  
 With the brode shadow of an hoarie hill,  
 On the other side an high rocke towerd still,  
 That twist them both a pleasant port they made,





And did like an halfe Theatre full:  
 Then those five Sisters had continuall trade, as Playnes  
 And used to bath themselves in that deceitfull shade.

The whole of the Browne of Beni's quoted 2-12-50

579 -

The young man in the toils of Mercurius in the Browne of Beni.  
 May mean Ralegh

A sweet regard and amiable grace,  
 Mixed with manly sternesse, did appeare,  
 Yet sleeping, on his well proportioned face;  
 And on his tender lips the downy beere  
 Did now but freshly spring, and alken blossoms beere.

His warlike armes, the ydle instruments  
 Of sleeping praise, were hung upon a tree;  
 And his brave shield, full of old monuments,  
 Was fowly ras't, that none the signs might see;  
 He for them he for honour cared hee,  
 He ought that did to his advancement tend;  
 But in lewd loves, and wastfull luxuries  
 His dayes, his goods, his bodie he did spend:  
 O horrible enchantment, that him so did blend.

B III. C-3-562

The Parting of the Red-crosse Knight & Britomart.  
 At last their wayes so fell that they mote part:  
 Then each to other, well affectionate,  
 Friendship professed with unfained heart:  
 The Red-crosse Knight desired, but forth rode Britomart

The Depart of Marius - 3-4-14 is quoted.



Bellphoebe rescues Timias and leaves him  
wounded to a pleasant retreat.

B. III. C. V. S. 39

Into that forest farre They tence him led  
Where was their dwelling; in a pleasant glade  
With mountains round about environed  
And mightie woods, which did the valley shade,  
And like a stately Theatre it made,  
Spreading itselfe into a spacious plaine;  
And in the midst a little river plaine  
Emongst the pumy stones, which seemd to plaine  
With gentle murmure that his course he did maintain.

The Birth of Bellphoebe 11-6-11

The Story of Florimell 3-8-20 & quoted.

The Mask of Cupid 3-12-1 "

A decayed oak.

— dry and dead,  
Still clad with reliques of its trophies old,  
Lifting & heaving its aged, hoary head,  
Whose foot on earth hath got but feeble hold—  
Shepherd, Calender

Anon 4-11-24

So went he playing on the watery plaine;  
on his harp.

The wedding of the Thames and Medway  
— for the poetical catalogue of  
the rivers. Canto II.

The spacious Shenan spreading like a sea;  
841



6-3-11

"It seems", said he, "if he so valiant be,  
 that he should be no stealer to stranger's right:  
 For seldom yet did living creature see  
 that courtesy and manhood ever disagree.

in Mortalities

In the fragments which form the 17th  
 book of the G.D. Menner commences  
 upon a broader and deeper moral, as  
 if he were adding to the sweetness of his  
 youth some older wisdom. They are a very  
 natural though a lame conclusion to his book,  
 and make us forget the story of the remaining  
 six books having been brought.  
 In these he looks as if he were about  
 to meet the dignity of the muse - and  
 treat of "some high arguments!" He is not  
 a great but an indisputable poet -  
 he belongs to the inspired family - but  
 has hardly married the sublimity of prophecy  
 to his poetry.

"Mortalities" having laid violent  
 hands on the moon, goes to Jove's palace  
 to defend herself and assert her authority.

7-5-28

(Being of stature tall as any there  
 of all the gods, and beautiful of face  
 as any of the goddesses in place.)

She is about to punish her insolence  
 but beholding her beauty - say

31

"But ah! if gods should strive with flesh yfere,  
 then shortly should the progeny of man  
 be rooted out, if Jove should do still what he can!





The poet is if conscious that he  
has entered upon a loftier theme and style  
of poetry - - - <sup>stanza 37</sup> says in ~~last~~

And were it not ill fitting for this file  
to 'sing of hills and woods, mount wrens and King,  
I would abate the sternness of my style, &c  
and so he proceeds to describe Arlo-hill.

And in the beginning of the next canto(?)  
he seems to record his loftier but unsteady  
and unsuccessful inspiration - as if he had  
endeavored to in later years (it may be) to  
infuse more of nobility and truth into his poetry.

Oh! rather doest thou now, than greater Muse,  
Alle from these woods and pleasing forest bring?  
And my frail spirit that doth oft refuse  
Thy too high flight unfit for her weaker wing,  
Lift up aloft, O tell of heavens king,  
(Thy Sovereign sire) his fortunate success;  
And victory in bigger notes to sing,  
Which he obtained against that Titaness,  
That him of heavens empire sought to dispossess?

Yet with I needs must follow Thy behest  
Doe thou my weaker wit with skill inspire,  
Fit for the tune; and in my sable breast  
Kindle fresh sparks of that immortall fire  
Which learned minds inflameth with desire  
Of heavenly things: for who, but thou alone  
That art a home of heaven and heavenly sire,  
Can tell things done in heaven so long ago,  
To farre past memory of man that may be knowne?

Unstabilitee appeare & Nature  
and all the youth & goodness. &c come  
A youth at Arlo-hill - arranged



4 — "Natures Sergeant (that is Order)"

Open forth issew'd (great Goddess) great Dame Nature  
 With goodly port and gracious majesty,  
 Being far greater and One tall of stature  
 Than any of the gods or powers on hie;  
 Yet cotes by her face and physnomy,  
 Whether she man or woman inly were,  
 That could not any creature well descry;  
 For, with a veile that wrimp'd every where,  
 Her head and face was hid that none appeare.  
 was folded,

X X  
 We hard it, for any living wight  
 All her array and vestments to tell,  
 That old Ian Geoffrey (in whose gentle thought,  
 The pure well-head of poeie did dwell)  
 In his Fowles partly durst not with it mell, &c.

X X  
 And all the earth far underneath her feet,  
 Was dight with flowers, that voluntary grew  
 Out of the ground, and sent forth odours sweet;  
 Fenne thousand vires of sundry sent and hew,  
 That might delight the smell, or please the view,  
 The which the nymphes from all the brookes thereby,  
 Had gotten, they at her foot-stole threw;  
 That richer seem'd then any tapestry,  
 That princes houses adorne with painted imagery.

X X  
 This great Grandmother of all creatures bred,  
 Great Nature, ever young, yet full of old;  
 Still rising, yet unmoved from her sted;  
 Unscene of any, yet of all behold;  
 Thus sitting in her throne, as I have told, &c.





of Unstabilitie declares that all things  
are subject thereto.

We have the watery fowles a certain grange  
wherein to rest, we in 'one sted do tarry;  
But flitting still doe flie, and still their place vary.

The wile's fortune & calls the Time  
and seasons and see if it is not so.

As forth isew'd the seasons of the year:  
First, lusty Spring all dight in leaves of flowers,  
That freshly budded and new blossomes did beare,  
In which a thousand birds had built their bowres,  
That sweetly sung to call forth paramours;

Then came the idly Sommer, being dight  
In a thin silken carrock coloured Greene,  
That was unlynd all to be more light:  
And on his head a garland well besene  
He wore, from which as he had chauffed been  
The sweat did drop; and in 'his hand he bore,  
A bowe and shafte, as he in 'forest Greene  
had hunted late the libbard or the boe  
And now would bathe his limbs with labor heated swe.

Then marching softly, then in order went  
And after them the Mouthes all riding came.  
First sturdy March, with brows full sternly bent  
And armed strongly, rode upon a Ram,  
That same which over Hellespontos swam,  
Tye in 'his hand a packe he also hent,  
And in 'a bag all sorts of seeds & graine,  
Which on the earth he strowed as he went,  
And filld their wombs with fruitfull hope of nourishment.





and so on with the months all true  
and picturesque.

When Mutabilitee has done speaking

To having ended, silence long ensued;  
Ore Nature to 'er po spoke for a space,  
But with firm eye affixt the ground still viewed  
Meane while all creatures, looking in her face  
Expecting thend off this no doubtfull case,  
Did hang in long suspense what would ensue,  
To whether side should fall the sovereign place:  
At length she, looking up with cheerefull view,  
Ore silence brake, and gave her doome in speeches few.

"I well consider all that ye have sayd;  
And find that all things stedfastness doe hate  
And changed be; yet, being rightly wayd,  
They are not changed from their first estate;  
But by their change their being do dilate;  
And turning to themselves at length againe,  
Doe worke their owne perfection so by fate:  
Then over them Change doth not rule and raigne:  
But they raigne over Change, and doe their states maintaine.

"Beare therefore, Daughter, further to aspire,  
And thee content thus to be ruled by Me:  
For thy decay thou seekest by thy desire:  
But time shall come that all shall changed bee,  
And from thenceforth none no more change shall see!"  
So was the Titaness put downe and whist,  
And Iove confirmed in his imperiall see.  
Then was that whole assembly quite dismiss,  
And Natures selfe did vanish, whether as man exist:  
End of the Faerie Queene.



Hobbes's song, Colins' "Lure offan Elisa."

— Bring hither the pinkes and purple cullambrine,  
With yelliflowres;  
Bring coronations, and tops in' wine,  
Worne of paramours:  
Strow mee the groundes with deffadownillies,  
And cowslips, and kingcups, and loved lillies:  
The pretie pawnee,  
And the cherisaunce  
Shall match with the fayre flowers Delie. —  
The Shepheards Calender.

### Rome.

With her owne weight downe pressed now she lies,  
And by her heapes her huge waste testifies.  
Ruine of Time.

For deeds doe die, how ever noble done,  
And thoughts of man do a, themselves decay:  
But wise words taught in numbers for to runne,  
Recorded by the Muses, live for ever His.

### Rome.

Rome, living, was the world's sole ornament;  
And, dead, is now the world's sole monument.  
The Ruines of Rome

"I like very well to read" Colin Clouts  
"Come Home Again" — Sir Walter Raleigh  
is poetically styled in it "the Shepheard of  
the Ocean." — A Pastorall Epilogue  
upon the Death of Sir P. Sidney, Knight, &c.  
reminds me of Milton, reading —  
It was not unknown to the author of  
"Lycidas" — Is it the Epithalamion.



It reminds me of Milton—

*Mercurius*

— Of all the race of silver-winged Flee  
Which does possess the Empire of the Aire,  
Protect the centred earth, and drive Skie,  
Was none more favourable, nor more faire,  
Whilt Heaven did favour his felicitie,  
Then Clarion, the eldest sonne and heire  
Of Muscaroll, and in his fathers right  
Of all alive did seem the fairest wright.

For he so swift and terrible was of flight  
That from this lower tract he loved to stie.  
Up to the cloudes, and thence with pinions light  
To mount aloft unto the cristall skie,  
To view the workmanship of heavens light:  
Whence down descending he along would flie  
Upon the streaming rivers, sport to finde;  
And oft would have to tempt the troublous  
winds.

V. E. 3. 7.  
Raleigh's pen.





Evangelus' interview with the Angel who informs him  
of the birth of Christ

"And as he spake, his wings would grow and then  
spread, as he meant to fly, then close again.  
Virgilius & Ev. Shepherds Oracles Ec. v

He's but a silly book that exists not how  
to take his fingers; I. Oracle.

Marston & Canonica Ec. VIII

The book of Common Prayer.

Mr. Tell me of Common Prayers? The midnight yell  
Of Bal my Brandog is a great help  
To raise devotion in a Christian's breast,  
As that; the very language of the (Beast.)  
N.D. is of Rome

Death & Adolphus

Methodus-Catholicus. Nuncius Ec. x

Mr. His hidden ways agree not with our eyes;  
His ways must prosper though his champion lies.

We must not doubt for want of Sweden's Alarm,  
As if that heaven were bound to Sweden's Arm:  
That God that hath recalled our Sweden, can  
Make a new Sweden of a common Man.  
N.D.

Charles's works are

Emblem

Dieroglyphics

Divine Poems — sonnets elegies &c

Shepherds Oracles

Divine Fancies

Argalus & Parthenia a Romance

Pentologia or the Quintessence of Meditation

Anniversaries upon his Parante

Enfrimion of Meditation divine  
& Moral Prose.

Judgment & Mercy for all  
Your Prose.

The virgin Midas a  
comedy

The Royal Convert

Solomon's Re-  
cantation

His Morning Prayer

x not seen

Charles's Shepherds Oracles



Divine Poems.

The Proposition of the first work (Jonah,  
or a Feast for Worms) begins

'Tis not the record of great Hector's glory,  
Whose matchlesse valour makes the world a story;  
Nor yet the swelling of that Roman's name  
That only came, and looked, and overcame;

— I sing the praises of the King of Kings, &c

Quarles,

You magistrates, arise, and take delight,  
In settling justice, and maintaining right;  
Then let you Miners: Merchants, arise,  
And mingle conscience with your merchandise.

Poor wretched seiner, travel where thou wilt,  
Thy travel shall be burthen'd with Thy guilt:  
Climb tops of hills, that prospects may delight thee,  
There will Thy sins (like wolves and bears) affright thee;  
Fly to the valleys, that those sights may shun thee,  
And there (like mountains) they will fall upon thee:  
Or to the raging seas (with Jonah) go;  
There will Thy sins like storm & Neptune flow.  
Poor shiftlesse man! what shall become of thee?  
Where'er thou flyst, Thy griping sin will flee.

Where is this love become in later age?  
"Alas! 'tis gone in endless pilgrimage  
From hence, and never to return (I doubt):  
Till revolution wheel those times about,  
Chill breasts have starv'd her here, and she is driven  
Away; and with Astraea fled to heav'n.



Lord, how unlimited are thy confines,  
That still pursuest man in his good designs!  
Thy mercy's like the dew of Hermon hills,  
It like the ointment, dropping downward still  
From Aaron's head, to beard; from beard to foot;  
So do thy mercies drench us round about:  
Thy love is boundless; Thou art apt and free  
To turn to man, when man returns to thee.

Now Nimrod a mighty city was,  
Which all the cities of the world did praise;  
A city which ore all the rest aspires  
Like midnight Phoebe 'mongst the lesser fires:  
A city which (although to men was given)  
Better besem'd the majesty of heaven:  
A city great to God, whose ample walls,  
Who undertakes to mete with paces, shall  
Bring Phoebus thine to bed, ere it be done,  
(Although with dawning Vesperus begun.)  
When Jonas hath approacht the city gate,  
He made no stay to rest, nor yet to bait,  
No supple oyl his fainting head anoint,  
Stays not to bathe his weather-beaten joints,  
Nor smoothed his countenance, nor slick'd his skin,  
Nor craved he the Hostage of an iine,  
To ease his aking bones (with travel sore)  
But went, as speedy, as he fled before:  
The cities greatness made him not refuse  
To be the trump of that unwelcome news  
His tongue was great with; But (like Thunders voice)  
His mouth flew ope, and out there rush'd a voice.

6 lines (That the city shall be destroyed in 40 days.)

He sat not down to take deliberation,

"Thy city was purg'd and burnt for ever"





What manner people were They, or what nation,  
 Or gent; or savage; nor did he enquire.  
 What place were most convenient for a cry,  
 Nor like a sweet-lift orator did steer,  
 Or tune his language to the people's ear;  
 But bold, and rough, yet full of majesty,  
 Lift up his trumpet, and began to cry,  
When forty times Ion Phoebus shall fulfil  
His journall course upon the Olympian hill,  
Then Minich (the world great wonder) shall  
Shuttle the world foundation with his fall.

The dismal prophet stands not to admire  
 The cities pomp, or people's quaint attire,  
 Nor yet (with fond affection) doth pity  
 Th' approaching downfall of so brave a city,  
 But dauntlesse he his dreadful voice extends,  
 Respectlesse, whom this bolder cry offends;  
When forty days shall be expired, and run,  
And that poor nick of time drawn out and done,  
Then Minich the worlds imperial Throne,  
Shall not be left a stone upon a stone.

### The Wounded Conscience

I, this is it, whose valour never failes,  
 With God it stoutly wrestles and prevails:  
 I, this is it that pierces heaven above,  
 Never returning home (like Noah's Dove)  
 But brings an olive leaf, or some increase,  
 That works salvation, and eternall peace.

Alas I want a proper dialect  
 To blazon forth w. like what I muse;  
 The more I meditate, the more accurs;—



Quarles Imit. Verses

Lord, if my cards be bad, yet lend me skill  
To play them wisely, and make the best of ill.  
Hist. of 2. Enter.

The man that lives with himself alone,  
Subsists, and breathes, but lives not; Nor one  
Deserv'd the moiety of himself, for he  
That's born, may challenge but one part of three;  
Triparted thus; his country claims the best;  
The next his parent, and himself the least.  
His husbands best his life, that freely gives  
It for the public good; he rightly lives,  
That nobly dies: his greatest mastery,  
Not to be fond to live, nor fear to die  
On just occasion; He that (in case) despises  
Life, earns it best; but he that overprizes  
His dearest blood, when honor bids him die,  
Steals but a life, and lives by robbery.  
Hist.

If Rome's great power, and Egypt's wisdom can  
Not aid themselves, how poor a thing is man?  
Job. Militant

To Athens (you'd) he goes, and from that school  
Returns, unsped, a more instructed fool.

Conclude we then, Felicity consists  
Not in exterior fortunes, but her lists  
Are boundless, and her large extension  
Outrains the pace of humane apprehension —

The swelling of an outward fortune can  
Create a prosperous, not a happy man:  
A peaceful conscience is the true content,  
And wealth is but her golden ornaments  
— Job Militant

God, may this Justice in the same;  
To him the object that thinks the same.

The custom Christian must be, as to be cloth  
with Lin. even, as with with Lin. 640.





Would any from a prisoner prove a prisoner?  
 Or with slow speech best reason convince?  
 Preserve he then, unstained in his breast,  
 A milk-white conscience; let his soul be blest  
 With simple innocence: This seven fold shield  
 No dart shall pierce, no sword shall make it yield,  
 The sinewy bow, and deadly headed lance,  
 Shall break in shivers, and the splinters glance  
 Aside,

When most alone he stands, a thousand strong.

For mortals she borne, wax old, and die,  
 Live not in will, but bare necessity,  
 Common to beasts, which in the self degree,  
 Hold by the self same patent, even as we:  
 But she wise, is a diviner action

Of the discursive soul, a pure abstraction  
 Of all her powers, united in the will,  
 Aiming at good, rejecting what is ill:

It is an influence of inspired breath,  
 Unpurchased by birth, unlost by death,  
 Entail'd on no man, no, not free to all,  
 Yet gently answers to the eager call  
 Of those, that with inflamed affections seek,  
 Respecting tender youth and age alike:

In depth of days, her spirit not always lies,  
 Years make man old, but Heaven returns him wise;

The world's an index to eternity,  
 And gives a glance of what our clearer eye  
 In time shall see at large; nothing's so slight  
 Which in its nature sends not forth some light,  
 Or memorandum of his Maker's glory:  
 No dust so vile but pens an ample story  
 Of the Almighty's power.

The laws of nature break the rules of art.





May, Father, life, spirit, and then  
 then, God, spirit, and then death,  
 as the three hundred and thirty  
 years, bold, and it is the same  
 To God, and man's spirit, and  
 then several other, and the future.

Love is a noble passion of the heart;  
That, with its very essence doth impart  
All needful circumstances, and effects  
Unto the chosen party it affects;  
In absence, it enjoys; and with an eye  
Filled with celestial fire, doth espy  
Objects remote: It goes, and smiles in grief;  
It sweetens poverty; it brings relief;  
It gives the feeble strength; the coward, spirit;  
The sick man health; the undeserving merit; be  
The Hist. of Sampson.

Elegy 2<sup>nd</sup>      beginning etc B  
 But stay, (poor Gemini) how do griefs transport  
 Thy exiled senses? Is there no resort  
 To forked Parnassus sacred mount? No word  
 No thought of Helicon? No muse in flood?  
 I did awake, but there was none reply'd;  
 The nine were silent, since Mecenas dy'd:  
 They have forsaken Their old spring 'tis said,  
 They ha'nt a new one, which Their tears have made,  
 Should I molest them with my loss? 'Tis known,  
 They find enough to lament their own:  
 I crave no aid, no deity to infuse  
 New matter: Ah! True sorrow need no Muse.

32

Call back (bright Phoebe), your sky-wandering steed,  
Your day is tedious, and our sorrow needs  
No sun: when our sad souls have lost their light,



- Kingdoms are transitory: Seepten go  
From hand to hand, and Crown from brow to brow:  
But Wisdom marches on another guide;  
They're two things to be coldly-greet, and wide: - Divine Fancies.

Why should our eyes not find perpetual night?  
Go to the nether world, and let your rays  
Shine there: Berton on them our share of days;  
But say not, Why; lest when report shall show  
Such cause of grief, they fall a grieving too,  
And pray the absence of your restless wain,  
Which then must be returned on us again.  
Dear Phoebe grant my suit; if thou deny't,  
My tears shall blind me, and so make a night.

In life he taught to die; and he did give  
In death a great example how to live:

O glorious Saint! I knew 'twas not a throne  
Of flesh, could lodge so pure a soul as Thine;

He was a stranger to his house of clay;  
Scarcely own'd it, but that necessary stay  
Mistake'd it his; and only zeal did make  
Him love the building for the builders sake.

Fond Earth, forbear, and let thy childish eyes  
Not weep for him, thou ne'er knewst how to prize;

Stay, had report, or mighty Fame deny'd  
His name, it had been known that Albion dy'd.

Even so our Sun in his harmonious sphere  
Enlighten'd every eye, rais'd every ear,  
Till in the early sunset of his years  
He dy'd, and left us that survive, in tears:  
And (like the Sun) in spite of death and fate,  
He seemed greatest in his lowest state.



Quick-sould Pythagoras, O Thou that wert  
 To many men, and didst so oft revert  
 From shades of death (if we may trust of fame)  
 With loss of nothing but thy buried name;  
 Hadst thou but lived in this our diluvial time,  
 Thou wouldst have died once more & live in him;  
 Or had our diluvium those days of thine  
 But dy'd and left no glorious, no divine  
 A soul as his, how would thy hasty breast  
 Have gasp'd to entertain so fair a guest:  
 Which if obtain'd had (no doubt) supplide thee  
 With that immortal state thy Tyre deny'd thee.

— My rude pen forbears  
 To burnish sorrow, — Elegy on Dr. Milson.

These Elegies are preceded by very pretty  
 and neat letters — to his Patron.

"Logarithm and Parthenia", in "Morning Muse"  
 and in Prose Works we have not seen. John F. Carr.

"  
 An' widow say that he studied the Cause of Eng. mainly  
 with a desire to compose unity and difference be-  
 tween his friends and neighbors." He was  
 cup-bearer to the 2. of Bohemia — afterward  
 Secretary to Arch. <sup>th</sup> Wsher. — and again  
 Chronologer to the city of London. He was a  
 royalist and suffered from the publication  
 of "The Royal Court." "His mind and  
 person were both lovely," say his biographers  
 and Aubrey calls him "a very good man."  
 He has been described as "an old, juristained  
 poet, the sometime darling of our plebeian  
 judgements," by another "in wonderful  
 veneration among the vulgar."  
 I gather this from The Poets of Great Ed. by S.C. Hall





Drummond 13-83-1649

# Life

- A passing glance, a lightning 'long the skies, -  
A sonnet

Tears on the Death of Mœchides  
(Miles a Deo) Prince Henry, eldest son James 1<sup>st</sup>  
- Thy praise Fame will enrol  
In golden annals, while about the pole  
The slow Boötes turns, or sun doth rise, -

## Forth Feasting on a Panegyric on King James.

- Let others boast of blood, and spoil of foes,  
Fierce rapines, murders, shades of wars;  
Of hated pomp, and trophies reared fair,  
Gore-splashed ensigns streaming in the air;  
Count how they make the Sythian them adore,  
The Gaditan, and Soldier of Burore: -

## Swains

Misc Nature's darlings, they live in the world  
Perplexing not themselves how it is hold. -

## Sleep.

Sleep, Silence' child, sweet father of soft rest,  
Prince whose approach peace to all mortal brings,  
Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,  
Sole comforter of minds which are opprest;  
Loe, by thy charming rod, all breathing things  
Lie slumbering with forgetfulness possess'd;  
And yet for me to spread thy drowsie wings  
Thou sparest, (alas!) who cannot be thy guest.  
Since I am thine, I come, but with that face  
To inward light which thou art wont to show,  
With feigned solace ease a true-felt woe;



Or if, deafe god, thou do deny that grace,  
 Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath,  
 I long to kiss the image of my death.  
*venimus est mortis imago. Cicero.*

### The Instability of Mortal Glory.

Triumphing chariots, statues, crowns of bays,  
 Skie-threatening arches, the rewards of worth,  
 Books, heavenly-wise in sweet harmonious lays,  
 Which men divine unto the world set forth:  
 States, which ambitious minds, in blood do raise,  
 From frozen Tanais unto sun-burnt Ganges,  
 Gigantic frames held wonders rarely strange,  
 Like spiders' webs <sup>are made</sup> the sport of days,  
 Nothing is constant but in constant change,  
 What's done still is undone, and when undone  
 Into some other fashion doth it range;  
 Thus goes the floating world beneath the moone;  
 Wherefore my mind above time, motion, place,  
 Rise up, and steps unknown to nature trace.

### No Trust in Time

Look how the flower, which ling'ringly doth fade,  
 The morning's darling late, The summer's queen,  
 Mould'rd of that juice which kept it fresh and green,  
 As high as it did raise, bows low the head:  
 Just - Right so the pleasures of my life being dead,  
 Or in their contraries but only seen,  
 With swifter speed decline than erst it sped,  
 And, blasted, scarce now shewes what it hath been.  
 Therefore, as doth the pilgrim, whom the night  
 Hasteneth darkly to imprison on his way,  
 Shrinker on thy home, my soule, and thinke aight  
 Of what's yet left 'tween of life's wasting days  
 Thy sun posts westward, passed in thy morn,  
 And twice it is not given thee to be borne.



### Content & Resolute

As when it happeneth that some lovely town  
 Unto a barbarous besieger falls,  
 Who both by sword and flame himself instals,  
 And shames it in tears and blood doth drown;  
 Her beauty spoil'd, her int'rens made thralls,  
 His spite yet cannot so her all throw down,  
 But that some statue, pillar of renown,  
 Yet looks unmaim'd within her weeping walls;  
 As after all the spoil, disgrace and wreck,  
 That time, the world, and death, could bring combin'd,  
 Amidst that mass of ruins they did make,  
 Safe and all scarless yet remains my mind:  
 From this so high transcendent-rapture springs,  
 That I, all else defac'd, not envy kings.

### Icarus.

- When quills could move no more, and force did fail,  
 Through down I fell from heaven's high azure bounds,  
 Yet doth renown my losses countervail,  
 For still the shore my brave attempt resounds. -





Canter 1509 - 1639.

## A Divine Mistress.

- Yet I confess I cannot spare  
From her just shape the smallest haire;  
Nor need I beg from all the store  
Of heaven for her one beauty more:  
She hath too much divinity for me -  
You Gods! Teach her some more humanity.

---

- When pray her, since I send back on my part  
Her papers, she will send me back my heart. -

---

- 'tis true  
Absence and Time (two cunning Leaches) drew  
The flesh together; -

---

- Then flye betimes, for only they  
Conquer love that run away.

---

- - If the stout foe will not retire,  
When I besiege a towne,  
I lose but what was never mine;  
But he that is cast downe  
From enjoy'd beauty, feels a woe  
Only deposed kings can know.

---

### Isidore Returned.

Hee that loves a rosie cheek,  
Or a corall lip admires,  
Or, from star-like eyes, doth seeke  
To quell & maintaine his fires;



As old Time makes these decay,  
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,  
Gentle thoughts and calme desires,  
Plants, with equall love combined,  
Kindle never-dying fires,  
Where these are not, I despise  
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

I.S.

O Daxham

Though frost and snow lockt from mine eyes  
That beautie which without dore lyes;  
Thy gardens, orchards, walks, that so  
I might not all thy pleasures know;  
Yet, Daxham, thou within thy gate  
Art of thyselfe so delicate,  
So full of native sweets, that blesse  
Thy sope with inward happinesse;  
As neither from nor to thy store  
Winter takes ought, or Spring addes more.

To the King, at his entrance into Daxham, &c.

Incense nor gold have we, yet bring  
As rich and sweet an offering;  
And such as doth both these expresse,  
Which is our humble thankfulness;  
By which is payd the all we owe  
To gods above or men below.  
The slaughter'd beast, whose flesh should feed  
The hungry flames, we, for pure need,  
Dresse for your supper; and the gore,



Caran

Which should be dash'd on every door,  
 We change into the lustie blood  
 Of youthfull vines, of which a flood  
 Shall sprightly run through all your veins,  
 First to your health, then your faire trains.

Thus much your servants, that beare way  
 Here in your absence, bade me say,  
 And beg besides, you'd hitther bring  
 Only the mercy of a King,  
 And not the greatnesse, since they have  
 A thousand faults must pardon crave,  
 But nothing that is fit to waite  
 Upon the glory of your state. — —

### A Pastorall Dialogue

Shep.

See Love, the blushes of the morne appeare,  
 And now she hangs her pearlie store  
 (Rob'd from the eastern shore)  
 I'th' coustips bell, and roses rare:  
 Sweet, I must stay no longer here.

Nymph.

Those streakes of doubtfull light usher not day,  
 But shew my sunne must set; no morne  
 Shall shine till thou returne;  
 The yellow planets, and the gray  
 Dawne, shall attend thee on thy way.

Epitaph on the Lady Mary Villers.

The Lady Mary Villers eyes  
 Border this stone; with weeping eyes

Shep. If mine eyes could my pathes, they may forebear  
 Their welecome chide. Nymph. My tears will quit  
 Exquisite their fault light.  
 Shep. Those drops will make their homes more cleare,  
 Love's flames will shine in every tear.





The parents that first gave her birth,  
 And their sad friends, lay'd her in earth.  
 If any of them, reader, were  
 Knowne unto thee, shed a tear;  
 Or if of thyselfe possesse a genome;  
 As deare to thee, as this to them;  
 Though a stranger to this place,  
 Beweyle in theirs, their own hard case;  
 For thou, perhaps, at thy returne  
 Mayest find thy darling in 'an urne.

Another in the same

The purest soule that e're was sent  
 Into a clay'd tombment  
 Informed this dust; but the weake mold  
 Could the great guest no longer hold;—

Jealousie

+ Quest. If nor from heaven nor hell, where then  
 Has she her birth? Ans. I' th' hearts of men;  
 Beauty and Feare did her create,  
 Younger than Love, elder than Hate,  
 Sister to both, by Beauty's side  
 To Love, by Feare to Hate ally'd;  
 Her payre her issue is, whose race  
 Of fruitfull mischiefs drowns the space  
 Of the wide earth in a revolve flood  
 Of wrath, revenge, spight, rage, and blood.

An Elegie upon the Death of Mr. Donne,  
 Scorne of Poets.

+ + The Muses' garden, with pedantique weeds  
 O'erspread, was purg'd by thee; The Larie seeds  
 Of servile imitation throwne away,



Carver

And fresh invention planted; Thou didst pay  
The debts of our petulant banquet age:  
Sicentious thefts, that make postscript rage  
A mimic frieze, when our scales must be  
Poised, or with 'Anacreon's' extasie,  
Or Pindar's, not their own, the subtle cheats  
Of sly exchanges, and the jingling feats  
Of two-edg'd words, or whatsoever wrong  
By ours was done the Greek or Latine tongue,  
Thou hast redeemed, and spent as a mine  
Of rich and pregnant fancy, drawn a line  
Of masculine expression, which, had good  
Old Oppheus &c

Since to the awe of thy imperious wit  
Our troublesome language bends, made only fit,  
With her tough thick-rib'd hoops, to gird about  
Thy giant fancy, which had prov'd too stout  
For their soft melting phrases. As a time  
They had the start, so did they call the prime  
Buds of invention many a hundred years,  
And left the rifled fields, besides the fears,  
To touch their harvest; yet from those bare lands,  
Of what was only thine, thy only hands  
(And that their smallest works) have gleaned more  
Than all those times and tongues could reap before.

"In the Dunciad of Buckingham" begins  
When in the barren leave of fame,  
The life, the death, of Buckingham  
Shall be recorded, if trusty hand  
Inscribe the story of our land,  
Posterity shall see a faire  
Structure, &c

Our actions let our annals tell.



Invisible Quaint upon the Death  
of Pustons — + + +

Alas! how many  
My Lyrique feet list of the smooth soft way  
Of love and beauty only know the tread,  
In dancing paces celebrate the dead  
Victorious King, — ? +

A song beginning  
Aske me no more where Jove bestows,  
When June is past, the fading rose; re

The Primrose.

Aske me why I send you here,  
This firstling of the infant year;  
Aske me why I send to you  
This Primrose all bejewell'd with dew,  
I straight will whisper in your eares,  
The sweets of love are wash't with teares.

Aske me why this flower doth shew  
So yellow, greene, and sickly too;  
Aske me why the stalk is weak,  
And bending, yet it doth not breake;  
I must tell you, These discover  
What doubts and fears are in a lover. x

x now generally attributed to Herrick.  
First appeared in 'Carow.

The "Boolum Britannicum" a mask is  
pleasant reading for its wit & historic — like  
Marlowe and so many of that age — it  
is 'his' only long piece — and almost the only  
one not devoted to love.

It was written at the request of the King  
and performed by his majesty's children.





Canaan

I trust says  
 But I decline those titles; and lay claim  
 To heaven by right of divine contemplation;  
 He is my dwelling; I, in my soft lap,  
 Free from disturbing cares, bargains, accounts,  
 Leases, rents, stewards, and the fears of thieves,  
 That vex the rich, nurse her in calm repose,  
 And with her all the virtues speculative,  
 Which, but with me, find no secure retreat.

X  
 Mercury. Thou dost presume to reach, poor needy wretch,  
 To claim a station in the firmament  
 Because thy humble cottage, or thy tub,  
 Shows some larri or pedantique virtue  
 In the cheape sunshine, or by shady springs,  
 With roots and pot-hearts; where thy right hand  
 Tearing those humane passions from the mind,  
 Upon whose stock, fairer blooming virtues flourish,  
 Degradeth nature, and benummeth sense,  
 And, gorgon-like, turns active men to stone.  
 We not require the dull society  
 Of your necessitated temperance,  
 Or that unnatural stupidity  
 That knows not joy nor sorrow; no your  
 Falsely exalted passive fortitude  
 Above the active. This low abject brood,  
 That fix their seats in mediocrity,  
 Become your servile minds; but we advance  
 Such virtues only as admit excuse,  
 Brave bounteous acts, regal magnificence,  
 All-seeing providence, magnanimity  
 That knows no bound, and that heroic virtue  
 For which antiquity hath left us name,  
 But patterns only, such as Hercules,  
 Achilles, Theseus. Prizes to thy costly cell,  
 And when thou seest the new enlight'ned sphere,  
 Study to know but what those worthies were.

Caelum Britannicum



Pleasure -

Empire that knew no limits but the poles,  
Have in the Cranton left melted away.

Boet. Br.

Carwin was an ornament of the court  
of Charles 1<sup>st</sup> and the friend of Jonson,  
Minsley, Juvénat, & Clarendon, which  
last esteemed him perhaps the chief of the  
love poets of his time - He was said to  
be a laborious writer - In his life he was  
dissipated - He was one of the company  
who knew how to write.

Go, silly book, to subtle world,  
And show thy simple face;  
And forward pass, and do not turn  
Again to my disgrace.

Th. Churchyard 1578

Motto to the La. Maria Magdalena.  
f. 1. 1. 1. 1.



Geo. Pele.

supposed to have been born in 1552 or 3 —  
but the date of his death is unknown  
"for so it is, and always hath been"  
says Anthony <sup>word</sup> speaking of Pele, "that  
most poets die poor, and consequently  
obscurely, and a hard matter it is to  
trace them & their graves."

I read the "Arrangement of Paris" with  
considerable pleasure, and most expecting  
then might possibly have been much  
better things in it. I seemed to hear  
the tones of Tennyson's "Renown" in it.

Gifts to the 3 goddesses of Flora. Flammob's

— It were better give a thing,  
A sign of love, unto a mighty person or a king,  
Than to a rude and barbarous swain, but  
bad and basely born,  
For gently takes the gentleman that oft the clown will  
scorn.  
more of them

— The primrose, and the purple hyacinth,  
The dainty violet, and the wholesome mint,  
The double daisy, and the cowslip, queen  
of summer flowers, do overpeer the greens:  
And so Flora prepares to welcome the  
three goddesses of "Ida hills" — that  
same Ida hill which Tennyson's keeps  
upon. Now come the goddesses

Pan. Pipe, Pan, for joy, and let thy shepherds  
sing;  
Shall never age forget this memorable thing.

Gods O Ida, O Ida, O Ida, happy hill!  
Thy honor done to Ida may it continue still.

Muses For honor done to Ida.

Gods For honor done to Ida.





7. untid

Par. Alnorne, while we bin disposed to walk,  
Tell me what shall be subject of our talk?  
Thou hast a sort of pretty tales in store,  
I dare say no nymph in Ida woods hath more:  
Again, beside thy sweet alluring face,  
In telling them thou hast a special grace:  
Yea, spiritless sweet, afford some pretty thing,  
Some toy that from thy pleasant wit doth spring.

The names in a core of tale - Narcissus -  
Proserpine - Philomela &c - and add  
All these are old and known I know, yet if  
Thou wilt have any,  
Choose some of these, for trust me else Alnorne  
hath not any.

At length  
"They sing; and while Alnorne singeth, he pipeth."

Incipit Aln. Fair and fair, and twice so fair,  
As fair as any may be;  
The fairest shepherd on our green,  
A love for any lady.

Par. Fair and fair, and twice so fair,  
As fair as any may be:  
Thy love is fair for thee alone,  
And for no other lady.

Aln. My love is fair, my love is gay,  
As fresh as bin the flowers in May,  
And of my love my roundelay,  
My merry merry merry roundelay,  
Concludes with Cupid's curse,  
They that do change old love for new,  
Pray gods, they change for worse!

Ambo, simul. They that do change, &c.

Aln. Fair & fair, be.

Par. " " " "

My love is fair be.

Aln. My love can pipe, my love can sing,



Pele

My love can many a pretty thing,  
 And of his lovely praises ring  
 My merry merrym roundelay,  
 Amen to Cupid's curse,  
 They that do change, be.  
 For. They that do change, be.  
 Ambo. Fair and fair, be.

Juno makes this offer to Paris  
 — And for thy meed, with Jam queen prizes,  
 Shepherd, I will reward thee with great monarchies,  
 Empire, and kingdoms, heaps of massy gold,  
 Sceptres, and diadems curious to behold,  
 Rich robes, of sumptuous workmanship and cost,  
 And thousand things whereof I make no boast:  
 The mould whereon thou treadest shall be of Jago's  
 sands,  
 And Xanthus shall run liquid gold for thee to wash  
 thy hands;  
 And if thou wilt attend thy flock, and not  
 from them to fly,  
 Then pieces shall be for curled gold to please  
 their master's eye; — x

Paris make his own defence before  
 the gods,  
 And if in verdict of their forms divine,  
 My dazzled eye did swerve or waver more  
 On Venus face, than any face of theirs,  
 It was, no partial fault, but fault of his  
 Belike, whose eyesight not so perfect was,  
 As might discern the brightness of the rest:  
 And if it were permitted unto men,  
 Ye gods, to peep into your secret thoughts,  
 There be that sit upon that sacred seat,  
 That would with Paris err in Venus' praise.



But with unto the fairest of the three,  
 That power, that drew it for my farther ill,  
 I'd dedicate this ball: and safest durst  
 My shepherd's skill adventure, as I thought,  
 To judge of form and beauty, rather than  
 Of Juno's state, or Pallas worthiness,  
 That learn'd to ken the fairest of the flock,  
 And praised beauty but by nature's aim;  
 Behold, O Venus Paris gave this fruit;—

I might spend, with I was pardoned,  
 And tempted more than ever creature was  
 With wealth, with beauty, and with chivalry,  
 And so prefer'd beauty before them all,  
 The thing that hath enchanted heaven itself.  
 And for the one, contentment is my wealth;  
 A shell of salt will serve a shepherd swain,  
 A slender banquet in a homely xrip,  
 And water running from the silver spring.  
 For arms, they dread no foe that it so low;  
 A thorn can keep the wind from off my back,  
 A sheep-cote thatch'd a shepherd's palace high.  
 Of tragic muses shepherd's can no skill,  
 Enough in them, if Cupid be displeas'd,  
 To sing his praises on slender oaten pipe.

Venus means to

my all the honour and the sacrifice,  
 that from Cithaeron and from Paphos rise,—

Thou to Cithaeron

In the play of "Edward 1<sup>st</sup>" occurs  
 still in the mind where honour builds his bowers  
 again, Longshanks says—  
 Barons, now may you reap the rich renown  
 That under warlike colors springs in field,  
 And grows where ensignes wave upon the plain

The MS. argument of Paris





The skeleton of the "Old wife's Tale" reminds one  
in the commentators remarks, of  
Milton's "Commus", but not the filling  
up.

Here is an extract from the "David  
and Bathsheba" which is called his chief occurrence

Salomon. A secret fury ravisheth my soul,  
Lifting my mind above her human bounds;  
And, as the eagle, roused from her stand,  
With violent hunger towering in the air,  
Seizeth her feather'd prey, and thinks, of feed,  
But seeing then a cloud beneath her feet,  
Let fall the fowl, and is emboldened  
With eyes intentive to behold the sun,  
And stretch close unto his stately sphere;  
So Salomon, mounted on the burning wings  
Of zeal divine, let fall his mortal food,  
And cheers his senses with celestial air,  
Treads in the golden stony labyrinth,  
And holds his eyes fix'd on Jehovah's brow.

Another from the "Battle of Alcegar"  
play, ridiculed by Shakespeare.

Country.

We must affect our country as our parents,  
And if at any time we alienate  
Our love or industry from doing it honor  
It must affect respect affects and touch the soul,  
Matter of conscience and religion,  
And not leave of rule or benefit.

After the Eve Feed the and paint not fair Calipolis.

The more addressing his wife (quoted by Shakespeare)

follows shortly - I will provide thee of a princely spouse,  
That as she fliteth over fields in pools,  
The first shall turn their glittering bellies up,  
And thou shalt take thy liberal choice of all.

The skeleton of the "Old wife's Tale" reminds one in the commentators remarks, of Milton's "Commus", but not the filling up.



"The Beginning, Accidents, and End Of the War of Troy," the "Polyhymnia" and "The Honour of the Garter" are rather bravely written.

In the 1<sup>st</sup> Paris repairs to Lacedemon

Is furnished with men and ships at last  
To Lacedemon doth this mission come;  
The winds made way, the sea affording room:  
In fine, the cut and voyage being short,  
Paris' knight arrives at Menelaus' Court,  
Where such his entertainment was. I find,  
As gently might content a princely mind:—

¶  
Hus flys Paris with his chased prey,  
And lands in Troy his gallant Helena, —

¶  
In Aulis' gulph they mightily assemble,  
Whose power might make the proudest Troy tremble.

How many ills do follow are annoy?  
Now merrily sail our gallant Greeks to Troy,  
And scour the seas, and cheerly run forth right,  
As shoots a streaming star in winter's night,  
Away they fly, their tackling left and tight,  
Top and top-gallant in the bravest sort.  
And, as ye wot this war and tragic sport  
It was for 'Helena.

And over long it were for me to tell  
In this afflictive war what hap befell;  
How many Greeks, how many Trojan knights,  
As chivalry by kind in love delight,  
Upon their helms their plumes can well advance,  
And twist their ladies' colours in their lance.

¶  
Ah, what a piercing sight it was to see  
So brave a town as Troy was said to be,  
By quenchless fire laid level with the soil,  
The prince and people made the soldiers' spoil!



Thus souls by swarms depress O' Plato's halls;  
Thus, naked Troy, or now not Troy at all, —

"My an' tho' say, O' honour Helen's name,  
That through the world hath been belied by fame,  
How when the king, her foe was about thence,  
I tale that well may lessen her offence,  
His Paris took the town by arms and skill,  
And carried her O' Troy against her will;  
Whom whether afterward she lov'd or no,  
I cannot tell, but may imagine so.  
End.

4. The Polyhymnia

Young Essex, that thine honorable earls;  
Y-clad in mighty arms of mourning's hue,  
And plume as black as is the raven's wing,  
That from his armour borrow'd such a light,  
As boughs of yew receive from shady stream.

The Author of the "Garter Legend"

Obituary in the "Garter"

About the time when Kepler in the west  
'Gan set the evening watch, and silent night,  
Richly attended by his twinkling train,  
Sent sleep and slumber to possess the world,  
And fantasy to haunten idle heads;  
Under the starry canopy of heaven  
I laid me down, laden with many care,  
(My bed-fellows almost these twenty years,  
Fast by the stream where Thames and Isis meet,  
And day by day roll & salute the sea.  
For more than common service I perform'd  
To Albion's queen, when women shift for fight,  
To forage England plough'd the ocean up,  
And stalk'd into the channel that divides  
The Frenchmen's strand for Britain's fishy towns.

Peele has the sweetness of Spenser & the fire of Marlowe & the  
degree





Even at that time, all in a fragrant mead,  
 In night of that fair castle, that overlooks  
 The forest one way, and the fertile vale  
 Water'd with that renowned river Thames,  
 Old Windsor Castle, did I take my rest.  
 When Cynthia, companion of the night,  
 With shining brand lightening his char, car,  
 Whose arletree was yet enshad'd with stars,  
 And roof with shining ravens' feathers cel'd. —

I sacred Loyalty, in purest hearts  
 Thou bidd'st thy lover! Thy weak of spotted Ants,  
 Libs. those that stood for Rome's great Offices. —

— A memory that I knew  
 Knighted in my remembrance, I beheld,  
 And all their names were in that register;  
 And yet I might perceive some so set down,  
 That howsoever it hap't I cannot tell,  
 The earl Oblivion stole from Lethe's lake,  
 Or Envy stole from out the deep Abyss,  
 Had ras'd, or blemish'd, or obscur'd at least.  
 What have those friends to do in Fame's fair court?  
 Yet in the house of Fame, and court of Kings,  
 Envy will bite, or snarl, and bark at least,  
 As dogs against the moon that yelp in vain:  
 Say frustra to those curs, and shake thy coat.

Y X  
 The train retir'd, as swift as stars do shoot,  
 From whence they came, and day began to break;  
 And with the noise and thunder in the sky,  
 When James' great double doors fell to and shut,  
 And this triumphant train was vanish'd quite,  
 The gaudy Morn out of her golden sleep  
 Awak'd, and little birds unclogg'd yarning,  
 O welcome home the bridegroom of the sea



# Pelle

This vision reminds me of Chaucer,

Anglorum Feniæ or (England's Holidays)  
is another quite readable poem.

Continued from London

Not all the arms of Thebes and Troy could get  
One knife but to anatomize your meat,

Get in the year took you homeward would retire,  
And heartily with your bed your funeral pyre.

Not the sacrifice for the space  
Their holy ashes, what is then their flame?

He do that wrong unweaving, or in ire,  
As if we should put out the vestal fire.

Let Earth, your quarters break, and then I can bear  
A town witness for the fellow-traveller;

Treatment of living, not

There is not in my mind one sullen fate  
Of old, but is concentrated in our state.

Vandal o'er-runners, Goths in literature,

Ploughmen that would Parmassus new manure;

Ringers of verse that all is chime,

And tell the change upon every rhyme.



He enjoyed the patronage of Mary, Countess of Pembroke  
 "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother", Lucy, Countess  
 of Bedford - also celebrated by Jonson - and  
 the Earl of Southampton - Shakespeare's  
 patron. His complaint of "Roramus" is thought  
 (Malone) without reason, to have occasioned the  
 "Venice's Old men" & "Rape of Lucrece" of Shakespeare,  
 and his sonnets to have been the model  
 of the latter famous sonnets. In 1599  
 he succeeded Spencer as poet laureate to  
 Elizabeth. He seems to have been determined  
 to be a poet and do the duty of a poet.

He composed the following plays with  
 in Anderson. *Cleopatra* a tragedy 1594  
*The Virgin of the 12 Goddesses* & *Myrrha* 1604  
*The Queen's Arcadia* & *Pastoral Tragicomedy* 1605  
*Heyne's Triumph* " " " "  
*Philotas* a tragedy " " " " 1611

Anderson says, that he enjoyed the friendship and  
 praises of Greville Sir John Harrington - Melman  
 Camden, Spencer - Jonson - Drayton Browne &c.

His critics celebrate him for his inoffensive  
 style, but the reader cannot help <sup>be interested in</sup> wishing  
 that the muse had heard him when <sup>in</sup> the  
 beginning of his principal poem, the "History  
 of the Civil Wars", 1604. The English Queen?

"Raise up a work for later times to see,  
 That may thy glory and my brain command;  
 Make me these thoughts rightly rehearse;  
 And give peace to my life, life to my verse."

It is a more Chronicle.

In the course of the poem he says  
 "And let the wrath (they count of colder blood)  
 Be held more gross, so it remain more good."  
 and yet to Neptune  
 "Keep us more English;" (another place)  
 He long enough hath lived who lives with fame.

Samuel Daniel. 1562-1619





Daniel

Truthenon - after the defeat of King Henry & Edward  
in the battle of Towton - happy

Behold, <sup>i.e. behold</sup> there what a poor distressed thing,  
A king without a people was! - And whence  
The glory of that nightingale doth spring,  
That overspreads (with such a reverence)  
This under world! Whence comes this furnishing,  
And all this splendor of magnificence!  
He sees what chain soever monarch set  
Upon on earth, the people was the state.

Truth

As if it lived immured within the walls  
Of hideous terms, fram'd out of barbousness  
And foreign customs, the memorials  
Of our subjection; and could never be  
Deliver'd but by wrangling nobility.

Whereas it dwells free in the open plain,  
Uncurious, gentle, easy of access:  
Certain unto itself; of equal vein;  
One face, one color, one assuredness. + +

Equity.

+ What Equity, being the soul of law,  
The life of justice, and the spirit of right;  
Dwells not in written lines; or lives in awe  
Of books, deaf powers, that have ears nor sight:  
But out of well weighed circumstances doth draw  
The essence of a judgment requisite;  
And is that Lesbian square, that building fit,  
Plies to the work, nor forceth the work to it.  
Maintaining still an equal parallel  
Just with the 'occasions of humanity,  
Meeting her judgment ever liable  
To the respect of peace and amity;  
When surely law, stern and unaffable,



Cares, only but itself satisfy;  
 And often innocencies scarce depends,  
 As that which on no circumstances depends. —  
 Epistle to his M<sup>ty</sup> Egerton K<sup>t</sup>

The Eldest of the Lady Margaret, Countess of  
 Cumberland <sup>being Countess of Bedford</sup> is <sup>by far</sup> the best he has written.

He begins

<sup>Lady Margaret</sup>  
 He that of such a height has built his mind,  
 And reared the dwelling of his thought so strong,  
 As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame  
 Of his resolved powers; nor all the wind  
 Of vanity or malice pierce & wrong

His settled peace, or to disturb the same:  
 What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may  
 The boundless wastes and wilds of man survey?

And with how free an eye doth he look down  
 Upon these lower regions of turmoil?  
 Where all the storms of passions mainly beat  
 On flesh and blood: where honor, power, renown,  
 Are only gay afflictions, golden toil;  
 Where greatness stands upon a feeble feet,  
 As frailty doth; and only great doth seem  
 To little minds, who do it so esteem.

He looks upon the mightiest monarch's wars  
 But only as on stately robberies;  
 Where evermore the fortune that prevails  
 Must be the right: the ill-succeeding more  
 The fairest and the best paid enterprises

He sees, that let deceit work what it can,  
 Plot and contrive base ways to high desires;  
 That the all-guiding providence doth yet  
 All disappoint, and mocks this smoke with

And whilst distraught ambition compasses,  
 And is encompass'd, whilst a craft deceives,  
 And is deceived; whilst man doth ravage man,  
 And builds on blood, and rais by districts;



And the inheritance of desolation leaves  
 No great expecting hopes; he looks, thereon,  
 As from the shore of peace, with unmet eye,  
 And bears no venture in impiety.

You in the region of yourself remain.

3. 2. 2. Knowing the heart of man is set to be  
 The centre of this world, above the which  
 These revolutions of disturbances  
 Still roll; where all the aspects of misery  
 1. 5. Predominate: whose strong effects are such,  
 As he must bear, being powerless to redress:  
 And that unless above himself he can  
 Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!

To Lucy, Countess of Bedford.

Advantage of eminence & virtue  
 + + With such a goodly and respected face  
 Both virtue looks, that set to look from high;  
 And such a fair advantage by her place  
 Hath state and greatness to do nothing. + +  
 Such was her state, which she employed in study  
 and contemplation.

Since all the goods we have rest in the mind,  
 By whose proportion only we redeem  
 Our thoughts from out confusion, and do find  
 The measure of ourselves, and of our powers:  
 And that all happiness remain confined  
 Within the kingdom of this breast of ours;  
 Without whose bounds all that we look on lies:  
 & In thus your jurisdiction others powers,  
 Out of the circuit of our liberties.  
 All glory, honour, fame, applause, renown,





I will

Are not beloning to our royalties,  
 But to others wills, wherein they're only grown.  
 And that unless we find us all within,  
 We never can without us be our own;  
 Nor call it right our life that we live in;  
 But a possession held for others use,  
 That seem to have most interest therein;  
 Which we do so divers part traduce,  
 Set out to custom, fashion; and to show.

And though books, madam, cannot make the mind,  
 Which we must bring apt to be set aright;  
 Yet do they rectify it in that kind,  
 And touch it so, as that it turns that way  
 Where judgment lies. And though we cannot find  
 The certain place of truth; yet do they stay,  
 And entertain us near about the same;

To The Lady Anne Clifford.  
 Honor

The tell you too how that it bounded in,  
 And kept enclosed with so many ye;  
 As that it cannot stray and beak abroad  
 Into the private way of carlesomts;  
 Nor ever may descend to vulgaires,  
 Or be below the sphere of her abode.

But like those superfluous bodies set  
 Within their orbs, must keep the certain course  
 Of order; destin'd to their proper place, x x

Danger by Flattery  
 So that we must not only fence this fort  
 Of ours against all others fraud, but most  
 Against our own; where danger is the most,  
 Because we be the nearest to do hurt; &c



To Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton.

Flabritius

Poverty did grace that common weal,  
More than all Sylla's riches got with strife;  
And Cato's death did vie with Caesar's life.

He that endures for what his conscience knows  
Not to be ill, doth from a patient high  
Look only on the cause whereunto he owes  
Those sufferings, not on his misery: — + +

"Mausophilus - a general defence of learning"

"out of his longer piece - in which  
(after saying that Chaucer shall only live in his last-  
i.e. Canterbury Tale - yet what a time hath)

But yet in all the interchange of all the  
Virtue, we see, with his fair grace stands fast:  
For what high rise hath there come to fall  
With low disgrace, quite vanquished and past,  
Since Chaucer lived, who yet lives, and yet shall  
Though (which I grieve to say) but in his last.  
Yet what a time hath he wasted from time,  
And won upon the mighty waste of days,  
Unto the immortal honor of our day's clime,  
That by this means came first adorned with his lays:  
Unto the sacred relics of whose time,  
We yet are bound in zeal to offer praise.

Stonkunge in the same

Considering how small a room do lie,  
And yet he safe, (as fresh as if alive)  
All those great worthies of antiquity,  
Which long forelived thee, and shall long survive;  
Who stronger bonds found for eternity,  
Than could the powers of all the earth contrive.



Daniel

How many Thousands never heard the name  
Of Sidney, or of Spenser; or their books?  
And yet brave fellows, and presume of fame;  
And seem to bear down all the world with looks.

Men find that action is another thing,  
Than what they in discouraging papers read:  
The world affairs require a managing  
More art than those wherein you clerks proceed;  
Whilst timorous knowledge stands considering,  
Audacious ignorance hath done the deed.  
For who knows most, the more he knows to doubt,  
The least discourse is commonly most stout.

In the conclusion he asks whether England  
Should fall behind the rest of Europe in letters  
When all that ever better spirit - express,  
Comes better'd by the patience of the north.

And who in time knows whether we may vent  
The treasure of our tongue? To what strange shores,  
This gain of our best glory shall be sent,  
T' enrich unknowing nations with our stores?  
What worlds in the yet unformed occident,  
May come refined with the accents that are ours

Honor is called  
"The quackier of Kings."

& The Dedication of Philotas, Tragedy of the  
Omnia - afterward Charles 1<sup>st</sup> 1611

And though you have a swanet of your own,  
Within the banks of it even meditates  
Sweet notes to you, and unto your renown  
The glory of his music dedicates,  
And in a lofty tune is set to sound  
The deep reports of sublimed Tragedies.





I printed in letters

And know, sweet prince, when yours shall come to know,  
That 'tis within the power of kings to raise  
A spirit for verse that is not born thereeto,  
Nor are they born in every prince's days:  
For late Christ's reign gave birth to more  
Than all the kings of England did before.  
And it may be the genius of that time  
Would leave to her the glory in that kind,  
And that the utmost powers of English rhyme  
Should be within her peaceful reign confined;

The poet is frequently complaining - as in  
this poem especially - of not having a muse  
"held with the hand", that he has done  
as well as he can, but "all our labours are without  
success," that he has "outlined the date off  
of former grace, acceptance, and delight," and years have  
done this wrong,

To make me write too much, and live too long."  
He is a most undisguised lover of fame.  
"Which I esteem more than what all the age  
Or it could can give."

On the Dedication of Cleopatra to the  
Countess of Pembroke - 1594

O that the ocean did not bound our style  
Within these strict and narrow limits so;  
But that the melody of our sweet idles  
Might now be heard to Tiber, Agne, & Po.  
That they may know how far Fame doth outgo  
The music of declined Italy;  
And listening to our songs another Nile,  
Might learn of their best notes to purify.



In the Ded- of Hymen's Triumph to the Queen.

For that fair structure goodness finishes,  
Bears off all change of times and never fails,  
And that is it hath let you in so far  
Into the heart of England as you are.

Thanking Denmark for her princes, he exclaims,  
But what do I on this high subject fall  
Here in the front of this be pastoral?

Ulysses & The Dyon & Percy.

The Complaint of Poranous <sup>1594</sup> is one of the larger  
He complains that he would be denied  
"Her transport & the sweet Chorian rest-  
Charon denies me a stage with the rest—

The Sonnets Upward written after 1594

Beauty, sweet love, is like the morning dew,  
Whose short refresh upon the morning tender greens,  
Gleams for a time, but till the sun doth show,

When thou, murchang'd with burden of thy years,  
Shalt bend thy wrinkles homeward to the earth;—  
Sonnets

McLace

Peinture.

A Panegyric to the best picture of Friendship, Mr. Peter Lilly.

+++ O sacred Peinture! that dost fairly draw  
That but in misty deep inward ports sees;  
Twist thee and an intelligence no odds,  
That art of form counsel to the gods,  
By thee into our eyes they do prefer  
A stamp of their abstracted character,  
Now that in frames eternally dost bind,  
And art a written and a bodied mind;  
To thee ++

"On Samozar's being honored with six hundred ducats  
by the Clarissimi of Venice, for composing an elegiac therastie  
of the city"

A Solilo

This is one of the posthumous poems which supplies us with  
some hint regarding the author's own estate.

+ Some other bard, who did her battles ring,  
Indifferent gave to poet and to king;  
With the same laurels were his temples fraught

Whoe best had written and who best had forged

In marble statues walks the great Lucan lay,  
And now we walk our own hole statues

You that do make for thinest your black guts bloody,  
And chew your labourable papers for your food,  
I will inform you here and what to make,

For this you are to be the abyss,  
And in your papers the closet of some fish;  
Archie and Sabasa you must steep  
In all their sweets, for crumple up  
And steal new fire from heaven for the flesh,  
Her unpledged scalp with Peronius's hair;

Then walk unbid, when that every stone  
Has knock'd acquaintance with your ankle-bones?  
When your mind's papers like the last days, near  
Return'd to quit your paper hope or fear,  
Must left you to the mercy of your host,  
And your days pass, a forfeit'd feast.  
How many broken rings in this strain  
Would have pierc'd your head through for the rain?  
v. 11 & c.





In Lawrence's Memoir W. 1352  
 the arguments are as good as anything  
 e.g. the 1st

Let us and I will tell you right  
 The battle of Halidon-hyll.

— But, sen the time that god was born,  
 We 'a hundredth zero before,  
 War never men better in fight  
 Than Ingliss-men, while thair had myght; —

Lowell — (1818-58) "was accounted  
 the most amiable and beautiful person  
 that ever eye beheld" — After having been  
 held in "public estimation" and patron-  
 ized by the Queen and "Lords," he became  
 at length an object of charity — and died  
 in obscurity.

To Lucasta (or Lux Casta or Lux Sacherevall)  
 going to the wars

I could not love thee dear, so much,  
 Lov'd I not honour more.

The Grasshopper.

To my noble Friend, Mr. Charles Cotton.  
 Ode.

O thou that swing'st upon "The waving hair  
 Of some well-filled oaten beard,  
 Drunk every night with a delicious ear,  
 Dropp'd thou from heav'n, where now thou'rt re-rear'd

The joys of earth and air are thine entire  
 That with thy feet and wings dost hop & fly;





And when thy poppy work, thou dost retire  
To thy car'd acorn-bed to lie.

Up with the day, the sun thou welcom'st then,  
Sport'st in the gilt-plate of his beams,  
And all these merry days make it merry men,  
Thyself, and melancholy streams.

But ah, the rickle! golden ears are copped;  
Ceres and Proserpine bid good night;  
Sharp frosty fingers all your flow'rs have topt,  
And what say'st thou spard, winds have off quite.

Poor verdant fool! and now, green lies, thy joys  
Large and as lasting as the perch of grass,  
Bids us lay in 'gainst winter rain, and poise  
Their floods, with an overflowing glass.

Thou best of men and friends! we will create  
A genuine summer in each others breast,  
And spite of this cold time and frozen fate  
Flaw us a warm seat to our rest.

Though Lord of all what seas embrace, yet he  
That wants himself, is poor indeed.

on  
Mrs Elizabeth Filmer.

How much the clearer was not known,  
Her mind or her complexion:

As "Ode" begins

you are deceived. I sooner may, dull find,  
Seat a dark Moor in Cassiopeia's chair,  
Or on the glow-worms useless light,  
O'er the watching flower of night;  
Or give the rose's breath  
To executed death,  
Ere the bright hue

of verse to you;

It is just heaven's lovely stamp & frame,  
And we, alas! its triumph, but proclaim.  
Thy 4. 12.



"To Wither from Prison" was  
written when he was in the prison of  
the Gatehouse at Westminster - for his  
efforts for the restoration of the King.  
- & c. c. c. c. c.

Stone walls, do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for an Hermitage,  
If I have freedom in my love,  
And in my soul am free;  
Angels alone that soar above  
Enjoy such liberty.

To his dear Brother, Colonel F. L.  
Immoderately Mourning My Brother's Untimely  
Death at Carmarthen.

Then from thy form self never sever;  
Tears fast the grief that thy should starve;  
From decrees of destiny  
Are never wiped out with a wet eye.

But this way you may gain the field,  
Oppose but sorrow and will yield;  
The gallant thorough-made resolve  
Doth starry influence dissolve.

The Art:

Cease, large example of wise thrift awhile,  
(For thy example is become our law)  
And teach thy prowess a reasonable smile;  
So bates sometimes the naked Flora's raw.  
And thou almighty foe, lay by thy string,  
Whilst thy unpaid musicians, o'erleaves, sing.





Austere and Ognie! not one hour t'allow  
 To lose with pleasure what thou got'st with pain.  
 Post-drive, on sacred festivals, thy plough;  
 Tearing highways with thy overcharged wain.  
 Not all thy life-time one poor minute live,  
 And thy o'er-laboured bulks with mouth relieve!

### The Snail

Mine emblem of our politic world,  
 Sage snail, within thine own self curld;  
 Instruct me softly & make haste,  
 Whilst these my feet go slowly fast.

Compendium snail! thou seem'st one,  
 Large Euclid's strict epitome; —  
 X referring to the different shape of snails.

Then when the sun rises in the deep,  
 Thy silver horns ere Cynthia's feet;

That big stile with thyself dost go,  
 And livest an ages embryo;

And when thou art to progress bent,  
 Thou mov'st thyself and timent,  
 As wastlike Scythians travell'd, you  
 Remove your men and city too;

Now hast thou chang'd thee, saint, and made  
 Thyself a fane that's cupola'd;  
 And in thy wreathe'd cloister thou  
 Walkest thine own grey pair too;  
 Strict and lock'd up, thou'rt hood all o'er,  
 And neer chiminat'st the door.  
 On sabbath thou dost feed severe,  
 And 'stead of beads thou droop'st a tear;





And when to rest, each calls the bell,  
 Then sleep'st within thy marble cell;  
 Where, in dark contemplation plac'd,  
 The sweets of nature thou dost taste;  
 And now with time thy days resolve,  
 And in a jelly thee dissolve.  
 Like a shot star, which doth repair  
 Upward, and rarify the air.

On Lovelace  
 He was tan Marti, quam Mercurio.  
 says a catalogist.

DAVE (1573)

Angels, though on earth employ'd they be,  
 Are still in heav'n; so is he still at home  
 Whose doth abroad to honest actions come.

— only he who knows  
 Himself, knows more.

The Undertaking.  
 I have done one braver thing  
 Than all the Worthies did,  
 And yet a braver than doth spring  
 Whence is, & deep that bid.

Where but madmen now impart  
 The skill of specular stone,  
 When he which can have learn'd the art  
 To cut it can find none.

\* But hark! I admire his fate,  
 Since without extraction of state,  
 A perfect angel  
 Can force his virtue, change his soil;  
 For where'er he doth go,  
 He wanders with his country too.

\* Another poem upon the same  
 Behold the huddle of  
 of hope, credence, and charlatan;  
 that worthy man is  
 he doth himself to the same end  
 then when the sun  
 He bairt him with his own immi-



So if I now should utter this,  
 'Tis (because no more  
 Such stuff to work upon there is)  
 Would love but as before.

But he who loveth within  
 Hath found, all outward lothes;  
 For he who colour loves and skin,  
 Loves but their oldest clothes.

If as I have, you also do  
 Virtue in women see,  
 And dare love that, and say so too,  
 And forget the 'he and she;

And if this love though plac'd so,  
 From profane men you hide,  
 Which will no faith on this bestow,  
 But they do decide:

Then you have done a braver thing  
 Than all the Worthies did,  
 And a braver there will spring,  
 Which I'll keep that hid.

Flown art so true, that thought of thee sufficeth  
 To make dreams truths, and fables histories.

— or worst profits from best meats be,  
 So is pride issued from humility; —

Although we see celestial bodies move  
 Above the earth, the earth we till and love:



Virtues, as rivers pass  
Yet still remain that virtuous man there was.

A point and one  
Are much entire than a million.

Becalmed at sea. from "The Storm"  
V. n. h. 2 (I lose my end; for here, as well as, I  
A desperate man may live, and count dies.)

You get, if you forget,

If our souls have stain'd their first white, yet we  
May clothe them with faith and dear honesty,  
Which God imputes as native purity.

Some aspersion  
Of vice becomes well some complexion.

How happy 's he which hath due place assign'd  
To his beast and disforested his mind!

Can use his horse, goat, wolf, and ev'ry beast,  
And is not ass himself to all the rest!  
Else man left only in the herd of swine,  
But he's those devils too which did incline  
Them to an headlong rage, and make them worse;  
For man can add weight to Heaven's heaviest curse.

Why love among the virtues is not known  
I, that alone them all contrast in one,  
For me more V. above,





From the Extracts from "The Anatomy of the World"  
to follow those in No 1.

The 'man, this world's vice emperor, in whom  
All faculties, all graces, are at home;  
And if in other creatures they appear,  
They're but man's ministers and legates there,  
To work on their rebellions, and reduce  
Them to civility and to man's use: —

They have impaled within a sodie  
The fire-born sun, and keep twelve signs awake  
To watch his steps;

of meridians and parallels  
Man hath wear'd out a net, and this net thrown  
Upon the heavens, and now 'they are his own.

Summer's robe grows  
Dusky, and like an oft dy'd garment shews.

"The Storm" and "The Calm" are faithful  
and lively records of experience.

On the point.

'Tis the pre-eminence  
Of friendship only compute excellence. —

And from our latter'd sail rag'd drop down so  
As from one hang'd in chains a year ago —

Hearing hath deaf'd our sailors; and if they  
Knew how to hear, there's none knows what they say.

In the 2<sup>d</sup>

As steady as I could wish my thought were,

The sea is now, and on the isle, which we



Ah, when we can move, our ship rooted be  
 And all our beauty and our trim decay,  
 Like counts removing, or like ending play.  
 The fighting place now seamen's rage supply,  
 And all the tasking is a frippery.

— And on the hatches, or on altars, lie  
 Each <sup>one</sup> his own priest and own sacrifice.

— Whether

or the Thirst

Of honor or of an' death outspelt me first,  
 I lose my end; for here, as well as I,  
 A desperate may live and coward die.  
 Stay, dog, and all which from or towards flies,  
 Is paid with the life of me, or doing dies;



Tale of his earliest publication 1583, and at that time," according to Dyce, "the most distinguished poets alive in England were these."

Thomas Churchyard — Barnaby Googe, translator —  
Sackville — Arthur Golding, translator — Nicholas  
Preston — Whetstone — Spenser, author of the Shep.  
Calendar — Sidney, well known, but not printed —  
Jey — Lyly, probably well known as a dramatist —  
Watson a sonneteer — Rich. Stanyhurst, a  
hexameterer, trans. of books of Ovid.

The following — some of whom started about  
the same time with him, were added to the list of  
English poets, during G's years of authorship.  
Marlowe — Peele — Warner — Fraunce, hexam-  
eter — Nash — Lodge — Raleigh — Henry Constable  
— Drayton — Daniel — Shakespeare.

### "Menaphon's Roundelay"

begins

When tender eyes, brought home with evening sun,  
Wend to their folds,  
And to their holds.

The Shepherds' trudge when light of day is done,

Perhaps this is ascurable as anything.

Song.

Sweet are the thoughts that savor of content;

The quiet mind is richer than a crown;

Sweet are the nights in careless slumber past;

The poor estate seems fortune's angry frown:

Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such days,  
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbors quiet rest;

The cottage that affords no pride nor care;

The mean that grees with country music best;

The sweet consort of mirth and music's fare;

Robert Greene. 1568 or 69 - 92.





Obscured life sets down a type of life:  
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.



Now in this cruel war, the troops of France  
 Their banners dare on English arms advance. -  
 Sir John Beaumont Rosworth  
 Field.

Oh, what might be the cause that Mercy heaves  
 The dust of sin above the industrious sky,  
 And lets it not to dust and ashes fly?  
 Giles Fletcher's Christ's victory.

There is a place beyond that flaming bill  
 From whence the stars their thin appearance shed,  
 A place beyond all place, where never ill;  
 Nor impious thought was ever harboured;  
 Thid  
 Heav'n itself shall slide,  
 And roll away like melting stars that glide  
 Along their oily threads: Thid.

Mercy  
 Now may a worm, that crawls along the dust,  
 Clamber the azure mountain, Thrown so high,  
 As though another day were newly born,  
 And fetch from thence thy fair idea just,  
 That in those sunny courts doth hidden lie,  
 Bloated with such light, as blinds the angels eye?  
 Now may weak mortal even hope to fill  
 His unsmooth tongue, and his deprostate style;  
 O, raise thou from his core thy now entomb'd exile!  
 Thid

Presumption  
 Like a ship, in which no balance lies,  
 Without a pilot on the sleeping waves,  
 Fairly along with wind and water flies,  
 And painted-mast with silken sails embraces  
 That Neptune's self the bragging vessel saves,  
 It caught awhile a blue so proud array;  
 Thid.



## Love

Love is the blossom where there bloom  
 Every thing that lives or grows:  
 Love doth make the Heavens glow,  
 And the sun doth burn in Love;  
 Love the strong and weak doth yoke,  
 And makes the cry climb the oak; —  
 Love no medicine can appease,  
 He burns the fishes in the seas;  
 Not all the skill his wounds can stanch,  
 Not all the sea his fire can quench:  
 Love did make the bloody spear  
 Once a heavy coat to wear,  
 While in his leave, these shrouded lay  
 Sweet birds, for Love, that sing and play: —  
 Ibid.

— bees, that fly

About the laughing blossoms of sallow, —  
 Ibid.

## Second Morning after Christ's death.

~~The morning~~  
 And now the taller sons (whom Titan warms)  
 Of emulous mountains, blown with early winds,  
 Girdled the morning's child hood in their arms,  
 And, if they chanced to slip the powder pine,  
 The under comets did catch the shines,  
 To gild their leaves; — Ibid.

## The Martyrs in Heaven

But now, estranged from all rising,  
 As far as Heav'n and earth disroasted lie,  
 Shelter in quiet waves of immortality.  
 Ibid.

## Heaven

Gaze but upon the house where man embowes:  
 With flowers and rushes fringed in his ways,

M. J. Bennett Esq. Phila. Pa.





Where all the creatures are his servants,  
 The winds do sweep his chambers every day,  
 And clouds do wash his rooms, the ceiling gay,  
 Starred above, the gilded knots and have:

If such a house God to another gave,  
 How shame thou, glittering court, be for himself  
 will have?  
 This.

Flawth

For then went Fido, marshal of the field;  
 Black was his mother when she gave him day;  
 But he at first a sick & weakly child,  
 As e'er in the tears welcomed the sunny ray;  
 Yet when more years afford more growth & might,  
 A champion stout he was, and puissant knight,  
 As even came in field, as thou in armor bright.

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Mountains he flung to seas with mighty hand;  
 Rocks and trees back the sun's impetuous smoke;  
 Nature broke, nature's laws at his command;  
 No force of Hell or Heaven with stand his force;  
 Events to come yet many ages hence,  
 He present makes, by wondrous prescience;  
 Proving the senses blind by being blind to sense.

His sky-like arms, dy'd all in blue and white,  
 And set with golden stars that flamed white wide;  
 His shield invisible to mortal sight,  
 Yet he upon it early descried  
 The lively resemblance of his dying Lord,  
 P. Fletcher's Purple Island

These notions are the most successful &  
 imitations of Marston's stanza - the  
 former shows trace of Quarles' influence.



Francis' Beaumont

Recommended verses

Spectators ~~state~~ part in your tragedies—

The fashion lost, your misty sense remains—

But thou art still that Bird of Paradise  
Which hath no feet, and ever nobly flies:—Thy ocean fang knew nor banks, nor dawns,  
— We ebbe down, dry to riddle-anagrams; —

A Song.

Eye and catch a falling star  
Get with child a mandrake root,  
Tell me where all past years are,  
Or who clept the devil's foot;  
Teach me to hear mermaids singing,  
Or to keep off envy's stinging,  
And find  
What wind  
Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou hast born to strange sights,  
Things invisible to see,  
Ride ten thousand days and nights—  
Till age snow white hairs on thee;  
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me  
All strange wonders that befell thee,  
And swear,  
Nowhere  
Lies a woman true & fair.



## The Honest Man's Fortune.

- x — A fish-wife hath a fate, and so have I,  
 But far above your finding, he that gives  
 Out of his providence to all that live, —  
 He that made all the stars you daily read, —  
 Hath bid this from you, —  
 x — Man is his own star, and the soul that can  
 Render an honest and a perfect man,  
 Command all light & influence, all fate,  
 Nothing to him falls early or too late;  
 "Our acts, our angels are, or good, or ill,  
 Our fatal shadows that walk by us, still;

William Browne

Britannia's Pastorals

— Jarvis and Wither by whose Muse's power  
 A natural day & one seems but an hour.

— Gazed on the Heavens for what he mist on Earth,





But -

— But it is not only the luck and labor but also the dexterity of thought, rounding the world, like the Sun, with unimaginable motion, and bringing swiftly home to the memory universal survey. It is the soul's powder, which, when suppressed, (as forbidden from flying upward) blows up the restraint, and looseth all force a a farther ascension towards Heaven, and yet by Nature is much less able to make any inquisition downward towards Hell, but breaks through all about it, (as far as the utmost it can reach), removes, uncovers, makes way for light where darkness was inclosed, till great bodies are more examinable by being scattered into parcels; and till all that find its strength, (but most of mankind are strangers, but as Indians are to powder) worship it for the effects, as derived from the deity. In service, humility, exemplariness, and moderation; in statesmen, gravity, vigilance, benign complacency, secrecy, patience, and dispatch; in leaders of armies, valor, painfulness, temperance, bounty, dexterity in punishing and rewarding, and a sacred certitude of promise. It is in poets, a full comprehension of all recited in all these; and an ability to bring those comprehensions into action, when they shall no far forget the true measure of what is of greatest consequence to humanity, (which are things righteous, righteous, pleasant, and

For William Gervase. Preface. Goodheart.



useful) as to think the delights  
of greatness equal to that of poe<sup>try</sup>; ~~poetic~~  
or the chiefs of any profession  
more necessary to the world than  
excellent poets.

## Habington.

### Roses in 'The Bosome of Castara

— Then that which living gave you room,  
Your glorious sepulcher shall be;  
There wants no marble for a tomb,  
Whose breast hath marble been some.

— Let us set so just  
A rate on knowledge, that the world may <sup>trust</sup>  
The poets' sentence, and not st<sup>ill</sup> over  
Each author to itself a flatterer. —

Our sorrows still pursue us, and when you  
The ruin'd capitol shall view  
And statues, a disorder'd heap; you can  
Not cure yet the disease of man,  
And banish your own thoughts. Go travel there  
Another sun and stars appear,  
And land not touch'd by any covetous fleet  
And yet even then your self you <sup>sketch</sup>  
Direct your eye right inward, and you'll find



A thousand regions in your mind  
 Yet undiscovered. Travel them, and be  
 Expert in home cosmographie.  
 Then you may do safe both from rock & shelf:  
 Man's a whole world within himself.

Nox nocti indicat scientiam  
 David

When I survey the bright  
 Celestial sphere  
 So rich with jewel hung, That night  
 Doth like an Ethiop' bride appear:

My soul her wings doth spread,  
 And heavenward flies,  
 The Almighty's mysteries to read  
 In the large volumes of the skies.

For the bright permanent  
 Shoots forth no flame  
 So silent, but is eloquent  
 In speaking the Creator's name.

No unregarded star  
 Contracts its light  
 Into so small a character,  
 Remov'd far from human sight:

But if we steadfast look  
 We shall discern  
 In it, as in some holy book,  
 How man may heavenly knowledge learn.





I tell the conqueror,  
 That far-stretched power,  
 Which he proud dangers traffick for,  
 Is but the triumph of an hour.

That from the furthest North,  
 Some nation may,  
 Yet undiscovered issue forth,  
 And ore his new got conquest way.

Some nation yet shut in  
 With hills & ice  
 May be let out to scourge his sinne,  
 Till they shall equal him in vice.

And then they likewise shall  
 Their ruine have,  
 For as if ourselves your empire fall,  
 And every kingdom hath a grave.

Thus those celestial fire,  
 Though seeming mute,  
 The fallacie of our desire  
 And all the pride of life confute.

For they have watched since first  
 The world had birth;  
 And found us in their secret  
 And nothing permanent on earth.



## Crashaw.

That the great angel-blinding light should  
 His blaze, to shine in a poor shepherds' eye;  
 That the unmeasured God so low should sink,  
 As prisoner in a few poor rags to lie;  
 That from his mother's breast he might  
 Who feeds with nectar Heaven's fair family;  
 That a vile manger his low bed should prove,  
 Who in a Throne of stars thunders above;

That he whom the sun serves should faintly keep  
 Through clouds of infant flesh: That he, the old  
 Eternal Word should be a child, and weep:  
 That he who made the fire should fear the cold:  
 That Heaven's high Majesty his court should keep  
 In a clay-cottage, by each blast control'd:  
 That Glory's self should serve our griefs & fears:  
 And free Eternity submit to years:

Charles Cotton

Standing upon <sup>the top of the</sup> margin of the main,  
 Whilst the high boiling tide came tumbling in,  
 I felt my fluctuating thoughts maintain  
 As great an ocean, and as rude, within;  
 As full of waves, of depths, and broken grounds,  
 As that which daily laves her chalky bounds.

Soon could my sad imagination find  
 A parallel to this half world of flood,  
 An ocean by my walls of earth confined,  
 And rising in the channels of my blood:  
 Discovering man, unhappy man, to be  
 Of this great frame Heaven's epitome.—



Morning.

— And round about good-morrow fly,  
As if day taught humanity. —

Evening.

— A very little, little flock  
Shades their the ground that it would stoek;  
Whilst the small strifling following them,  
Appears a mighty Polypheme. —

Man is 'man's foe, and destiny.

Death of Thomas, Earl of Essex.

— The English infantry are orphans now. —

— Contentment.

— Thou bravest soul's terrestrial paradise. —





Why then lingering, thus, for ever sighing,  
 Far or the far off, unattained, and thin;  
 While the beautiful, all round thee lying,  
 Offers up its low perpetual hymn?

Wouldst thou listen to gentle teaching,  
 All thy restless yearnings it would still;  
 Leaf & flower and laden bee are, for aching,  
 Thine own sphere, though humble, first begin  
 To be

They are all gone.

They are all gone into a world of light,  
 And I alone sit lingering here!  
 Then my memory is fair and bright,  
 And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,  
 Like stars upon some gloomy grove,  
 Or those faint beams in which the hills are dressed,  
 After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,  
 Whose light doth trample on my day;  
 My days, which are at best but dull & hoary,  
 More glimmerings & decay.

O holy hope, & high humility,  
 High in the heavens above!  
 These are your walks, and ye have showed them me,  
 To humble my cold love.

O dear bounteous Death! the goal of the quest!  
 Shining nowhere but in the dark!  
 What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,  
 Could man outlook that mark!

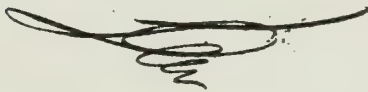
"Mourning in May"



He that hath found some fledged bird nest my kin,  
 At first sight, if the bird be flown;  
 But what fair field or grove he sings in now,  
 That is to him unknown.

And yet, in angels, in some bright dreams,  
 Tell of the soul, when man doth sleep,  
 So some strange thoughts transpire  
 our wonted themes,  
 And into glory peep!

Henry Vaughan  
 "The Wain"



Excerpt from "The Wain" by Henry Vaughan.

Summary -

Fierce as wild bulls, untameable in fieri -  
 Thomas Decker.

Patience

The best of men  
 That e'er were earth about him was a sufferer,  
 A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit;  
 The first true gentleman that ever breathed.  
 So.

Enithar's

The Witch Enithar's Cave.

Near by the reverent ruins  
 Of an once glorious Temple, rear'd to Jove,  
 Whose very rubbish (like the pillars fall  
 Of virtue much unfortunate) yet bears  
 A deathless majesty, though now quite rais'd,  
 Brought down by wrath and lust of impious kings,  
 As that where holy Flamines wont to sing  
 Sweet hymns to heaven, there the dove, and crow,



One ill-voiced raven, and still-chattering jay,  
 Send out ungrateful sounds, and toothsome filth;  
 Where statues and Gove's acts were vividly mind,  
 Ours with blacker coals, draw the veild parts of nature  
 And lecherous actions of enquiring lust;  
 Where tombs and beauteous urns of youthful men  
 Flood in assured rest, the thief now  
 Unloads his belly, corruption most abhor'd.  
 Mingling itself with their renowned ashes:  
 John Marston

"The False Society of men" - that  
 "for earthly greatness  
 All heavenly comforts sacrifice to win,"  
 Geo. Chapman.

"Truth never fails her servant, Sir, nor leave him  
 With the day's shame upon him."  
 Thomas Middleton & Rowley.

A drab of state, a cloth-o'-silver shute,  
 To have her train borne up, and her seat train'd in the dust.  
 Byron Tourneur.

Barstards.  
 Oh what a grief 'tis that a man should live  
 But once in the world, and then live a Barstard!  
 The curse of the womb, the thief's pasture,  
 Begit against the seventh commandment  
 Half damn'd in the conception of the justice  
 Of that untir'd everlasting law.  
 S.O.





His face & he painted while at his prayers

"There is then a heavenly being in the soul  
Move, in the superficies."  
John Webster

Employment we should think;

The soul has been put into the body,  
Which has so many rare and curious pieces  
Of Mathematical motion, to stand still.  
Virtue is ever sowing of her seeds:  
In the trenches for the soldier; in the water-works  
For the scholar; in the furrows of the sea  
For men of our profession: of all which  
arise and spring up honor. *Ido.*

Horace

And for his poetry, 'tis so rammed with life,  
That it shall gather strength of life, with being,  
And live hereafter more admired than now.  
Ben Jonson

Love.

Love is a spiritual coupling of two souls,  
So much more excellent as it least relates  
Unto the body; circular, eternal;  
Not feign'd, or made, but born: And then, <sup>as for</sup> <sup>love</sup>  
No ought can value it, but itself. No force,  
No nothing can command it but itself.  
And in itself so round and liberal,  
As where it favors, it bestows itself. *Ido*

What loves the face

There is my friendship & he made, nothing;  
With what can love me again; not with the walls,  
Doors, windows, architraves, the friezes and cornices.  
*Ido.*



# Innocence vindicated at last

Innocence

Conceal'd is the solemn pleasure of the Gods,  
Which never ends in shame, as that of men!  
Both oftener do; but like the Sun breaks forth,  
When it - hath gratified another world;  
And to our unexpected eye appears  
More glorious thus its late obscurity.

John Fountain printed 1661

Against epithets and adjectives in

verse.

More words would I found more full, methinks, than  
So loaded; and if I might count you,  
You should compose a Sonnet clean without 'em.  
A row of stately Substantives would march  
Like Sentences, and beam all the field before 'em;  
Carry their weight; show fair, like Deep Enrich;  
Not write, that are first made and after fill'd.  
Hence first came up the title of Blank Verse;  
You know, Sir, what Blank signifies? - what sense,  
First framed, is tied with Adjectives like points,  
And could not hold together without wedge:  
Hence 'tis, 'tis pedantic, vulgar Poetry.  
Set children, when they versify, such here  
And there these piddling words for want of matter.  
Poets write a Masculine Number.

James Shirley 1632

Cato's last words

The earth, the air, and sea I know and all  
The joys and horrors of their peace and wars;  
And now will see the Gods 'tate out the stars.  
by Chapman.

And of the world



Specimens of Fuller in Lamb.

Master of College. — "A little alloy of  
darkness in a Master of a College makes him fit to  
manage secular affairs."

A good Gleaner. — "Is a gentleman in one,  
from the next age may be required."

The horse. — "A generous creature a horse is;  
scandalous in some sort of honor; and made  
most handsome by that which deforms him  
most — pride."

Roman Ruins. — "A broken urn is a shoddy  
evidence; or an old gate still surviving, out  
of which the city is run out."

"I thank that I was born to do a 'dane'!

The conclusion

Makes the beginning of my life; for never  
Let me be said thus, till I live ever!"

Chapman  
Fishing for Homer!





The Gulistan of Nadi translated by James Ross  
 speaks of other translations by him from the Persian  
 viz from Firdausi - Ibtisami - Anwari - Hafiz &c.

Nadi was born at Shiraz in 1194 - lived 115 years! was a great traveller - knew  
 many languages - had been in Italy -

In his Persian is - "The throne of the Almighty  
 is shaken to and fro when the orphan sets  
 a crying." "had Nadi's belly in any shape  
 resembled his back, that is, been tolerant  
 of it, food, noted, would at this day  
 have been criticising his writings!"

"Yesterday, at dawn, God delivered me from  
 all worldly affliction; and amidst the  
 gloom of night protected me with the water  
 of immortality!" - from one of the ghazals of Hafiz

Whoever sees gold, lowers his head; though, like  
 the scales of Justice, he has iron-bound shoulders.

Gulistan

"A king is the shadow of God; and a shadow should  
 be the image of its principle." - This is Nadi

### Nadi's Death

"The eagle of the immaterial soul of Shair-  
 Nadi shook from his plumage the dust of his body.  
 Now at Shahr in his life of Nadi

Now begins Gulistan without interruption  
 The clouds, wind, moon, sun, and sky, acting  
 co-operating that thou mayst get thy daily  
 bread, and not eat it with indifference;  
 all resolve for thy sake, and are obedient to  
 command; it must be an equitable condition,  
 that thou shalt be obedient.



See di.

A good and pious man reclined his head on the bosom of contemplation; and was immersed in the ocean of a reverie. At the instant, when he awaked from his vision, one of his friends by way of pleasantry said; what rare gift have you brought us from that garden, where you have been recreating? He replied; I fancied to myself and said; when I can reach the rose-bower, I will fill my lap with the flowers, and bring them as a present to my friends; but when I got there, the fragrance of the roses so intoxicated me, that the spirit dropped from my hands.

— O bird of dawn! learn the warmth of affection from the moth; for this scorched creature gave up the ghost, and uttered not a groan: these vain pretenders are ignorant of him. They see: after; for of him that knew him we never heard again: — O thou! who towerest above the flight of conjecture, opinion and comprehension; whatever has been reported of thee we have heard and read: the congregation is dismissed, and life drawn to a close; and we still rest at our first encomium of thee!

With, my angels! I was shocked a account of my servant, who had no Providence but me; therefore did I pardon him: —

The King answered; at all events, I require a prudent and able man who is capable of managing the state affairs of my kingdom. The ex-minister said; the criterion, O Sir! of a wise and competent man is, that he will not meddle with such like matters.



Adi'

know, that

The contrariety of foe & friend proceeds from God.

The presence of a wise man is like pure gold, which is of the same price and value wherever it is found; but the ignorant son of a nobleman is like paper or leather currency, which in a strange place, will go for nothing." Whom may travel?

A common mechanic, who can earn a subsistence by the industry of his hand, and shall not have to stake his reputation for every morsel of bread, as philosophers have said.

Hast thou not heard of a sufi, who was hammering some nails into the sole of his sandal: an officer of cavalry took him by the sleeve, saying; come along, and shoe my horse:—

Nothing is so good for an ignorant man as silence; and if he knew this, he would no longer be ignorant;—

When a person superior to what thou art engages thee in conversation, do not contradict him, though thou mayst know better.

For a hater thou knowest not, for the consideration of inquiring is a guide on the road in the excellence of learning.

Any thing you perceive, that you may somehow come to know, be not hasty in questioning, lest your own consequence and respectability may suffer:—when Lucman perceived, that in the hands of David iron was miraculously moulded like wax, he asked him not;





how didst thou do it? for he was aware, that he should know it, through his own wisdom, without asking

The darwish in his prayer is saying; O God! have compassion on the wicked, for to the good Thou hast been abundantly kind, in as much as Thou hast made them virtuous

No two complainants ever referred to the Gazi content to abide by justice

For They asked a wise man, saying; If the many celebrated trees, which the Most High God has created lofty and umbrageous, they call none arad or free excepting the cypress, which bears no fruit; what mystery is there in this? He replied; each has its appropriate produce, and appointed season; during the continuance of which it is fresh and blooming, and during their absence dry and withered; <sup>to mention of which state is</sup> the cypress excepted, being always flourishing; and of this nature are the arads or regions independent: — "This is not Thy heart on what is transitory; for the Tigris or Tigris will continue to flow through Baghdad after the race of Khalifs is extinct; if Thy and his first, be liberal as the date tree; but if it affords nothing to give away, be an arad, or free man, like the cypress." Not within invited common speech.

Read in "a Review. the of Tadi"  
"Take your wife's opinion and act in opposition to it."



Festus.

Night brings out stars as sorrow shows us truths:  
 Though many, yet they help not; bright they light not.  
 They are too late to serve us: and sad things  
 Are aye too true. We never see the stars  
 Till we can see nought but them. So with truth.  
 And yet if one could look down a deep well,  
 Even at noon, we might see those same stars  
 Far fairer than the blinding blue—the truth;  
 Probe the profound of these our nature, man!  
 And thou may'st be reflected, e'en in life,  
 The world, the Heavens, the ages; by and by,  
 The coming time.

The gentlest breath of wind.— "Now,  
 So light as rest to wake the snowiest down  
 Upon the dove's breast, winning her bright way,  
 Calm and sublime as Grace unto the soul,  
 Towards her far native grove;—

Song of — The Gypsy Maid  
 My Gypsy maid! my gypsy maid!  
 I bless and curse the day  
 I lost the light of life, and caught  
 The grief which maketh gray.  
 Would that the light which blinded me  
 Had saved me on my way!

My night-haired love, 'so sweet he was,  
 So fair & blithe was he;  
 Her smile was brighter than the moon's,  
 Her eyes the stars might see.

I met her by her lance-spread tent,  
 Beside a moss-green stone,  
 And bade her make, not mock, my fate,  
 My fortune was her own.  
 Thou art not yet a boy, she said,  
 And I a woman grown.



I am a man in love, I said;  
 My heart was, early, undread;  
 It melted, and it dropped her side,  
 And it let go my hand;  
 One stood a minute; neither spoke  
 Until each must understand.

of told her, so she would be mine;  
 And follow where I was to—  
 The stranger should have a bride,  
 I read of giving tent.

Or would she have me wend with her,  
 The world between should fall;  
 For her I would fling up faith & friends,  
 And name, & fame, & all.

Her smile so bright, forsooth while I spoke,  
 And in was in her eye;  
 To rear, it seemed ere touch her heart  
 I might have kissed the sky.

I said that if she loved to rule,  
 Or if she longed to reign,  
 I would make her queen of every race  
 Which could like a trade the world's sad face,  
 Or bleed at every vein.

She laid her finger on her lip,  
 And pointed to the sky;  
 There is no God to come, she said,  
 Dost thou not fear to die?

And what is God, I said, to thee?  
 Thy people worship not.  
 The good, the happy, & the free,  
 She said, they need no God.

I looked until I lost mine eyes;  
 I felt a thought I were  
 In a dark cave, with one weak light—  
 The light of life—with her;  
 And that was wasting fast away;  
 I watched but would not stir.

Again she took my hand in 'hearts,  
 And said, it does and does;  
 Ah! eyes so young, so sweet, I said,  
 No lie, they read love's lore.





Pestus. She held my hand - I trembled & wilt -  
~~For sorely now I felt~~  
 She made the love-cross she foretold,  
 And all the woe she dealt.

Unhappy I should be, she said,  
 And young to death be given;  
 I told her I believed in her,  
 Not in the stars of Heaven.

Hush! we breathe Heaven, she said, and bowed;  
 And the stars speak through me.  
 Let Heaven, I cried, take care of Heaven!  
 I only care for thee.

She shook: I looked, and begged a kiss:  
 I knew she had one for me;  
 She would deny me none, she said,  
 But give me none would she.

My gipsy maid! my gipsy maid!  
 'Tis three long years like this,  
 Since then I gave and I got from thee  
 That meeting, parting kiss.

I saw the tears start in her eye,  
 And trickle down her cheeks,  
 Like falling stars across the sky,  
 Escaping from their Maker's eye:  
 I saw, but dared not speak.

Go, and forget! she said, and hid  
 Below her lowly tent.  
 I will not, cannot - hear me, girl!  
 She heard not, and I went.

At eve, by sunset, I met there,

The tent was then no more;  
 The fire which warmed her flickered still -  
 The fire the vat before.



I stood by it, till through the dark  
 I saw not where it lay;  
 And then like that my heart went out  
 In ahy grief & gray.

Oth, gipsy-maid! my gipsy-maid!  
 Oh! let me bless this day;  
 This day, it was, I met thee first  
 And yet it shall be as if it is curst,  
 For thou hast gone away.

Imagination is the air of mind.

Composition and when the thought-  
 Clouds & shapless, first forms on the mind,  
 Slow darkening into some gigantic make,  
 Now the heart shakes with pride & fear, as heaven  
 Unrakes, under its own thunder: or a night,  
 Of old, the mortal mother of a god,  
 When first she saw him lessening in the skies

The Poets Ay, there was a time,  
 When tones of ancient song held eye & heart—  
 Were the sole love I reeked of: the great bards  
 Of Greece, of Rome, or I mine our master land,  
 And they who in the last books are deathless—  
 Men who have vulgarised sublimity,  
 And brought a truth for the nations; parted it;  
 No soldier's blood once the yard of God,—  
 Men who have forged God, uttered—made them free  
 In whose words, to be read with many a hearing  
 Of the heart, is a power, like wind or rain—

Soft here a bright precipitate of soul.

More weaknesses are loved in their strengths,  
 Like the white nebular matter between stars,  
 Which, if not light, at least is likest light—



no 904  
 pressed

Men whom we build our love round like an arch  
 Of triumph, as they pass us on their way  
 To glory and to immortality; —

Homer is 'gone'; and where, 'Gore?' and where  
 The rival cities were? His song outlives  
 Time, tower, and god — all that then was save Heaven.

On the grave of his love,  
 My stream-like steps, and airy air;  
 And if before some beauty there,  
 Mine eye may forge one glance of gladness,  
 'Tis but the ripple of despair,  
 That shows the bed is all but bare,  
 And nought scarce left but stony sadness.  
 Thou wilt forget, if e'er my heart  
 E'er from the orbit of its love;  
 When even the blis-bright stars will start  
 Earthward, some lower sphere to prove.

Could we but think with the intensity  
 We love with, we might do great things, I think.

We slip away like shadows into shade;  
 We end, and make no mark we had begun;  
 We come to nothing, like a pure intent.

It is not love  
 Brings sorrow but love's objects.

The best enjoyment is half disappointment  
 To that we mean or would have in this world.

The large overloaded wealth-looking wains  
 Slowly rattling home through leafy lanes.

Summer's warm soil or winter's cruel sky,

Plum, cold and icy-blue like a sea-eagles eye;  
 The poet  
 was but the power to light what might be lit.





For as be all bards he was born of beauty,  
 And with a natural fitness to draw down  
 All tones & shades of beauty to his soul,  
 Even as the rainbow-tinted shell, which lies  
 Miles deep at bottom of the sea, hath all  
 Colors of skies, and flowers, and gems, and plumes,  
 And all by Nature which doth reproduce  
 Like evolution in 'rearing of moles.

The poet's pen is the true divining rod  
 Which trembles towards the inner fount of feeling;  
 Porringing to light and use, else hid from all,  
 The many sweet clear sources which we have  
 Of good and beauty in our own deep bosoms: —

To behold an eagle  
 Batting the sunny ceiling of the world  
 With his dark wings, one well might deem his heart  
 On heaven; but, no! it is fixed on flesh and blood,  
 And soon his talons tell it.

Things we make no count of, have in them  
 The seeds of life, use, beauty, like the cores  
 Of apples, that we fling away; —

The thoughts we have of men are told as men;  
 Our thoughts of God are thin and fleet as ghosts.

He who means to be a great bard, must  
 Measure himself against pure mind.

Oh! let not a planet like eye  
 Gaze on it, take on thine;  
 In truth 'tis a lie — though a lie  
 Scarce less than truth divine.  
 Necesse, & Freedom.

And we live,

One of the mortal mixture, in the same law  
 As the pure colorless intelligence  
 Which dwells in Heaven, and the dead Hadrian  
 shades.



Free will is but necessity in play, —  
 The clattering of the golden reins which guide  
 The thunder-footed coursers of the sun.

+ — + And thus with man;  
 However contrary he set his heart  
 To God, he is but working out his will;  
 And, at an infinite angle, more or less  
 Obeying his own soul's necessity.

## Shelley

Hark! The rushing snow!  
 The sun-awaken'd avalanche — whose mass,  
 Thrice sifted by the storm, had gathered there,  
 Flake after flake, — in heaven-defying minds,  
 As thought by thought is piled, till some great truth  
 Is loosen'd, and the nations echo round,  
 Shaken to their roots, as do the mountains now!

From the Prometheus

## Fanny Kemble

### The Roman Aqueducts

How beautiful they are, those great chains,  
 binding the mountains to the plain, with their veins  
 of living water! The links are broken, and the graceful  
 line interrupted, and the flowing element  
 within withdrawn to its heart in the mountains,  
 and now they are only the most beautiful ruins  
 in the whole world. Sometimes, when seen  
 from a height which commanded a long  
 stretch of their course, they reminded me  
 of the vertebrae of some great serpent,  
 whose marrow was the living water, of  
 which Rome drank for centuries.



Flight Case

- "And, lo! Creation widened in man's view.

"Why do we then shun death with anxious strife?  
If light can thus deceive, why may not life?"  
A Sonnet by (Polina White?)

P. Agnus 'Progen

The Hough of Despond) - A simile and  
the allegory - briefly told.

The Delectable Mountain.) "Then I saw, in my dream, that on the morrow he got up to go forward; but they desired him to stay till the next day also; and then, said they, we will if the day be clear, show you the 'Delectable Mountain'; which, they said, would yet farther add to his comfort, because they were nearer the desired haven than the place where at present he was: so he consented and stayed." So the next morning he looked from the top of the house and saw "Immanuel's Land."

"Ghentein has no armor for his back"

"Now as Christian went on his way, he came to a little ascent, which was cast up on purpose that pilgrims might see before them."

"Fakative's pure discourse" —

At the table I <sup>suppose</sup> ~~asked~~ <sup>asked</sup> him "What place can not  
one demand <sup>from</sup> <sup>of</sup> the place?" "Not very dan-  
gerous - the answer." "Not very dan-  
gerous except to those that are careless."  
But with that he blushed on he spoke.

- Ry-hatt Meadows -

In the passage of the 2<sup>nd</sup> part he says thinking  
of the various counterfeits of the Pilgrim





Of such. None meet with, then their only way,  
Before them all, is to say out thy say,  
In their own native, language which no man  
Now useth, nor with ease discernible can."

— The Hen's four calls, then, <sup>True enough.</sup> chickens —

"We need not, when asleep, lie awake  
To talk with God; He can visit us while  
we sleep, and cause us then to hear  
his voice." &c

The Shepherd Boy's song

"He that is down needs fear no fall;

He that is low no pride;

He that is humble ever shall

Have God to be his guide." &c

The lion "came a great padding pace  
after" Mery.

Mr Fearing - a good man much in  
the dark, - "Then are two sorts of  
reason for it (My good men are warned in the  
dark): one is, the wise God will not  
it so; some must suffer, and some must  
weep. Now Mr Fearing, we are that  
wailed upon the lute; the and his fellows  
round the sackbut whose notes are more  
doleful than the notes of other music  
are; though, indeed, some say the  
lute is 'the ground of music'; and,  
for my part, I care not at all for  
that proposition that begins not a heaviness  
of mind. The first string that the  
musician usually touches is the lute, when  
he intends to hit all his tunes: God  
also plays upon this string first, when  
he sets the soul in tune for himself.  
Oh there may the imperfection of the  
Fearing, he could play upon no other

and began of

music, but this, tells towards in letter  
and "It is a report account of the Child  
of Mervin at the end. In how things



The trumpet would not let them sleep - yet they were reproach - as if they had. - when nothing was offensive - only when they tasted of the water of the river on which they were boys, they thought that tasted a little bitterish to the palate; but it proved sweet when it was down." &c. &c.

### Stallo

"The magnetized subject has merely been laid again to the breast of the telluric parent" - "has been forced back to the state of impersonality, so that all the channels of direct cosmic irradiation, which other waking subjects, in distinguishing itself from without, closes up, are laid open & fresh."

### Love not Transient.

"Love is the spiritual in all its purity, and the spiritual is its own precession and redemption and warrant."

The light shines for all.

"Certainly the spiritual sun of the world, at the break of each new historical day, gilds lofty eminences sooner than low valleys, - but only because it is on the point of rising above the general horizon."

Goethe said that youth was  
"sobriety without wine."

Stallo





Vishnu Purana). "As long as man lives he is immersed in manifold afflictions, like the seed of the cotton amidst its down!"

So— "Travelling the path of the world for many Thousands of births, man attains only the weariness of bewilderment, and is smothered by the dust of imagination."

So "I am neither going nor coming; nor is my dwelling in any one place; nor art thou, thou; nor are others, others; nor am I, I."

So The story of Prahlada who became as one with Vishnu, by meditating upon him

So. "Liberation, which is the object to be effected, being accomplished, discriminative knowledge ceases. When endowed with the apprehension of the nature of the object of inquiry, then there is no difference between it and supreme spirit; difference is the consequence of the absence of true knowledge. When that ignorance which is the cause of the difference between individual and universal spirit is destroyed, finally and for ever, who shall ever make that distinction between them which does not exist?"

So "That is active duty, which is not for our bondage; that is knowledge, which is for our liberation; all other duty is good only and weariness; all other knowledge is only the cleverness of an artist"

### Jankhya Kārikā

"As a dancer, having exhibited herself to the spectator, desist from the dance, so does nature desist, having manifested herself to soul. Generous Nature, endued with qualities, does by





manifold means accomplish, without benefit (to herself) the wish of ungrateful soul, dervoid as he is of qualities. Nothing in my opinion, is more gentle than Nature; once aware of having been seen, she does not again expose herself to the gaze of soul."

So "By attainment of perfect knowledge, virtue and the rest become causeless; yet soul remains awhile unsettled with body, as the potter's wheel continues whirling from the effects of the impulse previously given to it."

### Coleridge's Idea of Life

"Thus [in the middle ages] physic became a sort of dull poetry." -

"It is an admirable remark of the Praep. a Vico, in a tract published at Naples, 1710, 'Geometrica ideæ demonstramus, quia facimus; Physica vè demonstrare possimus, faceremus. Metaphysici veri claritas eadem ac lucis, quam non nisi per opaca cognoscimus; nam non lucem sed lucidas res videmus. Physica sunt opaca, nempe formata et finita, in quibus Metaphysici veri lumen videmus."

Defines "Life" as "The principle of Individuation." - "The most general Law - Polarity." - "The copula, or the unity of Thesis and antithesis." - "Thus in the identity of the two counter-powers life subsists; in their strife, it consists; and in their



reconciliation it at once dies, and  
is born again with a new form be

But the insect world, taken at  
large, appeared as an intense life that has  
struggled itself loose and become emancipa-  
ted from vegetation, Floral liberty, et libertini!

If for the sake of a moment's relax-  
ation we might indulge a Darwinian  
flight, though at the risk of provoking  
a smile (not, I hope, a frown), from  
sober judgment, we might imagine  
the life of insect an apotheosis of petals,  
stamina, and anthers, round which they  
flutter, or of the stems and pedicels,  
to which they adhere — "a something  
that approaches to a graver plausibility,  
(than the inference from form) is given to this  
fancy of a flying blossom, when we reflect  
how many plants depend upon insects for  
their fructification. Speaking of insect

"The same characteristic tendency, ad  
extra, which in the males and females  
of certain insect tribes is realized in the  
functions of generation, conception, and  
parturition, manifest and expand itself  
in the sexless individuals (which are  
always in this case the great majority  
of the species), as in the cast, and  
in the construction of works completely  
detached and inorganic; while the  
geometric regularity of these works, which  
bears an analogy to crystallization, is  
demonstrably no more than the necessary  
result of uniform action in a compressed  
multitude." Now possessors, the most  
perfect ovals, structure, the least  
and most insignificant covering,

Coleridge





The whole force of organic power has attained  
 an inward and centripetal direction. He has  
 the whole world in counterpoint to living,  
 but he contains an entire world within  
 himself. Now, for the first time at the  
 apex of the living pyramid, it is Man and  
 Nature, but Man himself is a syllepsis,  
 a compendium of Nature - The Microcosm!  
 Naked and helpless cometh Man man  
 into the world, such has been the complaint  
 from eldest time; but we complain of  
 our chief privilege, our ornament, and  
 the connate mark of our sovereignty,  
 Porphyrogeniti<sup>9</sup> mums! In Man the cen-  
 tripetal and individuating tendency of all  
 Nature is truly concentrated and individualized  
 - He is a revelation of Nature! Hencefor-  
 ward he is referred to himself, deprived of  
 all's on charge; and he who stands the  
 most on himself, and stands the firmest,  
 is the truest, because the most  
 individual, Man. In social and  
 political life this, as we see, is inter-depen-  
 dence; in moral life it is independence; in  
 intellectual life it is genius. Nor does  
 the form of polarity, which has accom-  
 panied the law of individuation up to  
 whole ascent desert it here. As the height,  
 so the depth. The intensities must be  
 at once opposite of opposite and equal.  
 As the liberty, so must be the reverence  
 for law. As the independence so must  
 be the service and the submission  
 to the Supreme Will! As the ideal  
 genius and the originality in the  
 same proportion must be the  
 regeneration to the real world, the sym-  
 pathy and the inter-communion with

Coleridge

Nature. In the conciliating mid-





point, or equator, does, The Man, life, and only by its equal presence in both its poles can that life be manifested!"

Aristotle

Fragment from a lost work of Aristotle preserved by Cicero in *De Natura Deorum*, II. 37; quoted in Humboldt's *Cosmos*.

"If there were beings living in the depths of the earth, in habitations adorned with statues and paintings, and everything which is possessed in abundance by those whom we call fortunate, and if these beings should receive tidings of the dominion and power of the gods, and should then be brought from their hidden dwelling places to the surface which we inhabit, and should suddenly behold the earth, and the sea, and the vault of heaven; should perceive the broad expanse of the clouds and the strength of the winds; should admire the sun in his majesty, beauty, and effulgence; and, lastly, when night veiled the earth in darkness, should gaze on the starry firmament, the waxing and waning moon, and the stars rising and setting in their unchanging course, ordained from eternity, they would, of a truth, exclaim, 'There are gods, and such great things are their work.'"

The following is quoted by Alexandre von Humboldt in his *Cosmos* as a "doctrine of Krishna" & he refers <sup>in a note</sup> to Wilhelm von Humboldt on an episode of the *Mahabharata*, in which he collected with "Truth was originally deposited with men, but gradually shrouded and was forgotten; the knowledge of it returns like a recollection."



Alston says in 'The Introduction  
to his Lectures on Art—

"I remember a striking instance of  
this in a celebrated actress, whose copies  
of actual suffering were so painfully  
accurate, that I was forced to turn  
away from the scene, unable to endure  
it; her scream of agony in Pellicano  
seemed to ring in my ears for hours  
after. Not to say it with the great  
Mrs. Siddons, who moved with a  
step but in a poetic atmosphere, through  
which the fiercest passions seemed  
rather to loom like distant moun-  
tains when first denied it had  
massive and solid, yet sitting in  
air."

In Charlemagne's day the  
children were taught that the  
tongue was "the whip of air."

Life — "Happiness for the happy;  
miserable for the miserable; the expec-  
tation of death."

Death — "a confirmation of wills."

Man — "a passing traveller, a guest  
in his own abode."

That man was placed between six walls,  
above, below, on the right and left,  
in front and behind him.





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THE END



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